

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.

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.