

Last of the Real

Stone Sour

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Wheres my crucifix? Where're my cigarettes?
This hypodermic melancholy is not enough
Scratch test credit fraud- this hate is all I've got
Just feed me whiskey and you'll feel me- the time has come
Imagine all the people belittled and abused
You want a revolution? I want the fucking truth
NO VOODOO ORDEAL CAN STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
THE LAST OF THE REAL CANT STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
Hundred dollar bills and quiet little kills
Think you can hold me? I'll take an army- I'm everywhere
You press into the flesh; clichés are beat to death
Is this the best you can come up with? Feels like despair
I made the news today- front page above the fold
You tell me God is dead- I'll show you Hell is cold
NO VOODOO ORDEAL CAN STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
THE LAST OF THE REAL CANT STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
Until you give me what I want
Until you give me what I want
Bow your fucking head/ desecrate your dead/ cant you see
You're letting all the lies get in/ close your eyes for I have fucking sinned
Your talk is doubt/ remember how you wanted to be born again?
Well, you weren't born for this
NO VOODOO ORDEAL CAN STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
THE LAST OF THE REAL CANT STOP ME NOW
I'll tear this place apart until you give me what I want
Until you give me what I want
You cant stop me now
You cant stop me now

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