

Rage

Heart

Hands on the wheel gridlock and steel dogs are barking out in the street
It's a neighborhood war better lock that door
Flesh and blood and cold concrete
Baby can't make it. Baby can't make it
Standing in line at the tabloid shrine in the middle of the public night
Addict consumers consuming the rumors with a killer, killer appetite

RAGE!

Amphetamine vapor on glass in the paper underneath fluorescent night
In the catacombs of Styrofoam out of mind and out of sight
Baby can't make it! Baby can't make it!

RAGE!

Where is the heartbeat?
Not up elite street beating down the little guy
The madness mounts the judge lost count, lost inside a technical lie!

RAGE!