

Soilwork, Distortion Sleep

In my town where the system sleeps
Nobody gives a damn
It's up to you how to hide to flee
Their hunger never ends
Hateful design builds the structure divine
A territory cold as ice
An endless empire with cynic desire
Born of a broken spell

Feeling like a guttersnipe standing in line
Deciding his lifestyle by rolling the dice
One will stand another will fall down
Find your way out from the constant lack

You gotta get yourself a picture of what is going on
Cause their lips are sealed now
Their honesty never to be found
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Your pride is just a symbol
another hidden excuse
for being such a savior
distorting your sick self abuse