

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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