

Die Krupps, To The Hilt

Woke up - still in a dream
Nothing's the same
Con't pronounce my name
I open my mouth
Words come out
That make no sense
For a stranger's ear
In a foreign language
In a foreign land
Now I'm a alien
On a different planet
It makes it clear - I understand
We are all strangers - in a foreign land

Burn the bridges
Forge ahead
To the hilt

Back home I feel insane
Nothing's the same
Except for my name
I open my mouth
Words come out
That makes no sense
For my lover's ear
In my native language
In my native land
I'm still the alien
On a different planet
It make it clear - I understand
I am a stranger - in my own land

Burn the bridges
Forge ahead
To the hilt