

Schiller, Black

It pleases me; it's not too strange
beneath the undergrowth

I hear a sound from another side
I look around for another try
the long way 'round from the other side
down to the ground just another try

I need nerves of steel
nothing's been the same
it's not always white
sometimes it's black inside

It pleases me; I feel a change
my hands are trembling
I got a flame that burns inside
I cannot hide this change

It pleases me; it's not too strange
beneath the undergrowth

My wings open wide and I realize
it's not always white
sometimes it's black inside