

# Trauma

## "Comedy Is Over"

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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 than 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]

