

## 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!