Well it's a force of nature to be recognized in the various equ ations of the social kind.

As we look to our left and we turn to our right always taken back when the heat starts to rise, rise.

No one will tell you Nobody will tell you

It's a measure of disorder
A matter of time
We're living in entropy

Well it's random reaction that's divided by rage.
A single-handed effort in the escalade.
The static will clear as the masses evolve.
A loss of information as the message fades away, fades away.

No one will tell you Nobody will tell you

Rise Nobody will tell you Rise