Rager

Lagwagon

Proceeds, who's in?
Who wants a piece of him?
So many articles to choose from
Comrade, artiste
A taste for evidence
Hold on to articles of faithOnce worth nothing that something touches who you want to be
Baggage embodies no one (He is gone)
Intrinsic to only one (He is gone)
Belongings don't define us
Keepsake, fingerprint, scrapbook, record of death'gonna be there
They have to see you pay respects
Breathe in, breathe out, random, random, random
Who are these fucking idiots?
Come on I'm writing you
I know this role is tearing you apart
Large numbers can't console you (He is gone)
Don't let the guilt control you (He is gone)
The anger has consumed you
Ranting, regret, enrage, screaming next...

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