

# The Pittsburgh Syndrome

Soilwork

I woke up that morning  
Feeling slightly stressed  
Getting in an urge to just bail out completely pissed

What did I know?  
That night we made our way  
Through the darkness  
And the shame

Don't let yourself run away  
Cause we have another game to play  
That night you would make us say:  
"Fuck all the details, get on with the show"

It doesn't matter if the mind's at stake  
Cause we had another round to make  
There was no way we could fail  
Fuck all the details, get on with the show

The Pittsburgh Syndrome!

An hour of destruction  
Intoxicated bliss  
Moments of sobriety  
Would cease to exist  
A sudden turn  
Would make that city burn with souls on fire  
Relentless desire

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