Rise Above The Sentiment

Soilwork

Rise above the sentiment
Be at one with the acknowledgement
Turn over obstacles, throwing down gauntlets
Like the back of your hand back of your hand
I will lead people portrayed as rats
Light the way and prepare to reflect

Now that the search goes on
For another time to live
I might as well be gone, but I
Tend to always come back in the end in the end

A subliminal exile, judgements in sleep
Left over life goals, buried in the deep
Let me emphasize the need
Let me categorize the seeds
We have planted to reject all our hopes

Now that the search goes on
For another time to live
I might as well be gone, but I
Tend to always come back in the end in the end

Last call for admitting your failures
They keep you hanging around
It's now or never - reveal all the gestures
You have made to keep the pain within bounds
Within bounds

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