Another Side

Agnostic Front

Awash on the tides of city rain I flow through the streets and into the drains numbed by the gaze of uncaring faces try to offer my truth--but they drift away until the streets and myself have n
E no longer human--no longer the same lost all hope--lose all dreams--no more pain awake--i choke on human steam and the stench of animal fear tonight I'm going to light a match and let the sewe
N--until my soul is clear each night a thousand hearts are wasted on those who don't care if they live or die each day I wade through vacant stares and wonder are they looking for the same thing
I I see the people turn away and still hear every word they say hope someday I'll have the nerve to put a bullet through my brain and not a needle in my vein

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