

# Dr. Mabuse (First life) (Analogue variation)

## Propaganda

Mabuse Why does it hurt when my heart misses the beat?

The man without shadow promises you the world

Tell him your dreams and fanatical needs

He's buying them all with cash Sell him your soul, sell him your soul

Never look back, never look back

Sell him your soul, sell him your soul

Never look back, never look back, never look back

Sell him your soul, Mabuse He's devoted to the devil, fascinated by crime

Glamorous death is his destination, eternal passion his gain Sell him your soul, sell him your soul, sell him your soul

Never look back, never look back

Sell him your soul, sell him your soul

Never look back, never look back

Sell him your soul, sell him your soul

Never look back, Mabuse Why does it hurt? Why, why does it hurt? He's a satanic gambler, a beautiful fool

And you've already lost the chance of your lifetime

So don't be a fool, don't be a fool

Kein Zurueck fuer dich, there's no way back

Sell him your soul Warum schmerzt es

Warum schmerzt es

Wenn mein Herz den Schlag verpasst? Don't be a fool

Never look back

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