

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