

None of this matters, none of these words.
Common and silent we will die in this world.
We've only spoken to those who agree,
and without them we've fallen on deaf ears.

Stand on conviction and you will walk alone.

For once I have stood no one will know
but alone I was born and alone we must go.

In my convictions I've found my own grave,
but amongst the dead we all fade away.

Yet solitude is better than a life
not worthy of reaction.
There is nothing to lose (nothing).
So we stand alone or join those who follow in misery.

In my convictions I've found my own grave,
but amongst the dead we all fade away.

Stand on conviction and you'll walk alone.
A voice is only a noise without someone to hear,
and without a crowd to feed that noise grows silent.

For once I have stood, no one will know,
but alone I was born and alone we must go.
Fading back into an anodyne sea,
to drown with all who've gone before me.

We must go.

In my convictions I've found my own grave.
But amongst the dead we all fade away.

Stand on conviction and you'll walk alone.
Fading back into an anodyne sea,
Fading back... fading.
Fading back into an anodyne sea.
Fading back... fading away.