

## **Pseudo Nein**

### **"Tragicomic"**

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When everything is black  
And the clowns have all gone home  
You're left standing in the middle of the stage  
And you know that you're all alone

The clouds are made of acid and the rain is coming  
down  
And the puddle that you stand in is the only one around  
Then the colors start to fade and the blue will turn to  
grey  
And you should run away

In the darkness  
The relentless alcoholics  
Are the solace that you seek  
And the smile that you see is  
The blinding parody  
Of the soulless life you lead  
And you know that you are not asleep

When everything is fading  
And the clowns are all that remain  
In your tragicomic life you know  
It's driving you insane

The clouds are made of acid and the rain is coming  
down  
And the puddle that you stand in is the only one around  
Then the colors start to fade and the blue will turn to  
grey  
And you should run away

And the road you're walking  
Is a dead end waiting

When the life you're leading  
Is the path you're taking...

And when all that's left is  
All that you're making

You kick and scream but  
You're still not waking.

Deep in the darkness  
The relentless alcoholics  
Are the solace that you seek  
And the smile that you see is  
The blinding parody  
Of the soulless life you lead  
And you know that you are not asleep  
Deep in the darkness  
The relentless alcoholics  
Are the solace that you seek  
And the smile that you see is  
The blinding parody  
Of the soulless life you lead  
And you know that you are not asleep

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