

Bombshell Rocks, Memories Remain

Whatever happened to your faith and dedication?
Your wish to demolish the white city walls.
I heard you a hundred times saying i feel unstoppable,
and now you're gone like you've already seen it all.

It's funny how people grow and change.
I guess it's inevitable,
we all go on different ways.
In the end, my dear friend.
Memories remain.

Whatever happened to the will and to the message?
Your second home, your love for the microphone.
To me it looks as if you're radio controlled.
No longer tuning in underground radio.