Apollo

Omd (orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark)

Show me a place that ain't hell
If there's space, give me room to breathe
That is all that I need
For this body can't fail
And if music be the food of love
Play on, give me excess of it
Let it all out!
Please let me out of here
And I shall rise from the ashes
Grow like a rose from the ruins
There must be light in the darkness
Hope at the end of the night
Yes, I've been trying all my life to get to Heaven
But awoke in the eye of a storm
But I shall rise from the ashes
Grow from the ruins
And return back home
This is the call from the gaols
Coming up to the prisoners of pleasure
Drunk on the blood of the next generations
And I've been through many strange confusions
Splitting myself into too many faces
Now the mirror is broken, I can see the worms behind
But I shall rise from the ashes...
You may well have your ways of triumph
You may well have your ways of truth
Just gimme some room to breathe
That's all that I need
That's all that I need, me and my strange friends
Take my hand and I'll take you out of here
We all belong to the grand astral body
And there's you behind these legendary curtains
Take my hand before you wither in the crowd
I'll take you out of here
Take my hands, take my hands
This is the end of the show
I don't know, was I wrong, was I right?
Oh, love, I don't know,
I wasn't perfect for sure

But now I feel like a new-born baby
Lying in the dew of the morning,
Laughing at the sky, like a brave new Apollo
And I shall rise from the ashes
Grow like a rose from the ruins
There must be light in the darkness
Hope at the end of the night
Yes, I've been trying all my life to get to Heaven
But awoke in the eye of a storm
But I shall rise from the ashes
Grow from the ruins
And return back home
Back home

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