

Tamino, The First Disciple

My old friend, these poems that you preach
They're being wasted as you speak
Remind me once more how they came to be your calling
Do you even know you're falling?

You know that for you I'd give an arm
I'm one of few that never meant you harm
And I heed you like I heed fire and thunder
But from time to time I wander
And lately I did wonder

If you did it all to make you feel desired
Did it all to make you feel admired
For love to replace your shame

That's quite the group that you have gathered now
Most of them, they just want you somehow
They would pay any price to kiss your skin
Don't tell me that is loving
You know that don't mean nothing

You know
You must know
And yet you give it all to make you feel desired
Give it all to make you feel admired
For love to replace your shame
You give it all to make you feel desired
Give it all to make you feel admired
For love to replace your shame
For love to replace your shame
For us to praise your name

Now my friend I won't forget
The darkness blinding me before we met
It's all I need to remember you
As the light you were
Even though for sure
You won't remember me
No, you won't remember me

I'm afraid that no amount of fame
Will ever wash away the shame
Of knowing not how to love your only friend
Who will love you till the end