

Peter Gabriel, Mother Of Violence

Walking the street with her naked feet,
So full of rhythm but I can't find the beat.
Snapping her heels, clicking her toes,
Everybody knows just where she goes.

Fear, Fear, she's the mother of Violence,
Making me tense to watch the way she breed.
Fear, she's the mother of Violence,
You know self-defense is all you need.
It's getting hard to breathe,
It's getting so hard to believe,
To believe in anything at all.

Mouth all dry, eyes bloodshot,
Data stored on a microdot.
Kicking the cloud with my moccasin shoes,
TV dinner, TV news.

Fear, Fear, she's the mother of Violence,
Don't make any sense to watch the way she breed.
Fear, she's the mother of Violence,
Making me tense to watch the way she feed.
The only way you know she's there
Is the subtle flavor in the air.
Getting hard to breathe,
Getting hard to believe in anything at all
But Fear.