

Observation Slave

Soilwork

Find a piece of land,
A million demands
And try to make it once again
A piece of land,
To make it a plan,
Always trying to be one with the making
Waiting for a statement, how will I know
It wasn't my engagement, the scar just grows
Such a slave and a sucker for observation
Just let it pass, no questions asked
Decide and try to find, a step behind
A shape that will assure you how
The essence is defined,
Don't wanna see yourself in no trouble
It comes to an end, with my trust in hand
Please let me stand

With all my perception, I let myself wait
From all the infection that comes in my way
Like a swarm...

Under pressure, too many times
I can barely fight it back
No intentions, no obsessions
That can change my mind

It comes to an end, with my trust in hand
Please let me stand

With all my perception, I let myself wait
From all the infection that comes in my way

This is my life and I'm still amazed
I should have turned and walked all over
This is my like and I've now prevailed
And reached my goal
This is my time cause it's all erased
This is my time and I'm turning to you
It makes me strive in a conscious way
But not alone...

Confusing directions were running my state
From all the infection that comes in my way
With all my perception I let myself wait