LUDWIG — englisch

previous play next stop
mute max volume

repeat shuffle

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Update Required To play the media you will need to either update your browser to a recent version or update your Flash plugin.

Verse 1 — The Young Man

I grew up in the wreckage of a world
no one seemed to understand.
My father came home with nothing,
to a country grieving, trying to survive.

Versailles had stripped us of our pride.
Hunger sat down at our table.
I was tired of waiting, tired of silence.
I wanted a life
that would remember me.

Verse 2 — The Eternal

Now I know what became of all that pride,
of the worship and the marching.
The flags I carried through Kaiserslautern
followed me into another country,

past villages still smouldering
after we had gone through.
And behind me —
all that remained
was the sting of smoke.

Chorus

Layer by layer,
there was another life beneath my own.
I believed the way the young can believe
when the world is burning
and suddenly you know
where you belong.

Layer by layer,
there is silence underneath my life.
I believed,
and the belief itself was real.
Can that be condemned?
Or can it only be described?

Bridge — The Young Man

I believed the Führer knew what he was doing,
even when I could not understand.
My faith asked for no understanding.
My oath allowed no questions.

If I had known —
what would I have done?
I believed.
And believing felt like certainty.
It made me what I was.

(Ludwig)

Spoken

I was killed in Belgium in May.
At first I was mourned and honoured.
Then I became
just another name
no one speaks anymore.

(Ludwig)

Chorus

Layer by layer,
there was another life beneath my own.
I believed the way the young can believe
when the world is burning
and suddenly you know
where you belong.

Layer by layer,
there is silence underneath my life.
I believed,
and the belief itself was real.
Can that be condemned?
Or can it only be described?

Final Verse — The Eternal

All I can tell you is this:

there was a man from Kaiserslautern
who believed.
Who marched.
Who murdered.
Who died without doubt.

Killed in Belgium in May —

and behind him,
the world came apart.

← Ludwig

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