

Biohazard, Urban Discipline

I've just returned from a long round trip
Many tales I have to tell.
Now I don't get high,
so you think I'm not hip
But I've seen the gates of Hell.
How can a youth rise above all the shit
When surrounded
by such lousy influence?
He clutched his pipe, took his last hit,
And nobody's heard from him since.

Chorus

In this world of confusion
Drugs were my solution
The pain was breaking my heart.
I shut out my reality
Nearing my fatality,
found myself falling apart.
Miserable, horrible, life such an obstacle
Making my own matters worse.
To end up dead in a dark alleyway
Or to ride in the back of a hearse.
To die for a cause like pride or respect
Or honor would make you quite worthy;
A pitiful waste to live in the sewer
And die before you reach thirty.

Chorus (4x)

Cop a bag as a crutch
copping out, lose so much
Hangin' out, dippin' butts
Lost my mind smoking dust
There and back
Back in the days I was living a lie
Too cool to show my feelings,
too cool to cry
Lost in a fog and unsure of my friends
With a one way ticket
headed strait for the end
As the flames burnt the rope
and my spirit cut loose
I found my self wrapped
in an emotional noose
I said to myself continue no longer
Today I face the world with a mind
that is stronger
Spent my time gettin' nice
I crapped out rolling dice
Look at me and my scars
Now I live pure and hard
There and back (4x)