

# 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 cliché of red champagne.  
Domestic wives are now in pain.  
Yeah-yeah-yeah.

Lyrics provided by

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