

Funker Vogt, Black Hole

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 rhythm 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 rhythm of the time

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People have a new religion
science is it called
A synonym for industry
a new god for the world

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