

Heavy

Theory Of A Deadman

All we hear is noise, like we ever had a choice
Like a never ending voice, so whacha gonna do about it?
All we hear is static and a constant state of panic
With this stuff, feel abandoned, so whacha gonna do about it?

Take those songs, throw them out
Show the weed out, can't find fuck

We like the hair down, volume up
Kick of a machine gun
Go dance, stage tough
Screamin' 'long all night
That will bring us to our knees
Muthafucka, let me be!
Wear it like a scar and

This, my friends, 's what brings us all together
Hit the floor, tune it up
Everybody ready
Cause when it comes to music
We are losing where it's aiming

They'll push you to the edge util all you see is red
Cause tonight we'll raise the dead, that's what we're gonna do about it
We're burn this mother down, we're gon' have it now
We all want it now, so whacha gonna do about it?

Take those songs, throw them out
We beg for it, in our ?

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(Instrumental break)

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