

## 6 Ft Of Anger

Corroded

Everything comes to a question, where time is the factor  
But I can't care about it  
Everyone talks about justice but truth is forgotten  
You're accused but not on trial

Turn to me, - For the right answer  
And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR  
I am 6 ft. of anger  
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM  
I am 6 ft. of anger

I'm building tension but not any bridges  
'Cause I don't care about that  
The weight of my conscience is lighter than air  
I am bent but never broken

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And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

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It's the grave mass of the plain people that Lincoln loved so well that have to stand the brunt of war. They do not have the glory of coming home with the gold lace and the feathers and all that falls to the leader.

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