

## Martyr

Soilwork

Take the angels away  
The only ones who knew already know my name  
Times re-known for a war  
To be the only one that ever knew the way

Don't be a martyr, it will be alright  
I can see you've run out...  
But still you make the most of making the most

I don't want nobody to haunt me  
Every time I see your face in the night  
I know it's all the voice in my head.  
Time, time, it's all been time  
I feel the call of all the things that I dread  
I know it's all a voice in my head...

Take the anger away  
So many come, so many seem to go that way  
It's on now...  
Digging a hole in the soul  
To see the confines of the mental overload  
You melted it all down

I don't want nobody to haunt me  
Every time I see your face in the night  
I know it's all the voice in my head.

But still you make the most of making the most.  
I can see you've run out  
But still you make the most of making the most.