

# 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  
Hateful design builds the structure divine  
A territory cold as ice  
An endless empire with cynic desire  
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Your pride is just a symbol  
another hidden excuse  
for being such a savior  
distorting your sick self abuse