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.

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