

Alphaville, Sirens

When the sirens sing again...

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

When the sirens sing again...

He will travel all the ways

That lead to the unknown lands
Time has distorted his view
An amen in his due

When the sirens sing again...

Diamond/1989