

As the cheerless towns pass my window  
I can see a washed out moon through the fog  
And then a voice inside my head breaks the analogue And says:

„Follow me down to the valley below. You know  
Moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul“

I survived against the will of my twisted folk  
But in the deafness of my world the silence broke  
And said:

|: „Follow me down to the valley below  
You know  
Moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul" :|

My David don't you worry  
This cold world is not for you  
So rest your head upon me  
I have strength to carry you

(Ghosts of the twenties rising golden summers just holding you)

„Follow me down to the valley below  
You know  
Moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul“

„Follow me down to the valley below  
You know  
Moonlight is bleeding from out of your soul“

Come to us, Lazarus,  
it's time for you to go