

Peter Schilling

"City Of Night"

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Listen, can't you hear your crying heart?
My friend, oh I can see you're torn apart
I look to you thinking of you tonight

Old ghosts, haunt you and they won't let go
They know, the city can take time to grow
What's done is done but you are still young, Berlin

Tell me, what will be your final role?
It seems either side would sell your soul
It's such a high cost when dreams get lost
in Berlin, city of night,
you sleep between the East and West,
along the left and right
broken, kept from the light
you close your eyes and everything
remains in black and white
Berlin, when will you fight
the mind that draws the border
no one crosses in the city of night

Strange times were to have thought make a whole
You'll find some old wounds cannot be closed
But I look to you, thinking of you
oh Berlin, city of night,
you sleep between the East and West,
along the left and right
broken, kept from the light
you close your eyes and everything
remains in black and white
Berlin, when will you fight
the mind that draws the border
no one crosses in the city of night

today, in the world of freedom
the proudest post is " ? ? ? ? "
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