

## Soilwork

# "The Pittsburgh Syndrome"

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I woke up that morning feeling slightly stressed  
Getting 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

One 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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