

Soilwork, Figure Number Five

Tell it to me now, close your eyes
cause they don't feel a fucking thing
You gotta memorize what you felt
when you lost your wings
Your line is mesmerized, condition's paralyzed
Your chance to live is emphasized
Nor a truth nor a lie

Burn your flag, figure
The disciples of God want you to die

Figure Number Five
Caught in the hands of a human lie
Figure, Figure Number Five
Give it up, never stop till he hits the ground
Figure Number Five
The fifth wheel in a cynical time
Figure, Figure Number Five
They won't stop, they won't stop
'til he hits the ground

Their eyes are shut side by side
and you can't do a single thing
they will cease their time passing by
sucking blood out of kings

It's such a drag, I can't do nothing always there
I feel my welfare's burning...