

Comedy Is Over

Trauma

Tongues of fire
Catch up with the shadows
Paintings whirling in a drowse
Are like a passing wind

Here I am
Here I am
Though I shouldn't be here
I am and
I am and
I am and than I'm gone

Oh my God
Does this make sense
Is this real
Or is it my imagination
-comedy is over-

Relief
Jammed through my veins
Sadness fades away
When I disappear
Disappear - in illusion

My soul
My mind
My soul and mind
Pass into silence
I leave not to return

Oh my God!
Oh my God!
Is this how it ends?
Oh my God!
Oh my God!
Comedy is over

[Solo: Mister]

[Solo: Arek]