Jay-Jay Johanson, Sudden Death

Try to see through false-coloured eyes
Promise to act like grown-ups do
Is it in my genes or jeans I do not know
Stuck in a never-ending daydream
A well-hidden secret all those years
It's understood I send my regards to you

Tears of joy to tears of despair
Scratches my back with razor-sharp nails
The queen is gone and there's no time to speak
Still in an ever-lasting nightmare
The song of a ghost is following me
A salted truth out of false belief

It's over, it's over, I will always remember you name
It's over, it's over, and without you it won't be the same

This sudden death is coming