

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