

Einstürzende Neubauten

"12305Th Night"

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This is my 12305th night
The first few thousand
You might as well forget
Just as I have also
This one here is almost finished too

What remains is nicotine and yellow fingers

Many before I've frittered to powder
And diced and minced into bits
In many expended, exhausted, escaped
Extinguished, chasing the dragon
In a handful I got very close
Towards the end, close to the end,
Right at the end, towards morning,
In it's passing drowned

What remains is alcohol and numbed dreams

Some were endless and I set out and off
To wait where nonetheless no bus goes
All passed by till now, till 12305

In some you were present
But I was not entirely there
In many I sought you in my sleep
In many I sought you sleeping

What remains?

From here to mars was closer
Than from me to you
I seemed to be made of anti-matter -
Fairly dangerous!

It was my 12305th night
In which you appeared
You made your eyes glow
I'm sure with some fair reason
You were seeking the same thing and
For the same reason
You too were then drawn to me

You were my mirror image secretly
I drew you up and towards me
Inside you - I saw myself; and inversely
Do not stir up love
Before it is itself willing
Before it is itself willing)

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