

# Alphaville, Elegy

he is sitting on a hill  
a vapid night is crawling through the vale  
the trees are fangs of transiency  
the demons forge hammers and nails

he will travel all the ways  
that lead to the unknown lands  
time has distorted his view  
an amen in his due

he is gazing at the skies  
without yearning in his eyes  
and he will follow the invisible trace  
when the sirens sing again...

the spring is in the air, the silence in the skies  
the wind is in his hair, the moon is in his eyes  
the bats play on but he'll be gone  
before the world has left the night

...the birds sing on but he has gone  
before the morning spreads its light