

Biohazard, Wrong Side Of The Tracks

What makes us tick
Are we mentally sick
Feeling inside that drive us like pride
Or emotional scars from our friends that have died
And make us build walls so incredible high
They exceed the ceiling from the terrified feelings
Which we often repress and end up depressed
Some vent it as rage, it's the fashion these days
In a twisted society, we drown in anxiety
Has push come to shove, have we killed the dove
Are we caught in a fit, what makes us tick
Has man gone insane, are we feeling the strain
We must dig and must pick at what makes us tick
Has push come to shove, have we killed the dove
Are we caught in the thick as to what makes us tick
Can you feel the pain that I feel
No
So let me tell you about what is real
Go
The pain inside, it kills me, I cry
So
What is it that makes us tick
Can you hear the cries that I cry
Why
Leave me alone, I'm ready to die
Die
For me I lie to myself
Just what is it that makes us tick