

# 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