

# 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