

Blind Eye Halo

Soilwork

I came here to justify, such a thing would never cross your mind
those scars that you wear, seem like they lie and they won't disappear
Once again you will cross that line, without reflection
filthy and defined, information: dead to the nation be, manic, L, cynic, I, auto, N, matic, D Pretentious, every
detail is built to get you through
an universal looking glass, information: dead to the nation be, manic, L, cynic, I, auto, N, matic, D What happen
to your mindfucking system
It's all so shattering, so battering the core...
Watch that halo grow, on an everlasting lane
Such an animated pleasure dome, doomed to carry
Infected flames be, manic, L, cynic, I, auto, N, matic, D

Songwriters

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