

## Soilwork

### "Sweet Demise"

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I can feel how it's calling me  
I can feel how it hurts  
Like the words to a silent sleep  
As the beating gets worse...

I face the fact as I roll the dice  
Pretend to feel when my luck is burnt  
Sick of fighting lad of provident lies  
I hope the wind finally turn...

(Won't be...)  
Selfishly?  
(Won't share...)  
The wanted time?  
(Can I...)  
Make my way?  
(If I...)  
Turn away?

I've learned to trust the fall  
I've learned to see through all  
When the peril is out of time  
I'll be there at the end of the line

Sweet demise  
Always out of time  
Sweet demise  
Through the threshold

For a deny  
Always out of time  
Sent to die  
Born to defy

I don't care who is wrong or right  
Cause I had my share  
It doesn't matter if it's out of sight  
When no one else seems to dare

Sick of fighting lad of provident lies  
I hope the wind finally turn...

(Won't be...)  
Selfishly?  
(Won't share...)  
The wanted time?  
(Can I...)  
Make my way?  
(If I...)  
Turn away?

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