

Rammstein

"Music Box"

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(Translation To: Spieluhr)

A small human only pretends to die
It wanted to be completely alone
The small heart stood still for hours
So they decided it was dead
It is being buried in wet sand
With a music box in its hand

The first snow covers the grave
It woke the child very softly
In a cold winter night
The small heart is awakened

As the frost flew into the child
It wound up the music box
A melody in the wind
And the child sings from the ground

Up and down, rider!
And no angel climbs down
My heart does not beat anymore
Only the rain cries on the grave
Up and down, rider
A melody in the wind
My heart does not beat anymore
And the child sings from the ground

The cold moon, in full magnificence
It hears the cries in the night
And no angel climbs down
Only the rain cries on the grave

Between hard oak boards
It will play with the music box
A melody in the wind
And the child sings from the ground

Up and down, rider!
And no angel climbs down
My heart does not beat anymore
Only the rain cries on the grave

Up and down, rider
A melody in the wind
My heart does not beat anymore
And the child sings from the ground

Up and down, rider!
My heart does not beat anymore

On Dead Sunday they heard
This melody from the graveyard
Then they unearthed it
They saved the small heart in the child

Up and down, rider!
A melody in the wind
My heart does not beat anymore
And the child sings on the ground

Up and down, rider!
And no angel climbs down
My heart does not beat anymore
Only the rain cries on the grave

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