

Front 242 "Tragedy"

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With that skill that was hers alone
She drove her clutches into me
I was dumbfounded
She was hungry
She required me entirely

All that's left is here to remain
It's a dull and cruel pain
That passes the ages unaltered
Her stamp is in my heart
I still feel disemboweled
I clearly retain
A blank
The void
The sore in my soul
The mark in my heart
Her acid reign

Hot sun, global fun
Needed action, start to run

And that voice that was hers alone
Still resounds in me
She left me dislocated
Disavowed
And twitching
Her rhythm is in my heart
She inspired in me
An acute sense of treachery

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