

As the Sleeper Awakes

Soilwork

The decision is mine, will I remain the same
The cost of getting forced into something that used to be a game
The fragments of joy, the fragments of faith
I can still recall when I feel that...
I'm present, I just know
If there's anything I should regret
I would've been told
Counting hours, counting days
Will you listen, will you play
Is there anyone, who can get it done
Taking me back to the place that I once belonged
What if tomorrow was gently taken
Away from me, away from me...

Awaking the memories...
Was I meant to get old...
Repressing the agonies...
Start breaking the mold

And the faith, comes back to life
Still waiting for, a constant thing to react
But I will save myself some of the time
Keep aiming for, a constant thing to react

As the sleeper awakes

Mesmerized by the memories that walk by my side
Shelter comes easy
As soon as sadness sets in
By an impulse the search will begin

Searching, collecting all the things
I possess a Detecting, the insight I've earned in distress
Learning, finally I know how to breathe
Turning, turning away from the greed...
So unpleasant, it strikes whenever I call
So relentless, as I fall
A grand awakening, will kill it all
Nevertheless
I'll be my own precious god...
I can't resist, the things I've missed
And I'll make sure that it will last the time, I will insist
What if tomorrow, was taken away from me
Away from me, away from me

Awaking the memories...
Was I meant to get old...
Repressing the agonies...
Start breaking the mold
(Start breaking the mold)

And the faith, comes back to life
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