

# 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!