The Rage

Judas Priest

From a fireball we came crossed sea and mountain
We were drinking beauty with our eyes
We were given all to make our own
Let us be left aloneLaid the tasks and paid the price, everything survives
Crushed and bolted all the grain
After every wind what a stake we're in
Is pain better than the grave?When we talk without amend we see red
And then deep inside our blood begins to boil
Like a tiger in the cage
We begin to shake with rage

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