

# Funker Vogt, Black Hole (Blind)

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 their name  
A synonym for industry  
A new god for the world

The clock strikes twelve  
And nothing happens  
Is it real or virtual?  
The clock strikes twelve  
And nothing happens  
Is it real or virtual?

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I will go blind...

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