

Death In June, Kapitulation

In the summer
The fires come
In mid-summer
The pyres burn
And, everything disappears
And, everybody hears
"Kapitulation, kapitulation
Kapitulation, kapitulation"

One week after the death
Of the leader
Two weeks after the birth
Of me
In the field of blackbirds
We beg to differ
In the field of blackbirds
We disagree

"Kapitulation, kapitulation
Kapitulation, kapitulation"

Our colour - the universe, grey!
Our colour - the universe, prey!
Our reason - I cannot say
Our judgement - we learn today

"Kapitulation, kapitulation
Kapitulation, kapitulation"

In the winter
The fires come
In mid-summer
Our pyres burn
And, all disappears
Yet, nobody hears

"Kapitulation!"