

The Rage

Judas Priest

From a fire ball we came
Cross sea and mountain
We were drinking beauty with our eyes
We were given all
To make our own
Let us be left alone

Lay the tasks and pay the price
Everything suffice
Crashed and bolted all we craved
After every whim
What a state we're in
Is pain better than the grave?

Well we talk with other men
We see red and then
Deep inside our blood begins to boil
Like a tiger in the cage
We begin to shake with rage