

Slipknot, The Opium Of The People

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