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