

# 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