

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
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