

Rammstein "Old Man"

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He's waiting for the midday wind
And waves spread out so dull and slack
And with a hand fan every day
The old man smooths the water back
I cast a stone in just for fun
The water rings moved on the plane
So sadly stood the old man by
And swept the water flat again
In white sand the old man sat
Trembling as he smoked his pipe
Just the water and I know that
The fan is of a special type
Awareness sleeps volcano dreams
Reluctant I asked him why
His head hung low as if he slept
And then he said before he died
The water will be your only mirror
First when it's like glass can you see
How many fairytales you have left

For your deliverance you will plead
The fan was pressed to his breast
Just as death's grip seized up his hand
His fingers must have been so tight
The fan remained back in the sand
I call the old man every day
Should he come and deliver me
I stay here with the midday wind
And in the fan it is plain to read
The water will be your only mirror
First when it's like glass can you see
How many fairytales you'll have left
For your deliverance you will plead

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