

## Confessions Of A Suicide Advocate

Tragedy

Born to the sound of gunshot fire,  
shells scatter the floor  
and in the distance there's the chiming of bells  
from empty churches where no one worships anymore  
and the feeling in the air is a feeling of war  
You can die in their hands but not of your own  
They declared it while we slept on nightmares of death deprivation  
Unable to put an end to this painful ringing in the ears that hear nothing  
We can't hear nothing  
but propaganda and commercials, sermons and machine gun fire  
Loaded and cocked, the guns in our hands  
serving only one function  
Only one function  
and suicide is not an option: it's illegal and punishable by death  
Suicide's not an option