

Soilwork, As The Sleeper Awakes

The decision is mine
Will I remain the same
The cost of getting forced
Into something that
Used to be a game
The fragments of joy
The fragments of faith
I can still recall
When I feel that
I'm present, I just know
If there's anything
I should regret
I would've been told
Counting hours
Counting days
Will you listen
Will you play
Is there anyone
Who can get it done?
Taking me back to the place
That I once belonged
What if tomorrow
Was gently taken
Away from me
Away from me

Awaking the memories
Was I meant to get old
Repressing the agonies
Start breaking the mold

And the faith
Comes back to life
Still waiting for
A constant thing to react
But I will save myself
Some of the time
Keep aiming for
A constant thing to react

As the sleeper awakes

Mesmerized by the memories
That walk by my side
Shelter comes easy
As soon as sadness sets in
By an impulse the search will begin

Searching, collecting
All the things
I possess a detecting
The insight I've
Earned in distress
Learning, finally I know
How to breathe
Turning, turning away
From the greed
So unpleasant
It strikes whenever I call
So relentless
As I fall
A grand awakening
Will kill it all
Nevertheless

I'll be my own precious god
I can't resist
The things I've missed
And I'll make sure that it
Will last the time
I will insist
What if tomorrow
Was taken away from me
Away from me
Away from me

Awaking the memories
Was I meant to get old
Repressing the agonies
Start breaking the mold
(Start breaking the mold)

And the faith
Comes back to life
Still waiting for
A constant thing to react
But I will save myself
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As the sleeper awakes