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
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When the faith comes back to life
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