

Weapon of Vanity

Soilwork

They play divine as immortal sons
Pulling triggers and then they switch and run
As long as you have nothing to add,
they run the show..
How? Can you get a single shot
with a life like that
So now, will you ever conclude
as it turns to a lack?
Deceivment, believe it...- can you feel it flow?

-As a weapon of your vanity
They crave for a soulaching desire
(won't you play with me..)
As time's standing still, they've praised a liar

So now... -let me get a minute of your precious time
So how... -do you feel now as the vanity
is easy to find?
Deceivment, believe it... - can you feel it grow?

They crave for a soulaching desire
(won't you play with me..)
As time's standing still, they've praised a liar

I swear, you're nothing like me
And it will never set you free
You won't be able to be down there alone
They fill you up til' you're ripped and torn
Your life is out there for disposal
Knocked out, before you're ready to leave
Cause I swear, you're nothing like me!

-As I reckon you insanity
They crave for a soulaching desire
(won't you play with me..)
As time's standing still, they've praised a liar

They crave for a soulaching desire
(won't you stay with me..)
As time's standing still, they've praised a liar