

Soilwork, Killed By Ignition

Slowly slicing forward, into the flesh.
Incentive ways to enter the night.
Reality turns it back on you,
A chance to get through.
Burning, brighter than the sun,
Searching, to summon the suspicion.
It's getting harder to see,
Searching, for the killing ignition,
To fulfill what you need.

So, is it time to let it go?
All the pain that you have owned?
Unleash the crimson rebellion,
You'll never see, what I can see.

So, is it time to let it go,
All the pain that you have owned?
Revoke the burning ambition,
As you dispise reality.

The enemy's sleeping slient, in your head.
He's not there to get you through.
Of all the bastards that ever intended to make you lose,
This is the one you can't fool.