

Funker Vogt, Black Hole (Re/Worked)

Ride off into sunset
Even in hours you won't reach
Seconds fade into infinity
Where the parallels will meet

DNA replication
The system's self-organized
A virus creates fear
There's nearly no protection

And the sun is burning
A black hole in my mind
While the earth is turning
Feels like I will go blind

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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 rhythm of the time

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