

Rage, The Unknown

People running same old ways
See, tradition rules this place
Though it may be sometimes good I say
Mostly there is no real sense
Maybe a kind of sentimentality
The reason's lost so long ago

I don't want to be
Like my mind's not free
No, I'll choose the new and unknown

No way out, no way to run
Oh, from the unknown

Everything's in constant change
Try to build your mental range
If you want to grow and reach your size
Fear has killed what reason bore
A policy that keeps you torn
But security's not all that counts

I don't want to be
Like my mind's not free
No, I'll choose the new and unknown

No way out, no way to run
Oh, from the unknown

A hundred times it passed me by
A hundred times I felt alive