

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