

## Tom Morello "Branding Iron"

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The textile plant - There's sixteen dead  
There's a hornet's nest inside my head  
My daughter's gone. She won't be back  
Behind chained doors they burn the black  
Parked down the street from the convenient store  
I've been keeping a secret in my top dresser drawer  
Red light flashing - Siren coming loud  
The trap is sprung. I greet the crowd  
I'm a thousand tornados screaming 'cross the plains  
I'm Gabriel's horn on judgment day  
I'm months of darkness. I'm years of rage  
God's branding iron bears my name  
There is no tiller to hold me back  
There is no answer. There is no path  
There is no reason. There is no end  
There's just regret. There's just revenge  
Tonight the tower - The bells "ll chime  
I'll hear 'em true one final time  
I'm a thousand tornados screaming 'cross the plains  
I'm Gabriel's horn on Judgment Day  
I'm months of darkness. I'm years of rage  
God's branding iron bears my name  
I'm making a list and checking it twice  
You name the place. I name the price  
If you're feeling lucky then hold your breath  
And wave goodbye when nothing's left  
Parked down the street from the convenient store  
I've been keeping a secret I won't keep anymore  
I'm months of darkness. I'm years of rage  
God's branding iron bears my name

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