

Alphaville

"Point of Know Return"

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The gentle taste of orange
A garden of fruit and flowers is what I embrace
In ocean blue eyes, in each one's an island
I'm stranded within your love

And as I fall deeper than ever
And as we kiss, we're each other's guide into the
unknown

Where men do not return, where men do not forget
The sweetest suicide, as if we don't exist but live

The presence of angels, the incense of indochine
The quietness of movements, the slowness of africa
A point of know return, no way out of here
Nothing compares to you
Anything goes

And as I breathe deeper than ever
I'm coming home, I'm coming home to the unknown

Where men do not return. . .

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