

# 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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