The Pittsburgh Syndrome

Soilwork

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

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
Don't let yourself run away
'Cause we had 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/