

# 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  
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