

Clan Of Xymox, Doubts

I ask myself, what is the meaning?
Of words like love, It may be dreaming
I may be dreaming, I may be dreaming
In fright of love , I holler
If not in love , I desire
Soon it will pass like a slow procession
From far away the shadow is rising

It's calling me, It's calling me, It's calling me, It's calling me

Will it be wrong or right?
Will it come with delight?
Will it come with a curse?
Will it be better or worse?
And sweet with every sound?
Will it stand on solid ground?
Save me from myself, darkness reigns at twelve

I am falling, I fall for you, I am falling

Dead water, dead sand, dark clouds will descend
Here where all broken hearts
Cherish solitude in the dark
Sometimes I picture you, sliding into substitutes
Not knowing if I'm strong
Not knowing what's begun

I fall for you, I fall for you