

# Biohazard, Survival Of The Fittest

I make now a stand for belief that I'm steadfast  
In hating all of the bullshit you give me doubt my future, present and past  
Who are you to infringe your values upon me, I've learned the hard way  
Stepping on my toes, you've put my back to the wall, my back to the wall  
I've been told a thousand times to give respect when due  
Why do you find it so hard to believe I've got none for you  
It's my heart and my mind that I'll always follow, I will not break  
Nor will my balls, although that I've seen that you've tried  
before

Why are people fake?

Chorus:

Maybe you're older, wiser on your own right, it's your mistake  
I'm gonna do my own thing regardless, my choice to make  
I am real, in touch with my feelings, and I know my place  
You have shown, on the other hand, both sides of your face  
I see the world in a different light  
Things not always black and white  
Through all these years still, to this day  
My hardened eyes see only shades of grey  
I would never try and tell you what was right from wrong  
Maybe that's why you feel that I don't belong  
Always put me down for things I've said and done  
Can't you see it's a war that can't be won

Lead

A war that can't be won

Living in your world seems so clear and concise  
Shutting out reality makes everything so nice  
Paint a pretty picture black and white everyday  
See my tattered canvass bleedign shades of grey  
Chorus