

Slipknot

"The Opium Of The People"

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Watch those idiosyncrasies
Watch all the idiots fall on me
Running out of ways to get outta the way
Take another shot just to stay the same
But I need some balance - Back it off
Fill your lungs 'til it makes you cough
Tell me everything's gonna be alright
'Cause I don't think I'll make it through tonight

The only way - Is all the way

Oh - my - God
It's judgement day and I'm not prepared
Everybody out there's running scared
So - Take a little bit off the top
I don't care, just make it stop

I won't give another soul... to you
I won't give another life... to you
You have to stop
Stop!

Do one thing and say something cryptic
But the styles always clash
One thing I know for sure
The hypothetical won't work anymore
One wrong move and they will pound!
My nails are tight inside my wrists
This sacrament is sacrilege and sentimental
Deity experimental - Faith is accidental

I won't give another soul... to you
I won't give another life... to you
I won't give another thought... to you
I won't give anymore of my hope... to you

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