

## Distortion Sleep

Soilwork

In my town where the system sleeps  
Nobody gives a damn  
It's up to you how to hide or flee  
Their hunger never ends  
Hateful design builds the structure divine  
A territory cold as ice  
An endless empire with cynic desire  
Born of a broken spell

Feeling like a guttersnipe standing in line  
Deciding his lifestyle by rolling the dice  
One will stand another will fall down  
Find your way out from the constant lack (2x)

You gotta get yourself a picture of what is going on  
Cause their lips are sealed now  
Their honesty never to be found  
Hateful design builds the structure divine  
A territory cold as ice  
An endless empire with cynic desire  
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Your pride is just a symbol  
another hidden excuse  
for being such a savior  
distorting your sick self abuse