

Soilwork, The Aardvark Trail

A stinking aroma
spreads into my sense of smell
a smell of ageing filth
from the body you wear
you will soon become
shattered into fragments
fragments dissolving
fragments to be defamed (repeat)
.....again.....

(Instrumental Chorus)

You're a prisoner
in your filthy mind
hanging tied upside down
couse you're walking the Aardvark trail
.....for evermore.....

(Instrumental Chorus)

I give you hell!
I give you hell!

Walking with blinded eyes
feeling the temperature rise
pleased to be a swine
as the devil rips your spine
.....away.....

(Instrumental Chorus)

I give you hell!
I give you hell!