

# Rammstein, Ohne dich (eng.)

I will go into the firs,  
there where I her last seen,  
but the evening threw a cloth onto the country,  
and on the ways term edge of forest,  
and the forest rises so black and empty,  
pain me oh pain,  
and the birds do not sing no more  
Without you I cannot be,  
without you,  
with you am I also alone,  
without you,  
without you count ' I the hours,  
without you,  
with you the seconds stand,  
are not worth  
On the branches in the ditches,  
it is now quiet and without lives,  
and breathing falls me oh so heavily,  
pain me oh pain,  
and the birds do not sing no more  
Without you I cannot be,  
without you,  
with you am I also alone,  
without you,  
without you count ' I the hours,  
without you,  
with you the seconds stand,  
are not worth, without you  
and breathing falls me oh so heavily,  
pain oh pain,  
and the birds do not sing no more  
Without you I cannot be,  
without you,  
with you am I also alone,  
without you,  
without you count ' I the hours,  
without you,  
with you the seconds stand,  
are not worth, without you  
Without you!  
Without you!  
Without you!