

# Soilwork, Martyr

Take the angels away  
The only ones who knew  
Already knew my name

Time we know for a war  
To be the only one who ever knew the way

Don't be a martyr it will be alright

I can see you run out  
But still you make the most of making the most

I don't want no body to haunt me  
Every time I see your face in the night  
I know  
It's all the voice in my head

Time time it's only time  
I feel the colorful things that I did  
I know its all the voice in my head

Take the anger away  
So many come so many seem to go that way

It's on now  
Digging a hole in the soul  
To see the confines of the mental overload

You melted it all down

I don't want no body to haunt me  
Every time I see your face in the night  
I know  
It's all the voice in my head

But still you make the most of making the most  
I can see you've run out  
But still you make the most of making the most