

Rebeka, Fail

We don't want to know.
We just want to fail
We don't want to die
Don't send us to hell
Oh it may be rude
Our sabers made of wood
Honey, let's dance with my folks!

We don't want to know
We just want to fail
Slowly fadeing guests,
On the tiles, sweat.
Coldness of the love,
Crowds in corridors.
Honey, it's not my fault!

Maybe you're lonely.
And suddenly you miss yourself.
But maybe you're lonely,
The waitress has missed your plate.

Don't you worry!
Maybe you're lonely.
And suddenly you miss yourself.
But maybe you're lonely,
The waitress has missed your plate.

Never worried
Don't you worry
Tell me.
Never worried
Don't you worry
Hold your fury!