

# Cacophony Of Anger

Heir Apparent

Somehow, somewhere, someone  
Sold me the wrong set of dreams  
Like a rag doll in careless hands  
I come apart at the seams

Like a willow I'm bending -an actor pretending  
The script I've been given is true  
Like a child that is force-fed  
I'm throwing this shit back at you

Anger and fury my  
Anger and fury my  
Anger and Fury my  
Anger and fury my  
Wall of anger -my cacophony

Neon and screens were my feeling machines  
No wonder I feel like a fool  
I'm a fire of resentment with media methane as fuel

My soul and the soles of my shoes both have holes  
Still somehow I get through the sorrow  
Two pairs of socks and a shot in the arm 'till tomorrow