

My Rage

Rage

I've been sitting, wondering, where am I to go
I spend time on too many things, turn my tides too slow

I never felt so sick, that's all I know
But when I hit my strings too loud
Then I will let my demons out

My rage - there's danger in my smile
My rage - no, this is not my style

In the suburbs of my mind lives a gang of four
Joining me from time to time in my mental war

I never felt so mean, that's all I know
But when I hit my strings too loud
Then I will let my demons out

My rage - there's danger in my smile
My rage - no, this is not my style

Now I will let my demons out

In my hour of darkness they will come again
Fear, hate, frustration, desperation
They are all so negative, but now I'll get them down
I'll answer with my rage