

Age Of Quarrel

Cro-Mags

In this iron age of hypocrisy
The war against the weak goes on continuously
Can't you smell the bodies burning
Taste of death in the air
Not for a cause but just for greed

Mad scientist experiment in torture and in pain
Murdering the helpless who's this meant to gain

Polluting creation the air the land and sea
Making this world a hell of toxic misery
For the benefit of man they interfere with nature's plan
Can you tell me what is going on

I look out my window and what do I see
Junkies, gangs and rape and poverty
Don't you see the signs things are out of hand
Don't you think it's time we gotta stop

This modern age so full of grief
I've turned away from it's belief
I watch society digress
And it just looks like one big mess
I can't believe the things I hear and see
In this world there's no remorse
Now's the time we must change our course
Those of us who've seen the way
Must stand and fight for a brighter day