

When I open up the door and I step into a floor
See me running down the way
To another place I'll stay
In this room there is a door
From another endless floor
So I walk it 'til the end
Am coming back where I began

Then I fall into a dream
Within a dream within a dream
Of the murder from "the silence of the lambs"

Silently deeply creep in my heart and soul
Silently deeply creep all my love has gone

In my private picture dome
After 1000 days alone
I am meeting depardieu
And he asked me here to stay
An ambiguous sequel in many ways
Concerning my own situation
The translation "de son nom"
Implies that all the gods are gone

And I'm falling into the scenes
Inside my movie gathering
Living timeless in a "casket irony" here

Silently 1, 2, 3 see the hours flow
Siently 39, 40 nights ago
Silently days and weeks slowly counting by
Not a second not the years
Reign our measured time

Silently deeply creep in my heart and soul
Silently deeply creep under skin and bones
Say why minutes take one life
But years run out of hands
Here I play "capture time" try to understand
Silently deeply creep in my heart and soul
Silently deeply creep all my love has gone