

Wild, majestic, longs for freedom,
trapped, imprisoned, bound by unseen chains.
Stuck here in this tiny country,
what a waste of such fantastic brains!
So we need to find a way,
we must escape, we really need to fly.
The time has come, the world should really know,
about us now before we die.
The only way to reach the minds
of all the people outside this land
is to write a song in English words
that everyone will understand.

Now you see, the work is done,
mighty words so deep and true;
powerful, dramatic sound;
this must surely capture you.
Heed, understand, let us touch your emotions;
adore, surrender, we wait your devotion.
Pure, beautiful, sublime and glorious;
with this melody, we'll be victorious!

As I hear these words again,
it seems to me, I may have been too bold.
You may hate me, be disturbed,
insulted by these things I have told.
But twenty years, you have not heard us,
so why would you want to hear us now?
And all the fans in Germany
they do not care and listen anyhow.
So why do I care what I say,
I can write almost anything I like:
earthquake, snowflake, universe,
America, gorilla, mountain bike,
waterfall, atomic bomb,
potato, Cinderella, Let It Be,
pavement, rocket, butterfly,
vagina, penis, asshole, World War Three ...

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