

Soilworker's Song of the Damned

Soilwork

Postironic we lugh dream in sonic
Diamond overload
Drenched in fear by struck of lightning
Cause we're only listening with one ear now
This organism rips us apart, it feasts on us

Song of the damned, never ends, so don't pretend
We are condemned where we stand, where we stand

This machine creates
what in some people's mouth is called art
Too hard to comprehend
Too hard but will not bend, we will not bend

So why are we trusting those cynical souls
Bleeding, aching, bleeding, aching-bleeding
with hearts open wide all so cold
Live for the moment get killed for the thrill
Bleeding, aching, bleeding, aching bleeding for nothing
for we've seen it all

Fast and furious we're riding with serpent speed
Through the essence, through the greed
Forcing ourselves to overcome this mystery
This restless degradation
temptation and our endless lust
Will bring us down - will bring us deeper down!

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(2x)