

Bob Seger, Rite Of Passage

It's the age of reason for the anarchist
It's a change of venue for the lobbyist
It's a dream of justice buried in the grist

It's a secret briefing based on need to know
It's a condescending rationale from command control
Feel the sense of wonder at the overthrow

It's a rite of passage through a hurricane
Through a rolling thunder through a screaming rain
Hear the shriek of Abel hear the cry of Cain

And Abraham will take his son
Five billion years from now the cruelty will be done

Make a destination
Of the greater truth
Make 'em hang their heads and eat their words
When you find the proof
This is all you're given
It's your only move

It's a rite of passage for the everyman
To a higher ground
To a brighter light
To a promised land
You can feel the power
Of the master's hand

It's a rite of passage