

Last of My Kind

Alice in Chains

So young, so brazen and so unholy
I come to you in painted skies
Your broken saint, your ancient story
The living challenge to their lies Trapped in the cold outside
There ain't no shelter
And they want to force my hand Until I take what I want
And break all the lies
That they feed the fucking liars
Smash all the temples
And crawl through the rubble
And cry to the fallen I'm the last of my kind still standing
I'm the last of my kind still standing
I'm alone A wolf alone upon the hillside
I live on what they throw away
I go to sleep behind the 8 ball
I live to fight for one more day I'm trapped in the cold outside
There ain't no shelter
And they want to force my hand Until I take what I want
And break all the lies
That they feed the fucking liars
Smash all the temples
And crawl through the rubble
And cry to the fallen Take what I want
And break all the lies
That they feed the fucking liars
Smash all the temples
And crawl through the rubble
And cry to the fallen I'm the last of my kind still standing
I'm the last of my kind still standing
I'm alone I'm the last of my kind still standing
I'm the last of my kind still standing
Now I'm alone Last of my kind still standing
Last of my kind still standing Lower, lower, lower
Taking me lower
Taking me lower
Taking me lower

Songwriters

Jerry Cantrell; William Duvall Published by

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