

Funker Vogt, The Journey

ten miles above the landscape
I can watch the stars
power plants and city lights
illuminate the night

I must keep going on
now I've reached the sea
I feel that I'm too far above
to hear the torrid waves

suddenly the landscape changes
I fly through burning clouds
one hundred miles an hour
I'm going down

underwater I travel onward
sinking toward the ocean floor
the light fades out very slowly
on the way down to hell

I see my life in front of me
it all floats by my inner eye
from my birth until now
I can't help but wonder why