

Einsturzende Neubauten, Sabrina

It's not the red of the dying sun
The morning sheets' surprising stain
It's not the red of which we bleed
The red of cabernet savignon
A world of ruin all in vain

It's not that red
It's not that red
It's not that red

It's not as golden as Zeus's famous shower
It's doesn't, not at all, come from above
It's in the open but it doesn't get stolen

It's not that gold

It's not as golden as memory
Or the age of the same name

It's not that gold
It's not that gold
It's not that gold
It's not gold at all

I wish that would be your color
I wish this would be your color
I wish this would be your color
Your color, I wish

It is as black as Malevich's square
The cold furnace in which we stare
A high pitch on a future scale
It is a starless winter night's tale
It suits you well

It is that black
It is that black
It is that black
It is that black

I wish this would be your color
I wish this would be your color
I wish this would be your color

...
Your color, I wish