

## Turn up the Rage

### Artillery

The puppeteer from hell  
Pulling every single string he can reach  
But some strings, they are invisible  
For the devil to see

Now that I've seen, seen your true face  
I don't know what to believe

You are blocking everything  
That I may care for  
You are slowly shooting me down

I've closed the gates and blinded  
His sight to my beating heart

Turn, turn up the rage - build up the bars  
You'll never imprison my soul  
I have an angel - one you can't see  
Who's making me whole

The claws of despair  
Came crawling in  
Tried to rip me apart

No force will come, will come through  
And keep me away from you

Turn, turn up the rage - build up the bars  
You'll never imprison my soul  
I have an angel - one you can't see  
Who's making me whole

It felt like a thousand knives in my heart  
When it ripped us apart

Now that I've seen, seen your true face  
I don't know what to believe

Turn, turn up the rage - build up the bars  
You'll never imprison my soul  
I have an angel - one you can't see  
Who's making me whole