

Concrete Jungle (Live At São Paulo)

Black Label Society

The freaks in the streets
The nuns with the shotguns
The graves rolling by your side
Survival of the fittest
And there ain't no pity
No one gets out alive
In the Concrete Jungle
It's the well of the damned
Step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and twisted slaves
The house of the sane
No one can be saved Rolling six feet under, rolling
Rolling six feet under, rolling
Rolling six feet under, rolling and keep on rolling No one gets out
They're ready to die once again
No one gets out
They're ready to die Another day to bleed
Another day to die
Another day to blackout and then go blind
Maniacal blitzkrieged
Where the maggots play God
Where the souls of the lost come to die
The Concrete Jungle
It's the well of the damned
Step inside and you'll understand
Misfits, psychos and the twisted slaves
The house of the sane
No one can be saved Rolling six feet under, rolling
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They're ready to die

Songwriters

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