

# Black Hole

Funker Vogt

Ride off into sunset  
Even in hours you won't reach  
Seconds fade into infinity  
Where the parallels will meet  
The clock strikes twelve  
And nothing happens  
Is it real or is it virtual?  
The rhthym of the time  
And the sun is burning  
A black hole in my mind  
While the earth is turning  
Feels like I will go blind  
DNA replication  
The system's self-organized  
A virus creates fear  
There's nearly no protection  
The clock strikes twelve  
And nothing happens  
Is it real or is it virtual?  
The rhthym of the time  
And the sun is burning  
A black hole in my mind  
While the earth is turning  
Feels like I will go blind  
People have a new religion  
Science is it called  
A synonym for industry  
A new god for the world  
The clock strikes twelve  
And nothing happens  
Is it real or is it virtual?  
The rhthym of the time  
And the sun is burning  
A black hole in my mind  
While the earth is turning  
Feels like I will go blind