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