

Biohazard, True Strengths

The pain creeps in every day,
And you're trying your best not to feel this way,
Some days up and some days down,
Swimming in misery, you're starting to drown
Looking for answers to impossible questions,
Searching in your mind in new dimensions,
Feeling so alone and you've been thinking,
"I'm better off dead than alone here, sinking!"

Searching for the light and looking inside,
To find out where your true strengths hide.

Going on and on this pain has got to cease,
Living like an animal full of disease,
Further inspection now you're looking inside,
To find out where your true strengths hide,
You're looking around for some higher power,
To get you through this darkest hour,
All those years of pain are now coming through,
Those cracks in your mind are nothing new to you.

You're starting to slip to a whole new level,
The metal of a gun pressed against your temple,
One in the chamber, maybe one in your head,
You can pull the trigger, and your mind'll turn red,
What about the things that you never did?
Getting straight, get a life, maybe having kids?
Is a moment's pleasure really worth the cost,
Of looking back on your life and all the things you lost?

Don't know my future, with my past behind,
I'm now reborn new hopes to find,
Free from restraints that held me down,
The cycle of hate that comes around.