

Slipknot, Only One (Another Version)

Pain. Made to order.

Pain.

Sittin', slappen, scatt'n on my back, try'n to relax
Think'n about the facts of the crack runnin' through the pack
Division in thought about the war to be fought
For tryin' to mend the ranks, still I get no thanks
They say they mean no disrespect, but dis' is in effect
I take to heart the part I play everyday
Uninformed is one thing, stupid is another
Keep runnin' your mouth, but don't call me brother

I'm try'n to find someone on my side
'cause bang'n heads all the time starts to grind at my gear and at my will
But persistent I am still
So when one insubordinate f**ker tries to test me
Blow to the head, then an entrail rend
Guts on the floor, but you want more
Show you the strength of the tenth rank
Pain is the only way to teach kids these days

Opened your eyes. Now realized.
Talk back to me. Your punk-ass dies.

Only one of us walks away

I'm all you know. Where will you go.
Valhalla is gone. Along with your soul.

Only one of us walks away