

# 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, awar 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