

# Funker Vogt, Body Count

The body count will be masive  
Much worse than Oklahoma  
Hard times for the experts  
Messses like this mean lots of work

Burnt beyond recognition  
ID's they get from DNA  
And everybody will still wonder  
How we ever let it happen

A car filled with explosives  
Made it's final fucking run  
Splitting crowds in mere seconds  
Like Moses once split the red sea

Just moments later an explosion  
Even brighter than the sun  
They hadn't time to realize  
What was going on

We just got another lesson  
How illusory safety is  
This was an opportunity  
Just too good to miss

We have been gutted like a fish  
In a moment of poor attention  
Now we are responsible  
For our own suspension