

## Age Of Quarrel

Cro-Mags

In this iron age of hypocrisy  
The war against the weak goes on continuously  
Can't you smell the bodies burning  
Taste of death in the air  
Not for a cause but just for greed

Mad scientist experiment in torture and in pain  
Murdering the helpless who's this meant to gain

Polluting creation the air the land and sea  
Making this world a hell of toxic misery  
For the benefit of man they interfere with nature's plan  
Can you tell me what is going on

I look out my window and what do I see  
Junkies, gangs and rape and poverty  
Don't you see the signs things are out of hand  
Don't you think it's time we gotta stop

This modern age so full of grief  
I've turned away from it's belief  
I watch society digress  
And it just looks like one big mess  
I can't believe the things I hear and see  
In this world there's no remorse  
Now's the time we must change our course  
Those of us who've seen the way  
Must stand and fight for a brighter day