

# Rancid

## "Stop [from "bloodclot" Single]the Sentence"

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Small sacrifices or otherwise few  
Unity for the sake of the many forms  
Oh they use imagination only few can go  
Touch of madness only few ever know

Well you can go on your way  
Or you can stagger through hell  
You can lie on your back  
Or you can stand up tall  
In a state of confusion  
Got nothing to do  
I was connected respected  
Watching you make it through

And all this rhetoric  
They tell me to sing along  
They said that you were dying  
But I know that they were wrong

Second generation melting pot  
You're ripped apart but you're never done  
There she goes  
It's all right  
Nothing to do  
Waste your time

And all this rhetoric  
They tell me to sing along  
They said that you were dying  
But I know that they were wrong

Well you can go on your way  
Or you can stagger through hell  
Or you can lie on your back  
Or you can stand up tall

State of confusion  
You got nothing to do  
Connected respected  
I'll watch you make it through

And all this rhetoric

They tell me to sing along  
They said that you were dying  
But I know that they were wrong

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