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