

Anger Rising

Jerry Cantrell

Alabama trailer park they call home
Boy standing at attention in the corner his own
Terrified, scorpion crawling the wall
By the way father could you please beat me some more?

Anger rising up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind I'm living with the lepers and
You want to hold my hand

Cold Alaska, hiding, bundled up tight
Stretch aluminum foil 'cross the window at night
Mother crying, calling out up the stairs
By the way father do you even care that I'm scared?

Anger rising up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind I'm living with the lepers and
You want to hold my hand

Devil rising up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind I'm living with the lepers and
You want to hold my hand

Generation three, solitary, alone
By the way father created hell on my own

Anger rising up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind I'm living with the lepers and
You want to hold my hand