

# Sons of Plunder

Disturbed

Tell me you like it  
Tell me you like it

You say you've found yourself a new sound  
The shit's loaded and ready to go  
A bit too much just like the old sound  
Already heard it for the hundredth time  
One hundred more, all have the same sound  
Running around with all the sheep that you know  
"It's so sublime, they're breaking new ground"  
"They're sure to have another hit this time"

Come on  
Can't you just leave it alone?  
It doesn't have any soul  
Just find a thing of your own  
And stop pretending to know

As the countless numbers hunger for worldwide renown  
All the pimping sons of plunder will roll up their sleeves  
All searching for the answers they don't even care to know  
Give it to me  
Give it to me  
You like it?

I'm still surrounded by the "new sound"  
I've had enough and I'm ready to go  
A strangle-hold throughout the world now  
The new obsession will fade in time  
A thin reminder of the past now  
All convoluted hardly ready to go  
Their whines and moans will never last now  
I think you've given us our fill this time

Come on  
Can't you just leave it alone?  
It doesn't have any soul  
Just find a thing of your own  
And stop pretending to know

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All searching for the answers they don't even care to know  
Give it to me  
Give it to me  
You like it?

As it's blown apart, hundreds thrown away  
Makes me question just what I believe  
Brothers torn apart, mindless drones enslaved  
Makes me search for an answer  
I don't want to know  
It's like a plague from below  
Killing all that I know  
One hundred voices the same  
Drench their sorrow in flame

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All the pimping sons of plunder will roll up their sleeves  
All searching for the answers they don't even care to know  
Give it to me  
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You like it?  
Tell me you like it  
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