

Shinedown, The Sound Of Madness

Yeah I get it you're an outcast
Always under attack
Always coming in last
bringing up the past
No one owes you anything
I think you need a shotgun blast
A kick in the ass
So paranoid
Watch your back!

Oh my, here we go
Another loose cannon gone bi-polar
Slipped down couldn't get much lower
Quicksand's got no sense of humor
I'm still laughing like hell

You think that by crying to me
Feeling so sorry
That I'm gonna believe
You've been affected by a social disease
Well then take your medicine

CHORUS

I created the sound of madness
Wrote the book on pain
Somehow I'm still here to explain
That the darkest hour never comes in the night
You sleep with a gun
But when you gonna wake up and fight
For yourself

I'm so sick of this tombstone mentality
If there's an afterlife, then it'll set you free
But I'm not gonna part the seas
You're a self fulfilling prophecy

You think that by crying to me
Feeling so sorry
That I'm gonna believe
You've been affected by a social disease
Well then take your medicine

CHORUS

When you gonna wake up and fight
For yourself