

Soilwork

"No More Angels"

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Bring punishment to get hold of me
So cold like a glance from my eyes
Accept the way it's meant to be
A mental sacrifice
Go down hear the sound of a gentle man
Leading you straight to the void
Where the neon bastards they make
Dropouts out of leftover toy

No more angels, no more painful lies
No more strangers, no more waste of time

So here I am going straight to the plan
Never knowing that I'm damned
Walking the thread that's so precious to me
A secret part of my history
My time to short as nothing beckons to me
My time God damn what is it I try to be
Fill the hole a thousand feet below
Become the master of a freak show

So cold
Right now
So
Come out burst on to me
Cold
Come out this love to me
Right
Later burst round the side
Now
I dislike

No more angels, no more painful lies
No more strangers, no more waste of time

Bring punishment to get hold of me
So cold like a glance from my eyes
Accept the way it's meant to be
A mental sacrifice
Go down the keeper of your thoughts may be
Go down a sacred child who just can't see
Counting the days so amazed

Of this sweet and miserable effort

So cold
Right now
So cold
Right now

So cold
Right now
So cold
Right now

No more angels, no more painful lies
No more strangers, no more waste of time
No more angels, no more painful lies
No more strangers

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