

# 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