

# Alphaville

## "Legend"

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He is sitting on a hill  
A vapid night is crawling through the vale  
The trees are fangs of transiency  
The demons forge hammers and nails  
The spring is in the air  
The sirens in the skies  
The wind is in his hair  
The morning's in his eyes  
The rain turns on  
And he will be  
On the phone  
The world has left alone...

He will travel all the ways  
That lead to the unknown lands  
Time has distorted his view  
An amen in his due

The spring is in the air  
The sirens in the skies  
The wind is in his hair  
The morning's in his eyes  
The rain turns on  
And he will be  
On the phone  
The world has left alone...

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