

# The 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!...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 unwound

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 a rage of disorder, rage of disorder  
Rage!...Rage!  
Rage of disorder, rage of disorder  
Rage!...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! Guns, guns, guns are spreading disease  
Sex is survival, survival to me  
He's lying to you, yea he's lying, he's lying