

Jerry Cantrell

"Anger Rising"

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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 risin' up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind, I'm living with the lepers and
You wanna 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 risin' up inside him yet again
Tell me you got a plan
Deaf and blind, I'm living with the lepers and
You wanna 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 wanna hold my hand

Generation three
Solitary, alone
By the way, Father
Created hell on my own

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

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

