

## **Einst?Rzende Neubauten**

### **"12305Th Night"**

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This is my 12305th night  
The first few thousand  
You might as well forget  
Just as I have also  
This one here is almost finished too

What remains is nicotine and yellow fingers

Many before I've frittered to powder  
And diced and minced into bits  
In many expended, exhausted, escaped  
Extinguished, chasing the dragon  
In a handful I got very close  
Towards the end, close to the end,  
Right at the end, towards morning,  
In it's passing drowned

What remains is alcohol and numbed dreams

Some were endless and I set out and off  
To wait where nonetheless no bus goes  
All passed by till now, till 12305

In some you were present  
But I was not entirely there  
In many I sought you in my sleep  
In many I sought you sleeping

What remains?

From here to mars was closer  
Than from me to you  
I seemed to be made of anti-matter -  
Fairly dangerous!

It was my 12305th night  
In which you appeared  
You made your eyes glow  
I'm sure with some fair reason  
You were seeking the same thing and  
For the same reason

You too were then drawn to me  
You were my mirror image secretly  
I drew you up and towards me  
Inside you - I saw myself; and inversely  
Do not stir up love  
Before it is itself willing  
Before it is itself willing)

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