

Die Krupps, Ministry Of Fear

I walk through the ruins haunted by the past
Reminders of my fear
The memories of pain stay here to last
They will not disappear

The walls reflect the echoes of my screams
Sound goes on and on
The trial keeps recurring in my dreams
Reality has gone

No hope
Just tears
Inside the ministry
No hope
Just fears

A silent tear shed in a lonely hell
Accompanied by hate
Forgotten years spent in a prison cell
No witnesses to tell

The walls reflect the echoes of my screams
Sound goes on and on
The trial keeps recurring in my dreams
Reality has gone

No hope
Just tears
Inside the ministry
No hope
Just fears

Split personality
Forced to conformity
Destroyed by brutality
Unfit to reality
Quest for identity

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