

# Zakk Wylde, Concrete Jungle

The Freaks in the streets  
The nuns with the shotguns  
The graves rolling by your side  
Survival of the fittest  
And there ain't no pity  
No one gets out alive  
In the Concrete Jungle  
It's the well of the damned  
Once You Step inside and Then you'll understand  
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves  
The house of the sane  
No one can be saved

Rolling Six feet under Rollin on!  
Rolling Six feet under Rollin on!  
Rolling Six feet under Roll and keep on rollin!

No one gets out  
They're ready to die once again  
No one gets out  
They're ready to die

Another day to bleed  
Another day to die  
Another day to blackout and then go blind  
Manical Blitzkrieg  
Where the maggots play God  
Where the souls of the lost come to die  
The Concrete Jungle  
It's the well of the damned  
Once You Step inside and Then you'll understand  
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves  
The house of the sane  
No one can be saved

Rolling Six feet under Rollin  
Rolling Six feet under Rollin  
Roll and keep on rolling

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