

# 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 lie Burn your flag, figure  
The disciples of God want you to die Figure 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 ground Their 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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