

Method To Your Madness

Metal Church

Please let us at them,
Goes the barrack room cry,
I'm glad I'm not going.
I'm not dying to die.
I've got all my medals
Survived sneak attacks
It's not worth all the feelings
And compassion I lack.

Out on the run, guns at your back,
They've got you in their sights.
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.
Endless, sleepless nights.

I've been to the jungle
In garrison file
I've walked death's quiet paths
Each lonely mile
I killed for no reason
My heart grew stone cold
With a gun in your hand,
Suddenly you think you're so bold

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They've got you in their sights.
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.
Endless, sleepless nights.

Out on the run, guns at your back
They've got you in their sights
Is the method to your madness now
To try to end your life?

Captive there and all alone
I would bide my time
I'd write my family and all my friend
And tell them I am doing fine
But why is there blood upon my chest?
Is there a method to this madness?

Twenty one guns salute you,
When you die.
Twenty one guns salute you,
Why, oh why?
Your gravestone reads
You were a patriot's son.
But nobody cares
When all is said and done.

Out on the run, guns at your back,
They've got you in their sights.
Everyone's gone, they're dead in a trench.
Endless, sleepless nights.

Out on the run, guns at your back,
They've got you in their sights.
Is the method to your madness now

To try to end your life?