

Crash Rickshaw, Angry Sunset

Took the head off the innocent again how 'bout that?
Brought the mood of the room to stand still how 'bout that?
I'd rather spit in their face than face it
I'm not the fool
They're impossible
Anger in my heart is murder and God knows that
Cuz he does, I will too
But anger weighs my body down
Feel it growing
Keep it all in and separate myself
Bitterness and words of resentment never leave my mouth
Know it by my silence or hear it from someone else
I'd rather be dead if the Lord had a scoreboard
So why should I condemn and criticize?
I see the sun going down again how about that?
Cuz he does, I will too
But anger weighs my body down
I feel it growing, eat all your words
Reap what you sow 'Oh No!'
Since he does, I will too
But murder weighs this body down
I feel it growing silence that kills
In pride, I confide
Instead of release I keep it locked up inside
Question is asked, nothing I say
A lie, lie, lie, lie
Resolve it and reconcile
Forgive and reconcile