

# Soilwork, If Possible

If possible just turn the page,  
When all you see remains the same.  
I wish I could blame it on a face without a name.  
In the center of the place I hate,  
There's no escape that's what they say.  
Without a name...  
(I will never make, one single predictable mistake)  
(I've vanished since the anger came.)

Bitterness, sometimes the truth I swear,  
And I won't dread, my time.

I won't leave today,  
As long as I can take the words you stake.  
No matter how the hell I make,  
The desperation go away,  
Without a name...

Bitterness, sometimes the truth I swear,  
And I won't dread, my time.  
Meaningless, and unsincere,  
Hold back those tears, rewind.

Come to the point, with an illusion,  
It's there but it's not a revolution.  
You'll bear what is not your responsibility,  
All that is left of what, you used to be.