

Lagwagon, No One

Labors of commitment
Blood of his arms
A growing sense of duty
But in his song he's screaming out
Insufficient - he just falls further
Behind Principles, purpose, tradition, time
Weigh heavy on this guilty
Mind Wits astray
Blind in rage, a war he'll wage on grieving
Another no one hanging from the ceiling
Because only the extreme makes an impression
When drowning in the mainstream
One at the mercy of another's faith finally answers to no one in his fall from grace
They say they love him but how could they ever
Miles above him they ask for repent
It doesn't matter what you want from me
Don't think there's worth in my apology
Because people never really change
You and I will always be the same and it's a problem that we can't mend
Because it happened once it will happen again
Because they plant their seeds of condition
Until we have no choice, we lose conviction wits astray
Blind in rage a war he'll wage on grieving
Another no one blows his head off
Because only the extreme makes an impression
When drowning in the mainstream no one