

# 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 game  
The 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 told  
Counting 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 belonged  
What 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  
When 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 awakes  
Mesmerized by the memories that walk by my side  
Shelter comes easy  
As soon as the sadness sets in  
By an impulse the search will begin  
Searching, 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 greed  
So 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 god  
I can't resist  
The things I've missed  
And I'll make sure  
It will last this time, I will insist  
What 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  
Start breaking the mold  
When the faith comes back to life  
Still waiting for a constant thing to react  
But I'll save myself some of the time  
Keep aiming for a constant thing to react  
As the sleeper awakes

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