

Funker Vogt, Stupid Incident

Shadows in the whirling rain
a young man knees on the street
his executioners in front of him

bullets bounce along the walls
a last attempt of despair
no matter how poorly they shoot
a ricochet could still kill

in the pale afterlight
see the car's headlight beam
hear the high-pitched song of death
a dirty street filled with steam

here is no soul insight
you finally escape the trap
just a stupid incident
the wrong time at the wrong place

now enjoy your solitude
deep down inside the ruins
don't glance behind you
leave all the screams outside

in the pale afterlight
see the car's headlight beam
hear the high-pitched song of death
a dirty street filled with steam