

Biohazard, These Eyes

So many things these eyes have seen,
People I've met and places I've been,
Inconceivable how one maintains,
In the game with the pain and the strain on the brain,
How reality's plane can wear you down,
And make you an insane man who only frowns,
City hardened and cold just like me,
Anger has numbed my eyes from all they see.
Like a workingman's skin as it turns to leather,
The mind of the youth is forced to weather,
An assault on his senses by his parents and peers,
That preys on innocence, weakness and fears,
Manifestation of rage runs deep,
Over the edge of sanity, thoughts creep,
Violent reaction, bitter and mean,
A product of what these eyes have seen.
These eyes have seen inhuman sights,
I hold my breath with all my might,
Like anyone else in our own hells,
It seems obscene the things I've seen.
Lost count of how many wakes were attended,
Mind and body never quite mended,
Do you think this is what life intended?
At fourteen your life has ended,
Maybe your spirit is battered and broken,
From shit you've seen and words that were spoken,
Death, violence, drugs all around,
These eyes have seen some shit go down.