

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