Memories Confined

Soilwork

This dream institutionalized
My memories confined
Every word that was laid on my tongue
Is going to fry
(Let it live)
(Let it live)

There is no saviour
And there is no gun
That can kill all this honour of mine
And get it done, and get it done

There's no celebration,
The rain comes crashing down
We're off to a deeper meaning
We are unconditionally bound

But we are, we are
The only thing that matters, in the end
But these scars, these scars
Are well shaped nightmares, that pull us down

It's forever, I won't give in
This feeling won't be patronized
All together, we won't believe
Our wish will be bastardized

There is no saviour
And there is no gun
That can kill all this honour of mine
And get it done
There is no saviour
And there is no gun
That can kill all this honour of mine
And make me run

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