

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!

Hola, 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 the cryin' to me
Looking so sorry that I'm gonna believe
You've been infected 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 can sleep with a gun
When you gonna wake up and fight?

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 cryin' to me
Looking so sorry that I'm gonna believe
You've been infected by a social disease

Well, then take your medicine

[Chorus: x3]

When you gonna wake up and fight

[Repeat: x3]

When you gonna wake up and fight, for yourself?

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