

# Soilwork, Cranking The Sirens

Underneath the surface he's bound to be back for more  
Keep your eye on the trigger man  
His hands are shaky, trying to find the score  
Well, I see you have another friend  
to drag down the hall  
Watch him bleed on this freakshow Monday  
Watch him crank the sirens tearing up his soul

And there it goes he's so close to a remedy  
A painful host of his time (so divine)  
And he'll never show to the world  
how his life's supposed to be  
Drenched by the dark in his mind.

Now there's nothing but silence surrounding him (surrounding him)  
Providing the contents of his unique  
Misanthropical friend. Well (won't you tell)  
If there's ever gonna be a state for your well-hidden art  
Watch him breed on this freakshow Monday  
Watch him crank the sirens tearing up his soul

And there it goes he's so close to a remedy  
A painful host of his time (so divine)  
And he'll never show to the world  
how his life's supposed to be  
Drenched by the dark in his mind.

He believes in silence  
He believes that this is the end  
He can't hear the sirens cause  
silence is the greatest sleep of them all.

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A painful host of his time (so divine)  
And he'll never show to the world  
how his life's supposed to be  
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