

Only 21 with his whole life ahead of him,  
Thinking about the friends he had,  
Now that they're six feet under,  
Paying the price for a blunder,  
Can you feel his pain; it's crashing like thunder.  
But he rolls on, the gun by his side,  
The bullet in the chamber and the fear he can't hide,  
Another punk sucker steps into the focus,  
Making him disappear, with a little hocus-pocus.  
Just another punk sucker from the boulevard farm.  
Your mind is blind, and your eyes can't see.  
My silence, bred violence as I sit here on the inside  
Deceived, taking for granted the air that I breathed,  
Names carved deep inside these time scared walls,  
What's up boo?  
Step up; check in, you better start praying, Is it your time to  
fall?