Cranking the Sirens

Underneath the surface he's bound to be back for more Keep your eye on the trigger man His hands are shaky, trying to find the score Well, I see you have another friend to drag down the hall Watch him bleed on this freakshow Monday Watch him crank the sirens tearing up his soul

And there it goes he's so close to a remedy A painful host of his time And he'll never show to the world how his life's supposed to be Drenched by the dark in his mind

Now there's nothing but silence surrounding him Providing the contents of his unique Misanthropical friend. Well (won't you tell) If there's ever gonna be a state for your well-hidden art Watch him breed on this freakshow Monday Watch him crank the sirens tearing up his soul

He believes in silence He believes that this is the end He can't hear the sirens cause silence is the greatest sleep of them all.

Soilwork