

# Mad At The World, Mad at the World

All the children that we used to know  
Holding knives at their wrists and their throats  
"Holy Savior, can You still be found?"  
Is there hope for the human race left to be found?

Human passion is all we can taste  
So much energy going to waste  
Haunted lives by our own set of rules  
Into the fire of worldly pride and desire

## CHORUS

Mad at the world  
You're seeing something besides  
What the Creator purposed  
I know that it's wrong  
'Cause the hatred's so strong  
I can't help but see  
That it's phoney and it's not for me

## CHORUS

CHORUS  
CHORUS