

Deine Lakaien, Testosterone

A burning hand
A poisoned sleep
In front of me
A late regret
A token rest
You are too late
Too late to fear
Too late my dear
Servants, extras, stagehands listen
We will learn the game
Fair words, vows and flattery
We won't feel ashamed
What did he say
Who told him so
You need his vote
To change their minds
So run to him To throw the dice
With faithful eyes
This my advice
Servants, extras, stagehands listen
We will learn the game
Fair words, vows and flattery
We won't feel ashamed
I'll give the Caesar
Like a man
I'll kill the beast
In foreign lands
I'll pull the strings
Of all intrigues
A hunter with
No pain no fear
A
Servants, extras, stagehands listen
We will learn the game
Fair words, vows and flattery
We won't feel ashamed...