

# 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