

Stephan Eicher

"Little Death"

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Wishes which tell me, girls who whisper to me
Steps you really do, words nobody finds

Senses which vanish, give me advice, my little death

A dance which always ends, a Morning which holds you
Fire that burns out and tears will dry

Winds they drift away, give me advice, my little death

Searching of all days, the Sea which never turns
Eyes which grow blind and thoughts they leave

The waiting of a coming, give me advice, my little
death

So strange this life, motion which leads me
The lurking of my longings, red and blue my courage
Small steps you can do and the ground continues
To turn me around and round

Give me advice, my little death

Wishes which tell me, girls who whisper to me
Steps you really do, words nobody finds

Senses which vanish, give me advice, my little death.

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