As the Sleeper Awakes

Soilwork

The decision is mine
Will I remain the same?
The cost of getting forced into something
That used to be a gameThe fragments of joy, the fragments of faith
I can still recall when I feel that
I'm present, I just know
If there's anything to regret, I would've been toldCounting hours, counting days
Will you listen, will you play?
Is there anyone, who can get it done?
Taking me back to the place that I once belongedWhat if tomorrow was gently taken
Away from me, away from me?Awaking the memories
Was I meant to get old?
Repressing the agonies
Start breaking the moldWhen the faith comes back to life
Still waiting for a constant thing to react
But I will save myself some of the time
Keep aiming for a constant thing to react
As the sleeper awakesMesmerized by the memories that walk by my side
Shelter comes easy
As soon as the sadness sets in
By an impulse the search will beginSearching, collecting all the things I possess
Detecting, the insight I've earned in distress
Learning, finally I know how to breathe
Turning, turning away from the greedSo unpleasant, it strikes whenever I call
So relentless as I fall
A grand awakening will kill it all
Nevertheless I'll be my own precious godI can't resist
The things I've missed
And I'll make sure
It will last this time, I will insistWhat if tomorrow was gently taken
Away from me, away from me?Awaking the memories
Was I meant to get old?
Repressing the agonies
Start breaking the mold
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