Mutter

Rammstein

The tears of a crowd of very old children I string them on a white hair I throw the wet chain into the air And wish that I had a motherNo sun shines for me There was no breast that cried milk There is a tube that sticks in my throat I have no navel on my stomach, motherI was not allowed to lick any nipples And there was no fold to hide in No one gave me a name Fathered in haste and without spermFor the mother who never gave birth to me I have sworn tonight I will send her a sickness And afterwards make her sink in the river, motherAn eel lives in her lungs On my forehead, a birthmark Remove it with the kiss of a knife Even if it causes me to die, motherAn eel lives in her lungs On my forehead, a birthmark Remove it with the kiss of a knife

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Even if it causes me to bleed to death, motherOh, give me strength