

War of Words, Reflection

Look into the future with high hopes, dedicated to the life.
Look at yourself; say this is how you're going to stay.
And then we turn around only to count the friends we've lost
And half your friends have changed.
One day on top of the world, young and naive.
Everyone you see's another friendly face.
Time passes then you realize, people aren't just what you'd thought,
you've put your trust in the wrong place.
Chose not to take the chosen path, think you found the easy way.
Soon you discover that it's harder than you thought.
Now you've been kicked around, felt out of place, found enemies in friends.
How did one year change so much?
You already felt old, when you weren't old enough to drink.
The kids you don't respect are having fun and moving on.
Take a look at what you've gained, start to question what it's worth,
end up another punk who's dead and gone.
I know you've been shit on, I know you've been cheated on,
I know you've been beat on., but you've been counted on...
Maybe you could've led a life of financial success.
Maybe you could've led a life without worrying about violence.
Maybe you could've led a life that didn't limit who you met.
But you led the life you chose to live, the life of anger, hatred, and regrets.