

# 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  
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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

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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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