

321-1000
A touch of anger

A touch of anger
A smidgen of rage
A baseball bat
So hard to gauge
When the bat
Becomes a club
A touch of anger
A knee to drub
There is no truth
In anger's pause
A touch of rage
Is still the cause
Of so much pain
Of sorrow too
A smidge of fury
Is nothing new
They justify it
With discontent
They can't buy food
They can't pay rent
Revenge is sweet
When served up cold
A touch of anger
Is fine i'm told
But i say no
I say stop
A touch of fury
And just a hop
To blind destruction
To all out war
We've seen it all
Too much before