

Trauma, Comedy Is Over

Tongues of fire
Catch up with the shadows
Paintings whirling in a drowse
Are like a passing wind
Here I am
Here I am
Though I shouldn't be here
I am and
I am and
I am and then I'm gone
Oh my God
Does this make sense
Is this real
Or is it my imagination
-comedy is over-
relief
Jammed through my veins
Sadness fades away
When I disappear
Disappear in illusion
My soul
My mind
My soul and mind
Pass into silence
I leave not to return
Oh my God!
Oh my God!
Is this how it ends?
Oh my God!
Oh my God!
Comedy is over
[Solo: Mister]
[Solo: Arek]