

Brickwalker

Soilwork

Brickwalker won't you cease your time
Instead of ruin daily lives
Against the grain they stand
Against the grain they fall
Paint them a picture of their fate
Face their fearless looks so pale
It's so goddamn beautiful...

You've already put your hands on their fate
Your mind is clear and your speech is free
Your doors are shut and they won't see
With your cynic presence they'll shiver
'til the break of dawn

Come on, come on, come on
They're so expendable

We're all so fatal, we're all too able
we'd like to have a break... SAY
We're all so tragic, illogical magic
we'd like to turn the page... SAY

So, watch them cross the yard of time
Do not fail don't cross that line
Inside, they will leave tonight
Vanish through the sky

Don't throw the page. Don't throw it all away!
Gotta turn the page. Just lead thy pain astray!