

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