

## Soilwork

### "Memories Confined"

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This dream institutionalized  
My memories confined  
Every word that was laid on my tongue  
Is going to fry

Let it live... Let it live

There is no savior and there is no gun  
That can kill all this honor of mine  
And get it done... Get it done

There's no celebration  
The rain comes crashing down  
We're off to a deeper meaning  
We are unconditionally bound

But we are... We are  
The only thing that matters in the end  
But these scars... These scars  
Are well shaped nightmares that pull us down

It's forever, I won't give in  
This feeling won't be patronized  
All together, we won't believe  
Our wish will be bastardized

There is no savior and there is no gun  
That can kill all this honor of mine  
And get it done... Get it done  
There is no savior and there is no gun  
That can kill all this honor of mine  
And make me run... Make me run

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