I Shall Retrace My Steps To Cover Up My Tracks To Conceal My Taste For Treason To Detach You From Me And The Hatred Offered By A Father's Heart Will Always Keep Brothers Apart We Are Tranquil And Benevolent We Don't Like Noisy Surprises We Stay On The Move For Stillness Brings Death And Slowness Brings Fear We Men Of Cold Politeness Shall Never Melt Into That Kindness Of Yours No Matter How We Try You Say "Why Weep Over What?" We Say Weep Until The Weeping's Done And We Shall Weep For Another Day For What Binds Us To Our Grief Binds The Sculptor To His Clay For What Binds Us To Our Grief Binds The Sculptor To His Clay We Are The Most Alive The Most Rootless With Whips And Chains We Cross The Ruins Of Europe And From Time To Time Trapped In Reflections We Feel There's No Place No Home For Us But This Land This Land Is Mine This Land Is Yours You Only Suffer As Long As You Want To Men Like Us Do Not Let Each Other Drown We Share The Sweetest Black Bread That Delicate Grain Of Scorn No God, No Master, No Master Slave I No Longer Serve You, Nor Your Palace Of Flesh When Loneliness Spreads Out Between Our Sheets Our Sacrifice Is A Knife At The Throat Of Time But We Shall Cut It Up Some Other Day For What Binds Us To Our Grief Binds The Sculptor To His Clay For What Binds Us To Our Grief Binds The Sculptor To His Clay In Life, In Love, In Longing I Know I Deserted Like You Without Wealth, Without Property Without Official Title Or Office...