

Stupid Incident

Funker Vogt

SHADOWS IN THE WHIRLING RAIN
A YOUNG MAN KNEES ON THE STREET
HIS EXECUTIONERS IN FRONT OF HIM

BULLETS BOUNCE ALONG THE WALLS
A LAST ATTEMPT OF DISPAIR
NO MATTER HOW POORLY THEY SHOOT
A RICCOCHET COULD STILL KILL

IN THE PALE AFTERLIGHT
SEE THE CAR'S HEADLIGHT BEAM
HEAR THE HIGH-PITCHED SONG OF DEATH
A DIRTY STREET FILLED WITH STEAM

HERE IS NO SOUL INSIGHT
YOU FINALLY ESCAPE THE TRAP
JUST A STUPID INCIDENT
THE WRONG TIME AT THE WRONG PLACE

NOW ENJOY YOUR SOLITUDE
DEEP DOWN INSIDE THE RUINS
DON'T GLANCE BEHIND YOU
LEAVE ALL THE SCREAMS OUTSIDE

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