

# Soilwork, Brickwalker

Brickwalker won't you cease your time  
Instead of ruin daily lives  
Against the grain they stand  
Against the grain they fall  
Paint them a picture of their fate  
Face their fearless looks so pale  
It's so goddamn beautiful...

You've already put your hands on their fate  
Your mind is clear and your speech is free  
Your doors are shut and they won't see  
With your cynic presence they'll shiver  
'til the break of dawn

Come on, come on, come on  
They're so expendable

We're all so fatal, we're all too able  
we'd like to have a break... SAY  
We're all so tragic, illogical magic  
we'd like to turn the page... SAY

So, watch them cross the yard of time  
Do not fail don't cross that line  
Inside, they will leave tonight  
Vanish through the sky

Don't throw the page. Don't throw it all away!  
Gotta turn the page. Just lead thy pain astray!