

The Deep

Alphaville

Deep in myself I hear you like a distant sound
Emitted from a secret distant star
Made out of yearning and of sweet desire
Which I would never tire of listening to like gentle ocean surf

Deep in myself you're buried like a hidden treasure
Within a chest filled up with withered comforts
On which I'm keeping ceaselessly my jelous eyes
In glaring embers and in raging ire

Deep in myself you're resting like a heavy stone
That's dragging me into the bottom of a lake
I'm sinking fast but never will I drown
And up above I scry those little cockle boats
They cross the sky with tenderly entangled lovers

Deep in myself