

Child of Rage

House of Lords

Ooh-ooh-ooh...

Ooh...

Tears falling down from grace
A smear upon her face
He leaves without a trace
Scars upon her mind
No reason for the crime
Your playground left behind
Never knowing why
And you, you're the only one, mm-hmm
That feels the pain and can't explain
But, girl, don't go

Oh, sweet child of rage
I can't feel your pain
The weight upon your shoulder
Oh, sweet child of rage
Mm, you turn the page, it's gonna change
Oh, sweet child of rage

And now your castles made of sand
And Santa's not your friend
No tinker bells and butterflies
And, oh-oh-oh-oh, child of rage
Your angry heart can change in heaven
There's a special place, mm-hmm
For little one's so full of pain
For, girl, hold on, yeah

Oh, sweet child of rage, yeah
I can't feel your pain
The weight upon your shoulder
Oh, sweet child of rage
Oh, you turn the page, and it's gonna change

Oh, sweet child of rage

Oh, sweet child of rage, yeah
I can't feel your pain
The weight upon your shoulder
Oh, sweet child of rage
Oh, I can't feel your pain
The weight upon your shoulder

Oh, sweet child
I can't feel you pain
No, I can't feel your pain
Oh, sweet child, oh, sweet child
Oh, sweet child of rage, mmm....

I can't feel your pain
I can't feel your pain
Sweet child of rage
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sweet child of rage
Oh, yeah

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