

# Figure Number Five

## Soilwork

Tell it to me now, close your eyes  
cause they don't feel a fucking thing  
You gotta memorize what you felt  
when you lost your wings  
Your line is mesmerized, condition's paralyzed  
Your chance to live is emphasized  
Nor a truth nor a lie Burn your flag, figure  
The disciples of God want you to die  
Figure Number Five  
Caught in the hands of a human lie  
Figure, Figure Number Five  
Give it up, never stop till he hits the ground  
Figure Number Five  
The fifth wheel in a cynical time  
Figure, Figure Number Five  
They won't stop, they won't stop  
'til he hits the ground  
Their eyes are shut side by side  
and you can't do a single thing  
they will cease their time passing by  
sucking blood out of kings It's such a drag, I can't do nothing always there  
I feel my welfare's burning...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>