

Where the fuck are we? struggling to death a world where you can't get ahead. its a race world of who hates more, watch your step or you'll end up dead. your soul lives on or so they say. you won't find out til' your dying day, and until then you wish you weren't alive in order to find out you have to try to survive. you can hardly believe, tears clog your eyes. you live your life like you want to die, you'd lose control if you had it. you'd sell your soul if you believed in it. you know my pain is real, I've spoke of it to you. now tell me brother when I'm down and out is there a fucking thing I can do?