

# Rage Against the Machine, No Shelter

Huh!  
Check it...uggh!  
Silence  
Something about silence makes me sick  
'Cause silence can be violent  
Sorta like a slit wrist  
If the vibe was suicide  
Then you would push da button  
But if ya bowin' down  
Then let me do the cuttin'  
Some speak the sounds  
But speak in silent voices  
Like radio is silent  
Though it fills the air with noises  
Its transmissions bring submission  
As ya mold to the unreal  
And mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Yeah...and mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
( 'Cause I know the power of the question)  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
(And I won't stop cause I know the power of the question)  
It's time to flow like the fluid in ya veins  
If ya will it, I will spill it  
And ya out just as quick as ya came  
Not a silent one  
But a defiant one  
Never a normal one  
'Cause I'm the bastard son  
With the visions of the move  
Vocals not to soothe  
But to ignite and put in flight  
My sense of militance  
Groovin', playin' this game called survival  
The status, the elite, the enemy, the rival  
The silent sheep slippin', riffin', trippin'  
Give ya a glimpse of the reality I'm grippin'  
Steppin' into the jam and I'm slammin' like Shaquille  
Mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Yeah...and mad boy grips the microphone  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
( 'Cause I know the power of the question)  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
Wit' a fistful of steel  
(And I won't stop 'cause I know the power of the question)  
Ahh shit  
And I won't stop 'cause I know the power of the question  
And if the vibe was suicide  
Then you would push da button  
But if ya bowin' down  
Then let me do the cuttin`  
Yeah!  
Come on!  
A .44 full of bullets  
Face full of pale  
Eyes full of empty  
A stare full of nails  
The roulette ball, rolls along on the wheel  
A mind full of fire

And a fistful of steel  
And if the vibe was suicide  
Then you would push da button  
But if ya bowin' down  
Then let me do the cuttin'  
Yeah! Wit' a fistful of steel!  
Come on!  
Uggh!  
Wit' a fistful of steel!  
Uggh!