

Soilwork, No More Angels

Bring punishment
To get hold of me
So cold like a glance
From my eyes
Accept the way
It's meant to be
A mental sacrifice
Go down hear the sound
Of a gentle man
Leading you
Straight to the void
Where the neon
Bastards they make
Dropouts out of leftover toys

No more angels
No more painful lies
No more strangers
Nor more waste of time

So here I am
Going straight to the plan
Never knowing that I'm damned
Walking the thread
That's so precious to me
A secret part of my history
My time, too short
As nothing beckons to me
My time, goddamn
What is it I try to be
Fill the hole
A thousand feet below
Become the master
Of a freak show

So cold
Right now
So cold
Right now

No more angels
No more painful lies
No more strangers
Nor more waste of time

Bring punishment
To get hold of me
So cold like a glance
From my eyes
Accept the way
It's meant to be
A mental sacrifice
Go down, the keeper
Of your thoughts may be
Go down, a sacred child
Who just can't see
Counting the days
So amazed
Of this sweet and
Miserable effort

So cold
Right now
So cold

Right now

-Solos-

So cold
Right now
So cold
Right now

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No more painful lies
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Nor more waste of time
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