

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 loose cannon gone bipolar
Slipped down, couldn't get much lower
Quicksand's got no sense of humor
I'm still laughing like hell
You think that by cryin' to me
Lookin' 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
But 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 cryin' to me
Lookin' so sorry, that I'm gonna believe
You've been infected by a social disease
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