

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