

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