

Rage

Heart

Hands on the wheel gridlock and steel dogs are barking out in the street

It's a neighborhood war better lock that door

Flesh and blood and cold concrete

Baby can't make it. Baby can't make it

Standing in line at the tabloid shrine in the middle of the public night

Addict consumers consuming the rumors with a killer, killer appetite

RAGE!

Amphetamine vapor on glass in the paper underneath fluorescent night

In the catacombs of Styrofoam out of mind and out of sight

Baby can't make it! Baby can't make it!

RAGE!

Where is the heartbeat?

Not up elite street beating down the little guy

The madness mounts the judge lost count, lost inside a technical lie!

RAGE!