

# Rival

## Pearl Jam

All my rivals will see what I have in store  
My gun  
I've been harboring fleets in this reservoir  
Red sun  
And this nation's about to explode Your disciples are riddled with metaphors  
Well-hung  
Better pony up and bring both your barrefulls  
Not one  
As we release this unspeakable toll How's our mother to damn these contributors  
With mud?  
How will the man who made chemicals difficult  
Shed blood?  
How's our father supposed to be told?

Lyrics provided by

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