## 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.