

Agnostic Front, Another Side

Awash on the tides of city rain
I flow through the streets and into the drains
Numbed by the gaze of uncaring faces
Try to offer my truth--but they drift away
Until the streets and myself have no name
No longer human--no longer the same
Lost all hope--lose all dreams--No more pain
Awake--I choke on human steam
And the stench of animal fear
Tonight I'm going to light a match
And let the sewer burn--until my soul is clear
Each night a thousand hearts are wasted
On those who don't care if they live or die
Each day I wade through vacant stares and wonder
Are they looking for the same things as I
I see the people turn away
And still hear every word they say
Hope someday I'll have the nerve
To put a bullet through my brain
And not a needle in my vein