

Soilwork, Silent Bullet

Pay no attention
For what it's worth
'Cause whatever I say
Turns into dirt
Here comes the sane
Here comes the remains
(The remains)
Ball and chain
Here comes the remains
(The remains)
Here comes the sane
Here comes the remains
(The remains)
Ball and chain
It's all the same

Since when did my
Life have a meaning?
Since when did I
Have a choice?

To make my way through
This ravaged landscape
As a disposable toy

The sun will embark
With a trembling notion
Claiming I once had it all

Time, giving it time
We are still miles apart
Insatiable
It's just fine
Aware of what's mine
Can't make it more obvious
The snare broken by lust

Since when did my
Life have a meaning?
Since when did I
Have a choice?

To make my way through
This ravaged landscape
As disposable toy

You've had your countless hours
I've had my moments of grace
But every time it devours
It'll catch that ugly face

The sun will embark
With a trembling notion
Claiming I once had it all

I reach for defiance
I reach for despair
There is nothing
That can keep me
From making the
Ultimate sacrifice
All I want, all I would
Ever dare to accomplish
Is in the hands

Of the deceiver

-Solo-

Time, giving it time
We are still miles apart
Insatiable
It's just fine
Aware of what's mine
Can't make it more obvious
The snare broken by lust

Giving it time
We are still miles apart
Insatiable
It's just fine