

Biohazard, Black And White And Red All Over

Each day I have another choice too
To try and make things right
I awake from the nightmare
Another day closer to the grave
With a personal affair
And my fright is in moderation
It just might be the death of me
I am aware
I'm not worried about tomorrow
Don't give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my way (each day)
Each day I need some kind of release
To pull the trigger on my soul and
Breathe through the bullet hole
I need some peace
Before I am deceased
I want to see my world in its
Negative state became a positive
Place my unleashing all the hate within
I'm not worried about tomorrow
Don't give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my way (each day)