

Soilwork, The Pittsburgh Syndrome

I woke up that morning
Feeling slightly stressed
Getting in an urge to just
Bail out completely pissed

What did I know?
That night we made our way
Through the darkness
And the shame

Don't let yourself run away
Cause we have another
Game to play
That night you
Would make us say
'Fuck all the details
Get on with the show'

It doesn't matter if
The mind's at stake
Cause we had another
Round to make
There was no way
We could fail
Fuck all the details
Get on with the show

The Pittsburgh syndrome!

An hour of destruction
Intoxicated bliss
Moments of sobriety
Would cease to exist
A sudden turn
Would make that city
Burn with souls on fire
Relentless desire

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The Pittsburgh syndrome!

-Solo-

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