

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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