

# Funker Vogt, Stolen Thoughts

Every morning I wake up  
With a new identity  
With some new memories  
Of my former life

All the thoughts I ever had  
All the memories I can recite  
Are just an illusion  
Implanted in my brain

And even the city changes  
With new buildings and new roads  
But I really cannot tell  
If it's just an illusion

Implanted illusions is all-  
that I can remember  
Stolen thoughts of a time  
When I met you last November

Now, there's just confusion-  
at this place without a sun  
I try so hard to escape  
There's no place to which to run

And suddenly, it hits me  
That there was no sun for years  
The illusions fade away  
Making room for reality