

## The Strain

Mordred

Into his flesh the knife cuts  
Inside he wants to survive  
Surgeons working hard to try to keep him alive  
He's only fourteen years old  
Beside the bed a cop sighs  
Don't think it's fair he's too young to die  
Pulse slows and then his heart quits  
Doctor's try to shock his life back  
They're unaware that in the street he sells crack  
Bullet hole through the kidneys  
The man who shot him understood  
If he could turn it round I'm sure that he would  
In times of greed and hate  
One must evaluate  
The cause of all this pain  
Social problems stay the same  
In times of greed and hate  
One must retaliate  
The truth is never plain  
Understand this is the strain  
Tried to reach society's standard  
Have wealth makes you a good man  
Not in the wrong he just wants to fit in the plan  
Teach our kids of wealth and power  
If you happen to live on the wrong side  
Got to live a life of crime just to keep you alive  
Today morality has lost  
Everyone's reaching for the top  
We can't change the world if a bullet can't be stopped  
In this age we've lost all our values  
And maybe nothing can suffice  
If it's true we'll crush ourselves in a self destructive vice  
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