

Soilwork, Stalemate

Just pick one and make it all come through,
infiltrated and fucked up for years.
And now it suddenly turns to you,
In a second, in no time.
Rise up, get up, stay up, fed up,
With the brand new sensation,
I'll bring back what's mine.

No, sense for sanity,
No, sense for clarity,
No, sense for dignity.

Just ask and it's coming straight to you,
Overrated and blinded by fear,
Inspiration turns to dust as you've had your share.
Rise up, get up, stay up, fed up,
With your illumination,
I'll bring back what's mine.

No, sense for sanity,
No, sense for clarity,
No, sense for dignity.

And I'll say (now give me your best shot)
Wait a lifetime to pull it off.
And I'll say (is that all that you got?)
Wake up in no time to blow it off...

No use for frustration, if you can't get through.
And you think your pride will do,
To get to your spot
Rise up, get up, stay up, fed up,
With the brand new sensation.

No, sense for sanity,
No, sense for clarity,
No, sense for dignity,
No, sense for empathy,
No, sense for sanity,
Will stop you now.

Now gimme your best shot.