

Last of the Real

Stone Sour

Where's my crucifix?
Where are my cigarettes?
This hypodermic melancholy
Is not enough
Scratch this 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
Til you give me what I want
The last of the real
Can't stop me now
I'll tear this place apart
Til you give me what I want
Hundred dollar bills
And quiet little kills
Think you can hold me?
It'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 has come
No voodoo ordeal
Can stop me now
I'll tear this place apart
Til you give me what I want
The last of the real
Can't stop me now
I'll tear this place apart
Til you give me what I want
Til you give me what I want
Til you give me what I want
Bow your fucking head

Desecrate your dead
Can't you see you're laying all the lies, get it
Close your eyes for all your fucking sin
Your talk is doubt
Remember how you wanted to be born again?
Well you were forced with this No voodoo ordeal
Can stop me now
I'll tear this place apart
Til you give me what I want
The last of the real
Can't stop me now
I'll tear this place apart
Til you give me what I want
Until you give me what I want
You can't stop me now
You can't stop me now

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