

Rammstein

"Alter Mann English"

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He waits on the midday's wind
the wave comes and lies down wearily
with a fan every day
the old one makes the water smooth

I throw the stone for fun
the water moves in circles
the old one looks sadly at me
and swept it smooth again

In the white sand, the old man
trembling, smokes his pipe
only the water and I know
why he needs this fan

The idea sleeps like a volcano
hesitating, I asked him then
his head bent, it seemed he slept
he said before he died

The water shall be your mirror
if it is smooth you will see
how many fairy tales remain for you
and you will plead for your redemption

The fan pressed against his body
the hand stiffens with rigor mortis
they had to break his fingers
the fan remains back in the sand

I call the old one every day
he would like to redeem me
I remain back in the midday's wind
and I can read in the fan

The water shall be your mirror
if it is smooth you will see
how many fairy tales remain for you
and you will plead for your redemption

