Figure Number Five

Soilwork

Tell it to me now,
Close your eyes
'Cause they don't feel a fucking thing
You gotta memorize what you felt
When you lost your wings
Your line is mesmerized,
Condition's paralyzed
Your chance to live is emphasized
Nor a truth nor a lieBurn your flag, figure
The disciples of God want you to dieFigure Number Five
Caught in the hands of a human lie
Figure, Figure Number Five
Give it up,
Never stop till he hits the ground
Figure Number Five
The fifth wheel in a cynical time
Figure, Figure Number Five
They won't stop, they won't stop
'Til he hits the groundTheir eyes are shut side by side
And you can't do a single thing
They will cease their time passing by
Sucking blood out of kings

Songwriters
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