

# Kovacs, Child Of Sin (Till Lindemann)

When I was four years old  
I thought that love  
Was unpredictable  
When I was twelve years old  
I knew that love  
Was unsexual  
Where do I begin?  
Where do I begin?  
I'm not exceptional  
Where do I begin?  
Where do I begin?  
I'm not a child of love  
I am a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
Sin  
I am a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
When you were nine years old  
We terrorized these streets  
From dusk till dawn  
But when I turned sixteen  
My dirty hands would bleed  
From banging at your door  
Where should I begin?  
Where should I begin?  
I'd seen it all before  
And it will never end  
It will never end  
You're not a child of love  
You're a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
Sin  
You're a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
Sin  
There's nothing inside of me  
So what will become of me?  
I don't need your sympathy  
You're a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
Sin  
I am a child of sin  
Sin  
Sin  
Now, twenty-nine years old  
And I know your love was unacceptable