

Alphaville, Script Of A Dead Poet

the coffee black and nearly cold
and i look back while hours pass by
a sheet of paper on the table torn to shreds
if you are able to solve the puzzle, try
it's my last script that you may hold
or wipe away when the bar has closed
my last remains here in your hands and in the end
what i was writing for, i just don't know
don't know

how many times to make you understand
or was it for the triumph of applauding hands
how many words i had to spell and all the stories i would tell
for the short and orgiastic turn when'd you say: well

what were they for, these black inked dreams
a guaranty that i was wise
and so called gods define an entrance for eternal life
into a masterpeace of mine
all i wanted to be
was extraordinary, extraordinary
and maybe i was wrong
how many people have i killed
with my suicidal songs

janey diamond/1993