Sound Of Madness

Shinedown

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 lose 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
Looking so sorry that I'm gonna believe
You've been infected by a social disease
Well, then take your medicine
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 can sleep with a gun
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
Looking so sorry that I'm gonna believe
You've been infected by a social disease
Well, then take your medicine
I created the sound of madness, wrote the book on pain
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When you gonna wake up and fight for yourself?
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 can sleep with a gun
When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up and fight?
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 can sleep with a gun
When you gonna wake up and fight for yourself?
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