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.