

Ana Johnsson, Playing God

Lights out, you stole the show
Time's up, you're good to go
The truth won't be unspoken
How do you breathe?

What does it feel like?
When life's in your hands
The craving for power
Has gone to your head
What does it feel like
To feel nothing at all
Is it your call
To be playing God

Cry all the tears they've cried
Dream all the dreams that died
How do you face his father?
How do you breathe?

What does it feel like?
When life's in your hands
The craving for power
Has gone to your head
What does it feel like
To feel nothing at all
Is it your call
To be playing God

Remember what your mother said
Boy, you better make amends
Cos no one gets away in the end
Playing God
How do you breathe?

What does it feel like...