

Ticking Bomb

Hanne Hukkelberg

On me
There's a button
They've ticket the goods,
They've labeled the luggage.
They sent me here,
To a sterile, white
Waiting room.
Not only I know
I contain a ticking bomb.

They say
The word.
They know
The word is the code.
He oughta handle it.
Oh, I explode into pieces.
Do I care?
My dismal lifework.

Who am I?
What have I done?
I've lost my self again.
I've punished the good,
The innocent, my beloved,
My liberator, my savior.

I know the situation.
I realize my deeds.
Blowing off the bomb
Was lengthening
Way out of hell.
Now who am I
Deserving mercy now.
Done is done.
Perhaps I need
Another bomb.

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