

Elegy

Alphaville

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

he will travel all the ways
that lead to the unknown lands
time has distorted his view
an amen in his due

he is gazing at the skies
without yearning in his eyes
and he will follow the invisible trace
when the sirens sing again...

the spring is in the air, the silence in the skies
the wind is in his hair, the moon is in his eyes
the bats play on but he'll be gone
before the world has left the night

...the birds sing on but he has gone
before the morning spreads its light