

Post Mortem

Inspection 12

Depressed. A series of unlawful acts dedicated to you.

Grow up, but don't forget the times we spent.

And now they're gone. You feel the pain.

You're trembling. Oh, not again.

Bye-bye to us. Who's gonna pay?

Yeah-yeah-yeah.

Silence has been broken. My life is destroyed.

Goodnight, all good people. This is something I can't avoid.

A mess to clean. A masterpiece:

Monet's farewell to modern greed.

A mass cliche of red champagne.

Domestic wives are now in pain.

Yeah-yeah-yeah.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>