

# U2, Raised By Wolves

Face down on a broken street  
There's a man in the corner in a pool of misery  
I'm in white van as a red sea covers the ground  
Metal crash I can't tell what it is  
But I take a look and now I'm sorry I did  
5:30 on a Friday night 33 good people cut down

I don't believe anymore  
I don't believe anymore

Face down on a pillow of shame  
There are some girls with a needle trying to spell my  
Name  
My body's not a canvas  
My body's now a toilet wall

I don't believe anymore  
I don't believe anymore

Raised by wolves  
Stronger than fear  
Raised by wolves  
We were raised by wolves  
Raised by wolves  
Stronger than fear  
If I open my eyes  
You disappear

Boy sees his father crushed under the weight  
Of a cross in a passion where the passion is hate  
Blue mink Ford, I'm gonna detonate in your den  
Blood in the house, blood in the street  
The worst things in the world are justified by belief  
Registration 1385WZ

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