

# Rage

## Holy Mother

Say-hail the leader with the mask  
Let's say we put him to the test  
Somehow he doesn't like the sound  
He'll dig his heels into the ground

To think that he's the seventh wonder  
Moving mountains with the thunder  
All the lies he tries to cover  
Money talks, where is the love

And the land that falls beneath him  
To apologize beneath him  
Watch a crowd of many tease him  
Run in circles to appease him

It's a rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! Rage!  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! A little freedom for us all

Too many guns, too many tax  
Too many mobs pursue the waks  
Too many cops push you around  
The lunatic has come un-wound

I think his tie is a little too tight  
We gotta teach the man his wrong from his right  
Ya gotta-ya gotta- ya gotta

It's the rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! Rage!  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage!...and the lunatic has come unwound

A little freedom erases the hate of us all

It's a rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! Rage!  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! Rage!

Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage! Rage!  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage of disorder  
Rage, rage, rage, rage, rage, rage

Guns, guns, guns are spreading disease

Sex is survival, survival to me  
The man with the mask made a fool out of me  
He's lying to you  
Yea, he's lying  
He's crying

The rage of disorder