Despondent in my way but what can I do?
A reason to be concerned when my rights are abused
Penchant for disodrer, disorder for a cause
Helping hands make light work to smash down these walls,

To be taken advantage of
An opportunity for self gain
Fueled by selfish desire
To put right my ways
Pain fills my heart
Anger fuels my pain
A meaning for my reason
In a world that's so insane

Breathing down your neck time presses on Can't change yesterday, It's already gone I won't despair, I can't pretend Take the bull by the horns and fight till the end

Enraged with good reason — is your cause for alarm No subtlety in my reaction or my indignant charm Fight for relief, choice of belief What is to be taken away is the beginning of the end

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