

N.O.D.

Down

Sick of a sickness, a reoccurring nightmare of
Convulsing through slow tempo dance
Liberation requiem, stamped out curriculum
Oh, that doppelganger laughing, manifesting wings
The dark side, the dark side
Drop trip
Lost on a trip, no acid can supply
Because L.S.D. ain't what it used to be for me
Inside of dead weight standing, speaking with authority
Black smoke is swirling upward masking
The dark side, misanthropy skin deep
The dark side, the children of extremes
The dark side, will warn a fool indeed
The dark side, you'll have to carry that weight
You fight, you will fight
Against the strands, so ill advised
The dark side, misanthropy skin deep
The dark side, the children of extremes
The dark side, will warn a fool indeed
The dark side, you'll have to carry that weight
I'll fight, I will fight
Against the strands, so ill advised
We'll never know when
Someday will bring our own
Sudden
Last time, last time, last time, last time
Last time
I'll fight
You say you want a revolution
I'll fight
You say you want a revolution
I will fight, I will fight
And carry that weight
You say you want a revolution
I'll fight
You say you want a revolution
I will fight, I will fight
And carry that weight