

Good and Bad - Gut und schlecht

The pictures in our heads - who puts them up? Who places them there?
Even our dreams have little notes attached.
We are all nobodies, we are all so much.
We are all fragmented, we all are targets.
And the shine, in which we cloak ourselves, leaves us empty, broken and unfulfilled.
We are all beautiful and ugly, and torn inside,
and how we live slowly shatters our conscience.

We are all good and bad, and our hearts are full of loneliness,
let us be the beginning of the end, of this world, of this time.

No one here is all honest, beautiful, strong or good.
All of our hands are soiled with the blood from all of us.
We are all liars, and we are all loyal.
Sometimes we are brave, but usually we are shy.
We lose ourselves over the years, and nothing appears clear anymore.
That's why we enjoy to point out the way we used to be.

We are all good and bad, and our hearts are full of bitterness,
let us be the beginning of the end, of this world, of this time.

And all this madness, that brings us down every day.
What we call normal makes us sick and crazy.
Now we stand here, in this misery, there's no place to run.
Which path is right and who can we still trust?
We breathe in the air of this broken world
but nothing here can stop us because nothing keeps us here.

We are all good and bad, and our hearts are full of ugliness,
let us be the beginning of the end, of this world, of this time.
And humans become humans and humans become humans and humans become humans and
humans become humans...
We are all good and bad, and our hearts are full of loneliness,
let us be the beginning of the end, of this world, of this time.

You say - Du sagst

You say "I don't wanna grow up" and you are right
You say "I don't wanna grow up" and you are right
Because your "growing up" has nothing to offer me
Because your "grown-up world" has nothing to offer me
Except for work, duty, stress, and no free time
Broken dreams, morals, and loneliness

You say "I don't want to go to work" and you are right
You say "I don't want to go to work" and you are right
Because I hate getting up with the clock
And longing for Friday on Monday morning
Working a job with little money and little sense
For a company with high net profits

You say "I don't want to lead a regular life" and you are right
You say "I don't want to lead a regular life" and you are right
Because the rules here tie us all down
We're always travelling, just so we don't have to be here
Having a night out with colleagues
Being bored, owning a car and a single-family house

You say "I'm against everything here" and you are right.
You say "I'm against everything here" and you are right.
I don't want any of this shit here and I'm not the only one
And for me, it's not enough to be silent or just concerned
I won't be silent and I won't take it anymore
I want more than "a little better" or "not quite so bad"

I will decide on my own in which direction I will grow
And I will work on the things I like
My rules say that dreams are precious
And don't tell me it's impossible and wrong
Because I want a good wild life
I will fight for it and I will give everything to get it
Because we want a good wild life
And we will fight for it and we will give everything to get it

What is love really? - Was ist eigentlich Liebe ?

Where is the beginning, where is the end, where does it come from, who decides that?
How does tenderness come into my hands and where does the remainder come from?
Am I important, am I beautiful, or am I losing my colors already?
We search for arms to hold us and for that we pay a finder's fee.
I hope you never become something I want to have just because it isn't mine.
With whom do we grow happy? And who just wipes off their loneliness upon us?

It hurts, it feels good; and if that's all, then what remains. ?
Tell me what, what is love really.

Who fills our mouth with kisses?
And in whose bed do we sleep well?
Why don't we want to stay when we have to?
And what makes happiness surge through our blood?
Will I find something new if I stay or if I go?
How much weight does it need to endure?
And how many words do I not understand?
Oh, we are suffocated by the kissed kisses
Become strangers to ourselves and do not care
And if we break up in the end
Are we damaged then or are we two?

It hurts, it feels good and when that's done, then what remains?
Tell me why, tell me how, and tell me what, what is love really?
It hurts, it feels good; and if that's all, then what remains. ?
Tell me what, what is love really.

How do you not lose your mind? - Warum drehst du nicht durch

Tell me: how do you do it?
You keep on going every day as if it were nothing.

And if the whole world is sick, how do you stay healthy?
And when the whole world is crazy, how do you stay sane?

You separate your garbage and on Fridays do some exercise.
Your living room is full, and you feel so empty.

And when so much weight is on your chest, how do you keep breathing?
And when the whole world is broken, how do you not break apart?

Life fades like posters on the wall.
You try to be happy but you look so tense.

And when you always have to smile, where do your tears fall?
And how much can you suppress without forgetting who you are?

Are you just before a breakthrough or just stepping on thin ice?
And when you don't want to see any more, how will you find a way out?

And if the whole world is sick, how do you stay healthy?
And when the whole world is going crazy, how do you stay sane?

Underneath our skin - Unter unserer Haut

Our art doesn't hang in galleries to watch the dust land on it slowly.
It's not here to decorate the world – no, we want to change it.
And our mouths form the words that are more beautiful than the everyday routine and all that surrounds us.
Like sharp knives, they cut the darkness and the fog that has formed around us.

Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and we keep them alive.
Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and they keep us alive.

It's not about which instruments you can play, what you look like or how you sing.
The world is not a stage or a catwalk, everyone here has something to say.
We don't just need struggles and theory, we need happiness and passion.
We need to build something that is much stronger than the world and its gravity.

Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and we keep them alive.
Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and they keep us alive.

We dance for ourselves, not especially sexy, we dance so we can feel ourselves.
So that life can flow back, like into sleeping hands when you finally shake them again.
Forget their rules, their looks and their laws and forget about your doubts.
Come upfront and turn your clapping hands into an angry fist!

Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and we keep them alive.
Dreams find shelter underneath our skin and they keep us alive.

Our House - Unser Haus

A house for all who disagree
A home in the streets that don't belong to us
They have sold it
They want to tear it down
Because we disturb their order
But I feel at home here, life goes wild here, ideas set each other on fire
This is my place to meet, my place to talk
In a world where there is no place for us

It is our house! It is our house!
It's dirty, broken, ugly, but still beautiful
It is the loud NO! It is the loud NO! With exclamation marks behind it.

In your material world, in your tidy city
Our dreams have no worth
We are the cracks in your order
And now you hunt for those cracks
So no one will hear us talk back
But this is not just about real estate, this is not just about money
And all your worthless riches.
This is about the question: Who owns the world?
What is right? And what is wrong?

It is our house! It is our house!
It's dirty, broken, ugly, but still beautiful
It is the loud NO! It is the loud NO! With exclamation marks behind it.

You've taken so much from us, what's left is our rage
But be careful because it's coming back at you
'Cause with every brick that you tear from the wall
You tear away a piece of us
And don't think we're gonna watch as you feed on our dreams
Your air will burn if you don't let us breathe
Your air will burn if you don't let us breathe

It is our house! It is our house!
It's dirty, broken, ugly, but still beautiful
It is the loud NO! It is the loud NO! With exclamation marks behind it.

Out of this World alive - Lebend heraus

People stand at work, they sit in their office, they stand in line.
And they would love nothing better than to be somewhere else.
They are afraid of their teacher, they are afraid of their boss,
they are afraid of what will happen tomorrow,
and they don't sleep well during the nights.
Their eyes are tired, their legs are heavy,
their hands repeat the same thing every day
and they count the days until retirement.
They are tidy, are modest, save time, save money,
they cut down on themselves at whatever it might cost.

We want to leave this world still alive.
We will not wait patiently so that we die.
We want to leave this world still alive!

People live in abundance, they live in the dirt
People kill people and most think that is normal.
They are so many, yet still awfully alone,
Some take their own life, better not to ask why.
They know so much about things and how to sell them
but not how to live together.
They are dutiful and diligent, they follow the rules,
always, the rules, even when that shatters them.

We want to leave this world still alive.
We will not wait patiently so that we die.
We want to leave this world still alive!

People talk about chances, talk about dignity
While some exploit and the others starve.
Some have a hundred houses, others live on the street
Some pay rent if they can afford it
They work during the day, they work in the night
For either a lot or a little money –most here are wasted early on.
They believe in God, in fortune and the paradise.
But they do not believe they are able to change the world.

We want to leave this world still alive
We will not wait patiently so that we die
We want to leave this world still alive!

A patched-up “us” and a broken “me” - Ein geflicktes wir und ein kaputtes ich

We're sitting here together, without peace or bliss
And even if you scream now, you won't bring it back
We're sitting here and waiting, not knowing what we're waiting for
As we grow, with our borders, invisible and pale
We are a hole without a bottom, both hanging in the air
Between us and what was so near, there is now an abyss

No friend, no lover. We can't go on like this
Because what would be left of us
Is a patched-up “us” and a broken “me”.

We had our good times, and when I think of them, I am rich
But now we spend more time with fighting and power games.
It's been like this for weeks now, a dark mood lies upon us
How much can you bend yourself when you want to become happy?
We talked it over a thousand times, sometimes calm, sometimes ugly, sometimes stressed.
We cried, we cursed, we puzzled, but never put all the pieces together.

No friend, no lover. We can't go on like this
Because what would be left of us
Is a patched-up “us” and a broken “me”.

I know that I will miss you. Honestly, I already do.
Where there's anger, there's also love, and I cherished a lot about you.
I stayed such a long time for fear that you would fall.
But I cannot save you if you won't save yourself.
I wish us a good landing. I wish us strength. I wish us something to hold onto.
I know the coming weeks will be pretty cold.

No friend, no lover. We can't go on like this
Because what would be left of us
Is a patched-up “us” and a broken “me”.
No friend, no lover. We can't go on like this
Because what would be left of us
Is a patched-up “us” and a broken “me”.

Longing for the great feelings - Sehnsucht nach den großen Gefühlen

There are a lot of words and the archives here are big,
But our world of words is meaningful meaningless.
Some are poor, some are rich – for us that seems normal,
And those who die in wars are a very distant number.

The carousel spins way too fast, some die, others become cold,
However nobody steps out, because that is what we have paid for after all.
How could that happen? we ask ourselves, and nobody knows why.
And like big trophies we stand around clueless.

Our questioning scares us, sometimes we are blind to the good in it.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.
We are afraid that we fall, we'd rather stay where we are.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.

Beauty is a martial art, that you also use against yourself.
The bodies are starved, trained and polished.
And we turn ourselves into deposit bottles, drink each other empty.
And at the end of the evening the bodies take themselves home.

Tenderness is wound up like a musical clock with the same old song,
Everybody moves to the beat, everybody knows the music.
At the same time we feel full like when you eat without hunger,
And we constantly suck on sugar to forget the salt of the tears.

Our deepness scares us, sometimes we are blind to the good in it.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.
We are afraid that we fall, we'd rather stay where we are.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.

The week has five days that don't belong to us.
Two thirds of our life we don't enjoy living.
Freedom is written into the calendar and usually doesn't have enough space.
It squeezes itself between the lines next to other data.
The daily routine is a flower that wilts everyday but never dies.
You count the hours and the scars while you slowly grow older.
Like the doves that sit on the wires we have a hard time flying.
We settle for so little, although so much would be possible.

Our longing scares us, sometimes we are blind to the good in it.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.
We are afraid that we fall, we'd rather stay where we are.
We have a longing for the great feelings, that are switched on and off.

You want everything to be alright - Du willst, dass alles richtig ist

Nothing inside you and filled up with things for which you don't have a name.
Your feelings are hanging on the clothes hook, hopefully they won't wear you.
You don't want to talk about it. Neither with yourself nor anybody else.
You only want to leave, because you cannot bare to stay.

You give yourself away to everybody, just to be not alone.
You let other people wear yourself like a ring, just to not be worthless.
It's like ordering beer in a bar, just to have a reason to stay.
And you let others touch you, just to feel yourself again.

And you would like, you would like to be with yourself.
But you can't, you cannot stay there.
And you believe, you believe you are worthless.
And you want everything to be alright,
That finally everything is alright, that finally everything is alright.

There's a hole inside you, that is bigger than yourself.
You are so hungry, yet you never feel filled.
How can you listen to your heart, when it steadily screams you deaf?
They covered you up with their dirty dishes.

And you smile, you are very charming.
You do the tricks that you know especially well.
Every once in a while it will hurt you.
And they won't stop clapping even though you are hurting.

And you would like, you would like to be with yourself.
But you can't, you cannot stay there.
And you believe, you believe you are worthless.
And you want everything to be alright,
That finally everything is alright, that finally everything is alright.

Nichts ist vergeblich – Nothing is in Vain

With a stack of paper, you stand at the subway station.
Armed with words, printed at the copy-shop.
They shall shake this world and the people that you both love and sometimes hate.
Some people take the paper, fold it into their pocket or into the trash can and wordlessly pass by .
You are hit by their sneers, while others are hit by bombs and you stay there for a long time.
First comes the news, then comes the movie.
And by then most people have already forgotten what was first.

And all your sorrows, and the sleepless nights, they are not embarrassing.
No, they are beautiful!
And the dreams in your head, that you shake much too often, they are not unrealistic.
No, they are beautiful!

“Are you man or woman?” echoes down the street.
Contempt in their looks, violence in their words.
And you become the canvas they project their dirty film on,
while all you want is to have your peace.
And tomorrow you will ask yourself,
if you will dress pretty or save yourself from the hassle.
And on the news, they always speak of “Terror”.
While you think to yourself “I know what that means”.

And all your love, and your desires, they are not sick.
No, they are beautiful!
And the twinkle on your temples, which is just make-up because your daily life doesn't provide it.
It is beautiful!

You argue with your husband about racist jokes.
You're sick of talking, your mouth is already sore.
The world seems frozen and full of idiots,
while you look for change and how to wake it up.
And on the news, they're counting the dead,
while you look for those who are still alive.

And all your hope and your deeds, they aren't stupid.
No, they are beautiful!
And your perseverance in a world that chokes us.
It isn't naive, no, it is beautiful!

The loneliness you feel amongst many people is the discontent with this world.
And your fury about those that don't know the difference between peaceful and pacified,
and all your tears, they are beautiful!

And everything makes sense, every second. Nothing's in vain, Nothing is lost!
We are alive, feel your heart beat! Nothing's in vain! Nothing is lost!

Thanks a lot for putting all the efforts in the translation of our lyrics to:
A.ndy, Alexias, Bine, Café, Christin, Dave, Grace, Johannes, Kaya, M2F, Markus, Matthias,
Miriam, Nils, Paul und Tilman!