

Alphaville, Legend

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

The spring is in the air
The sirens in the skies
The wind is in his hair
The morning's in his eyes
The rain turns on
And he will be
On the phone
The world has left alone...

He will travel all the ways
That lead to the unknown lands
Time has distorted his view
An amen in his due

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