

Alphaville, Apollo

(Lyrics: Gold-Lloyd-Echolette / Music: Bloss-Gold-Lloyd-Echo)

Show me a place that ain't hell
If there's space
Give me room to breathe
That's all that I need for this body can't fail
And if music be the food of love
Play on, give me excess of it
Let it all out, please let me out of here
And I shall rise from the ashes
Grow like a rose from the ruins
There must be light in the darkness
Hope at the end of the night
Yes, I've been tryin' all my life to get to heaven
But awoke in the eye of the storm
But I shall rise from the ashes
Grow from the ruins and return back home

This is a call from the gaols
Coming up to the prisoners of pleasure
Drunk on the blood of the next generations
And I've been through many strange confusions
Splitting myself into too many faces
Now the mirror is broken, I can see the worms behind

You may well have your ways of triumph
You may well have your ways of truth
Just gimme some room to breathe
That's all that I need
Me and my strange friends
We all belong to the grand astral body
(take my hand and I take you out of here)
And there's you behind those legendary curtains
Take my hand before you wither in the crowd
And I take you out of here

This is the end of the show
I don't know was I wrong was I right
Oh love, I don't know, I wasn't perfect for sure
But now I feel like a new born baby
Lying in the dew of the morning
Laughing at the sky like a brave new Apollo