Dr. Mabuse (First Life) (The Analogue Variation)

Propaganda

MabuseWhy 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 cashSell 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, never look back
Sell him your soul, MabuseHe's devoted to the devil, fascinated by crime
Glamorous death is his destination, eternal passion his gainSell 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, MabuseWhy 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 soulWarum schmerzt es
Warum schmerzt es
Wenn mein Herz den Schlag verpasst?Don't be a fool
Never look back

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