

Biohazard, Retribution

I question not me, it only happens to others
I can't deny reality as life gets smothered
If the lines can be read between
Maybe you can tell me then what it all means
Cause he who paints the big picture runs the whole scene
Locked down, I gotta get it out
Impending doom, a cloud above my head
Why me? My faith has been devout
Blasphemous? Am I better off dead?
Punishment, for all my sins
A burning thought inside my mind
Has me full of pity for all of human kind
As we move forth, we fall further behind
Fear of death, will my life go on?
Controlled fate? On the corner rolling dice
Punishment, but I've done nothing wrong
In my eyes, who really pays the price
My lament, for the human race
Guilty, punishment for all my sins
Dread the day that brings the truth
Punishment for what I've done
Sentence me for all my sins
Bound in fear for what I've got
Though not much it seems a lot
Life is death and no one wins
Bustin' my ass, another day another dollar, as I kneel down and I
confess to the father that I'm suffering a burning question of
the truth, whether or not to pull the trigger or to jump right
off the roof, 'cause I did things normal and just like all my friends
but now I'm positive and life it all ends
Punishment, for all my sins, I repent
In reality, we all must face the fact that the majority
of the people are out there smoking crack, getting doped up,
shooting that shit into their veins, the question must be asked if
we have any brains left, or right or wrong in this son, a
question we all ask and must answer before long, 'cause no one
is safe in this world, what's the deal, the sentence is death and to
what court do I appeal?
Punishment, for all my sins, I repent
Punishment