

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
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Your pride is just a symbol
another hidden excuse
for being such a savior
distorting your sick self abuse