

# Henry Rollins, Volume 4

I spend time searching my mind, walking blindly  
I'm alive but I don't know why, my thoughts plague me  
Paranoia, fear and guilt, I hope I don't explode  
I'm a bomb that I can't diffuse, a gun I can't unload  
I don't listen, I don't know, man I don't care  
Talking about all the Hell that you've seen, man I live there  
Talk to me and it goes right through, I never heard a word you said  
Save your breath, it's no use, you're talking to the living dead  
Bullet driven eyes  
What can you tell me  
I'm living in a nightmare  
I'm on the edge shrinking back from the ledge  
Looking out my window down upon my heritage  
Strip malls, thin walls, people paralyzed beneath the sun  
Why me why now  
I see the dirty millions and try to survive somehow  
Got no reason got no need  
I hear gunshots I hear screams  
What can you do to me  
What can you say  
I used to be alive but I threw it all away  
I used to have problems  
I used to live a lie  
But then I saw the sidewalk bleed and I watched his mother cry  
I used to use my mind  
I used to wonder why  
Now I go from day to day and wait around to die  
Like He did