

# Rage

## Heart

Hands on the wheel, grid lock and steel  
Dogs are barkin' out in the street  
It's a neighborhood war, better lock that door  
Flesh and blood and cold concreteBaby, can't make it  
Baby, can't make itStanding in line at the tabloid shrine  
In the middle of the public night  
Addict consumers, consumin' the rumors  
With a killer, killer appetiteLivin' on plastic, baby  
Livin' on plastic nowRage  
Rage  
Rage  
RageAmphetamine vapor on glass and in paper  
Underneath fluorescent light  
In a catacombs of Styrofoam  
Out of mind and out of sightBaby, can't make it, no  
Baby, can't make itRage  
Rage  
Rage  
RageWhere is the heartbeat, not up elite street  
Beatin' down the little guy  
The madness mounts, the judge lost count  
Lost inside a technical lieRage  
Rage  
Rage  
RageRage  
Rage

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