Witan

Soilwork

We will follow and our hearts will bleed
Servants of the circle will renounce their greed
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Servants of the circle will renounce their greed
Within the realms of reason, we've felt the ominous rise
Taking turns to encircle the scapegoat
Our everlasting vice

From the shadow of the restless mind To the hollow and deserted sky We feel the hunger But we're bound by the night We seethe sign But we're still slaves of empty...

Spaces controlling this ride
Changing the pace of time
Watching the stars align
Unknown faces reside in my mind
Poisoned but mesmerized
Serving the darker times

We hear a distant calling The current is pulling our souls Sudden defeat but constant turmoil We've embraced our fatal role

Relieved but torn from the inside Received but the wish is dead

From the shadow of the restless mind We seethe sign But we're still slaves of empty...

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We fear the dawning of a new day
The bleakest winds are coming through
If this is death I will remember
Every word I saw in you

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