

Stefan Eicher, Little Death

Whishes which tell me
girls who whisper to me
steps you really do
words nobody finds

Senses which vanish
give me advice
my little death

A dance which always ends
a Morning which holds you
Fire that burns out
and tears will dry

Winds they drift away
give me advice
My little death

Searching of all days
the Sea which never turns
eyes which grow blind
and thoughts they leave

The waiting of a coming
give me advice
my little death

So strange this life
motion which leads me
the lurking of my longings
red and blue my courage
small steps you can do
and the ground continues
to turn me around and round

Give me advice
my little death

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Girls who whisper to me
steps you really do
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