

Nonpoint, Wrong Before

I wanted to be right to change a common situation,
that always seems to happen to me.
But then I gave into the way of common desperation,
and dedicated time to find the weakness in me.
The freedom to react and attack it when I'm defensive.
My decision, a solid metal rock wall,
extended inside of every argument created,
by the difference between the way I think,
and the way the world is doing it.

[Chorus]

The world can be wrong today for once.
You'll have to be wrong today.
For once, I can't be wrong.
I was wrong before.

Didn't know a lot about what I to do,
about changing my way of thinking.
So I blend instead of being separate.
Things don't always have to go my way.
But, this always being wrong is driving me crazy.
Where's the American Dream guarantee,
if I do it-exactly-your way?

I've seen your followers fall.
You leave them behind.
I'm not letting the same thing happen to me.

[Chorus]

One to one pointed at the one,
looking for the meaning in a shotgun blast.
Heading to the things that they left upstairs.
Dated idea with an animal stare.

One to one pointed at the ignorant,
judgemental, think you know everything.
There is to know about everything.
You want to be king without responsibility.
It's circling.
The pack is circling.

[Chorus]

One to one pointed at the one,
looking for the meaning in a shotgun blast.
One to one pointed at the ignorant,
judgemental, think you know everything.