

When all of the squats have been turned into gallery spaces
And the punks out on the corner, what's that look on their faces?

It says; "What do we do, now that all of the yuppies replaced us?"

Don't worry my brother there's just one world,
But many, many, many places

Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
Please, don't be. My Friend.
Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
I'm going back to Mitte Again

We've finally reached the point of super saturation
Our feat in the water that stands in for a border of light
Condemn and construct disrupt and give up then just sit down
Don't worry my brother there's just one ocean
But many many ways to displace it

Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
Please, don't be. My Friend
Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
I'm going back to Mitte Again

I made a corporate mess
You did a free-lance shit
In the cosmic fabric of reality split;
Like a brain in two, the left and right
The voice of reason, the noise of might
Wie kann ich diese veld mit magie koncorllieren?

Don't worry my brother, don't worry my sister
Don't worry my land locked wayward drifters

Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
Please, don't be. My Friend
Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, Bitte, (Bitter)
I'm going back to Mitte Again