

Memories Confined

Soilwork

This dream institutionalized
My memories confined
Every word that was laid on my tongue
Is going to fry
Let it live... Let it live

There is no savior and there is no gun
That can kill all this honor of mine
And get it done... Get it done

There's no celebration
The rain comes crashing down
We're off to a deeper meaning
We are unconditionally bound

But we are... We are
The only thing that matters in the end
But these scars... These scars
Are well shaped nightmares that pull us down

It's forever, I won't give in
This feeling won't be patronized
All together, we won't believe
Our wish will be bastardized

There is no savior and there is no gun
That can kill all this honor of mine
And get it done... Get it done
There is no savior and there is no gun
That can kill all this honor of mine
And make me run... Make me run