The Rage

Judas Priest

From a fire ball we came Cross sea and mountain We were drinking beauty with our eyes We were given all To make our own Let us be left alone

Lay the tasks and pay the price Everything suffice Crashed and bolted all we craved After every whim What a state we're in Is pain better than the grave?

Well we talk with other men We see red and then Deep inside our blood begins to boil Like a tiger in the cage We begin to shake with rage