

# Metal Church, Method To Your Madness

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Please let us at them,  
Goes the barrack room cry,  
I'm glad I'm not going.  
I'm not dying to die.  
I've got all my medals  
Survived sneak attacks  
It's not worth all the feelings  
And compassion I lack.

Out on the run, guns at your back,  
They've got you in their sights.  
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.  
Endless, sleepless nights.

I've been to the jungle  
In garrison file  
I've walked death's quiet paths  
Each lonely mile  
I killed for no reason  
My heart grew stone cold  
With a gun in your hand,  
Suddenly you think you're so bold

Out on the run, guns at your back,  
They've got you in their sights.  
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.  
Endless, sleepless nights.

Out on the run, guns at your back  
They've got you in their sights  
Is the method to your madness now  
To try to end your life?

Captive there and all alone  
I would bide my time  
I'd write my family and all my friend  
And tell them I am doing fine  
But why is there blood upon my chest?  
Is there a method to this madness?

Twenty one guns salute you,  
When you die.  
Twenty one guns salute you,  
Why, oh why?  
Your gravestone reads  
You were a patriot's son.  
But nobody cares  
When all is said and done.

Out on the run, guns at your back,  
They've got you in their sights.  
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.  
Endless, sleepless nights.

Out on the run, guns at your back,  
They've got you in their sights.  
Is the method to your madness now  
To try to end your life?