

Judas Priest

"The Rage"

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

Laid the tasks and paid the price.
Everything survives.
Crushed and bolted all the grain.
At every wind
What a state we're in.
Is pain better than the grave?

When we talk without amen,
We see red and then,
Deep inside, our blood begins to boil.
Like a tiger
In the cage,
we begin to shake with the Rage!

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