

# Soilwork, Weapon Of Vanity

They play divine as immortal sons  
Pulling triggers and then they switch and run  
As long as you have nothing to add,  
they run the show  
How! Can you get a single shot  
with a life like that?  
Now! Will you ever conclude  
as it turns to a lack?  
Deceivment, believe it - do you feel it flow?

-As a weapon of your vanity

Chorus:  
They crave for a soulaching desire  
(Won't you play with me?)  
As time's standing still they've praised a liar

So now - let me get a single minute of your precious time  
So how - do you feel now as the vanity is easy to find?  
Deceivment, believe it - can you feel it grow?

(Repeat Chorus)

I swear, you're nothing like me  
And it will never set you free  
You won't be able to be down there alone  
They fill you up 'til you're ripped and torn  
Your life is out there for disposal  
Knocked out, before you're ready to leave  
Cause I swear, you're nothing like me!

-As I reckon you insanity

(Repeat Chorus 2x)