

## Silent Bullet

Soilwork

Pay no attention for what it's worth  
'Cause whatever I say, turns into dirt  
Here comes the sane, here comes the remains  
The remains, ball and chain

Here comes the remains, the remains  
Here comes the sane, here comes the remains  
The remains, ball and chain  
It's all the same

Since when did my life have a meaning?  
Since when did I have a choice  
To make my way through this ravaged landscape  
As a disposable toy?

The sun will embark with a trembling notion  
Claiming I once had it all

Time, giving it time, we are still miles apart  
Insatiable, it's just fine, aware of what's mine  
Can't make it more obvious  
The snare broken by lust

Since when did my life have a meaning?  
Since when did I have a choice  
To make my way through this ravaged landscape  
As a disposable toy?

You've had your countless hours  
I've had my moments of grace  
But every time it devours  
It'll catch that ugly face

The sun will embark with a trembling notion  
Claiming I once had it all

I reach for defiance, I reach for despair  
There is nothing that can keep me  
From making the ultimate sacrifice  
All I want, all I would ever dare to accomplish  
Is in the hands of the deceiver

Time, giving it time, we are still miles apart  
Insatiable, it's just fine, aware of what's mine  
Can't make it more obvious  
The snare broken by lust

Giving it time, we are still miles apart  
Insatiable, it's just fine