

Biohazard, Gravity

I feel a weight that's pulling me down,
But my reflex is to try to break out,
Nature gives fight or flight syndrome,
But my feet stay on the ground that's how I've grown,
Bred to resist the gravity of anything that's fucking with me,
Survivalist instincts through my veins are pounding,
Transfused at birth by my urban surroundings.

Gravity won't allow me to fly,
It pulls me down, the pain, I won't cry,
Resistance and drive fueled by hunger,
What doesn't kill me makes me stronger.

I just can't let shit get to me,
Got to reflect back on what pop taught me,
To be your own man no matter what,
To never back down, and follow your gut,
Instinct, something he said that I'd know,
Something that I'd carry wherever I go,
He told me someday I'd have to fight to be free,
And resist the weight of gravity.

Calloused hands wipe away tears,
Of the pain of a man broken by years,
A silent shot that nobody hears,
A smoking gun of our own fears,
My father worked all his life and for what,
Day in, day out, caught in a rut,
The pain of apathy, razor-sharp cutting,
But I'll make sure he doesn't die for nothing.