

Rammstein

"Good-Bye"

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He lays the needle in the vein
And he asks the music to come inside
Between his throat and forearm
The melody travels softly in the bones
He has closed his eyes
A battle rages in his blood
An army marches through his bowel
The intestines become warm slowly
Nothing is for you
Nothing was for you
Nothing remains for you
Forever
He takes the needle from the vein
The melody travels out of the skin
Violins burn with shrieking
Harps cut the flesh
He has opened his eyes
But he is not awake
Nothing is for you
Nothing was for you
Nothing remains for you
Forever

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