

# Dedicated to the Dedicated

BODEGA

You state that I'm obnoxious  
Incontinent and toxic  
Now you opt that I'm obscene  
Can see you don't see what I mean  
I've been criticized and canned  
For ventilating vent  
Is it mediocre muddiness  
Not worthy of contempt?  
If answers aren't aired  
It's 'cause I'm not trying to be  
A handle telling you exactly  
What and how to think

Yet, I don't know what's to come  
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum  
I don't know who I'll be  
I will sing my song  
No matter what you think of me

And if I'm  
Lost in translation, I'll try again  
If I'm lost in translation, I'll try again

You state that I'm obnoxious  
Head locked inside a pocket  
Now you goad that I'm too green  
I pray I don't lose my naive  
The more you stand upon this rock  
More you're molded to be wise  
But molded to be silent  
And aware to wear disguise  
It looks some ticks of time  
To learn the vanities I see  
In you I most despise  
Are what I most despise in me

And yet  
I don't know what's to come  
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum  
And I don't know who I'll be  
I am not as ugly  
As the frame you put on me

And this is  
Dedicated to the dedicated  
Dedicated to the vocal frustrated

I know it's hard to sort all of  
The difference between  
What comes from real reason  
Not rejection's soured sting  
If I lose my path  
I'll have to try again  
If I'm lost in translation, I'll try again

And yet  
I don't know what's to come

I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum  
And I don't know who I'll be  
But I will sing my song  
No matter what you think of me  
And yeah  
I don't know what's to come  
I will greet the sun with the beating of my drum  
And guy, I don't know who I'll be  
But I am not as ugly as the frame you put on me

And this is  
Dedicated to the dedicated  
Dedicated to the vocal frustrated  
Now