

# Funker Vogt, Black Hole (Live)

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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a black hole in my mind  
while the earth is turning  
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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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and nothing happens  
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