

## In Your Wake

Lagwagon

We all have an inherent body-count accountability  
Hanging from the gallows in your mind  
Side by side with sympathy  
Way back, deep in your subconscious  
Hibernating in guilt  
Laden realizations of all that we have killed

And we say 'good riddance to their kind'  
Committed to the crime  
The bees are unimpressed  
It's all lost in your wake

We are all flattering abuse, fighting sociopaths  
Ideological childhood peers, our indoctrinated graph [?]  
We need to feel for others, we have to care to survive  
So afraid to feel any pain, disconnected from my hive

We say 'good riddance to their kind'  
Committed to the crime  
The bees are not impressed  
It's all lost in your wake

And it only hurts  
When your heart beats  
Or you're hanging on to loss  
But it's far too strong  
Everyone that's gone...  
At last, it's all repressed  
Inside your head

You're next to hang  
The next to hang