

# 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 deframed (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!