Schiller, Black

It pleases me; it's not too strange beneath the undergrowth

I hear a sound from another side I look around for another try the long way 'round from the other side down to the ground just another try

I need nerves of steel nothing's been the same it's not always white sometimes it's black inside

It pleases me; I feel a change my hands are trembling I got a flame that burns inside I cannot hide this change

It pleases me; it's not too strange beneath the undergrowth

My wings open wide and I realize it's not always white sometimes it's black inside