

# Point of Know Return

## Alphaville

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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