We Are the Dead

Ulver

Ghosts presence, ghost music in the radio at night,
when you can't sleep, in the line of shadows
around the glowing red eye.Voices that talk and talk towards nothing,
so that nothing's hollow role shall not slide
in on the scene in the solitary theater.And the voices laugh loud, so the candles flicker
and go out, without noticing how dark it becomes.And he who records the voices of the spirits
of the dead. On the tape filled with buzz and
cosmic noise you can hear their remote voices
form German words; they say: Wir sind die Toten,
which is true, whoever they might be.The total inaccessibility of silence, it shines in the
wallmirror when you've left, and disappears
when you return. No silence in death's silence.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/