

## Korova "Der Schlafmann Kommt"

Visit "[Der Schlafmann Kommt](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Flies are the Cameras of God. Invisibly connected to  
the eternal  
Frequency of their collective Data-Memory they are  
watching from  
Every Corner since Millions of Years, dragging all Seen  
within  
Them, and if we dare to listen they buzz their Films into  
our  
Dreams...

A 'Bowl with gleamfresh Milk  
And Bread from Worker's Hand' - Taste  
Accompanies blurred Views of Movement,  
Curved in a Point with Wings and Eyes.

It buzzes a Wave like in dump Fever-Memories  
And wobbles sweet Circles around the Child's Eyes.  
Dusk in young Senses, to warm Realms they drown,  
Bewitched by the Voice of the Flyman

And Sleepman comes - Echoworld Caravan  
Dreamsandhead synapsed to Diamonds,  
Back to the Bottom where it all began,  
The Mirrors of Echoworld.

Sheep keep on counting into the warm Whoolfuneral  
Whirls  
Sleep deep down falling into dead Angle's shining  
Worlds  
...and loose all ClingMarks.

"Folge mir in den Sonnenschein  
Durch Zauberfelder und Städte aus Eins.  
Bald wärst Dein Leben ein gläserner Sarg,  
Hier bleibst Du Licht, alle Freunde sind da,  
Komm!"

When will I see Mum and Daddy again?  
Sie kommen bald nach!  
Will Peter join us, and Mary and Dave?  
Wann immer er schläft!  
High down so heavy we fly Timecream-Skies.

Children are playing and sing by our Side,  
Schala-la-la, Der Schlafmann kommt.

Schlaf, schlafe, schlafe, komm und bleibe für  
immer...

Das Kind ganz ruhig im Bette liegt,  
Blau im Gesicht, mit leerem Blick,  
Und starrt der Mutter Tränen wund:  
"Der Schlafmann hat mich heimgeholt..."

...and if we dare to follow we never will return...

Visit [Korova](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.