

Front 242

"Tradgedy"

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With that skill that was her's alone
She drove her clutches into me
I was dumbfounded
She was hungry
She required me entirely
All that's left is the earth to remain
It's a dull and cruel pain
That passes the ages unaltered
Her sandface in my heart
I still feel disemboweled
I clearly retain
The planned,
The void
The sore in my soul
The mark in my heart
Of acid rain

The sore in my soul
The mark in my heart
Of acid rain
And that voice that was hers alone
Still resounds in me
She left me dislocated
Disenpowered
And twitching
Her enemies in my heart
etc.

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