

6 Ft Of Anger

Corroded

Everything comes to a question, where time is the factor
But I can't care about it
Everyone talks about justice but truth is forgotten
You're accused but not on trial

Turn to me, - For the right answer
And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR
I am 6 ft. of anger
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM
I am 6 ft. of anger

I'm building tension but not any bridges
'Cause I don't care about that
The weight of my conscience is lighter than air
I am bent but never broken

Turn to me, - For the right answer
And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR
I am 6 ft. of anger
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM
I am 6 ft. of anger

It's the grave mass of the plain people that Lincoln loved so well that have to stand the brunt of war. They do not have the glory of coming home with the gold lace and the feathers and all that falls to the leader.

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR
I am 6 ft. of anger
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM
I am 6 ft. of anger

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR
I am 6 ft. of anger
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM
I am 6 ft. of anger