

# Script Of A Dead Poet

## Alphaville

The coffee black and nearly cold  
And I look back while hours pass by  
A sheet of paper on the table torn to shreds  
If you are able to solve the puzzle, try  
It's my last script that you may hold  
Or wipe away when the bar has closed  
My last remains here in your hands and in the end  
What I was writing for, I just don't know  
Don't know  
How many times to make you understand  
Or was it for the triumph of applauding hands  
How many words I had to spell and all the stories I would tell

For the short and orgiastic turn when'd you say: well  
What were they for, these black inked dreams  
A guaranty that I was wise  
And so called gods define an entrance for eternal life  
Into a masterpeace of mine  
All I wanted to be  
Was extraordinary, extraordinary  
And maybe I was wrong  
How many people have I killed  
With my suicidal songs  
Janey diamond/1993

Lyrics provided by

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