

Alphaville, Point Of Know Return

(Lyrics: Gold / Music: Gold-Lloyd-Echolette)

The gentle taste of orange
A garden of fruit and flowers is what I embrace
In ocean blue eyes, in each one's an island
I'm stranded within your love
And as I fall deeper than ever
And as we kiss
We're each other's guide into the unknown
Where men do not return, where men do not forget
The sweetest suicide, as if we don't exist but live
The presence of angels, the incense of Indochine
The quietness of movements, the slowness of Africa
A point of know return,
No way out of here
Nothing compares to you
Anything goes

And as I breathe deeper than ever
I'm coming home, I'm coming home to the unknown
Where men do not return. . .