

# Confessions Of A Suicide Advocate

## Tragedy

Born to the sound of gunshot fire, shells scatter the floor and in the distance there's the chiming of bells from empty churches where no one worships anymore and the feeling in the air is a feeling of war... You can die in their hands but not of your own They declared it while we slept on nightmares of death deprivation Unable to put an end to this painful ringing in the ears that hear nothing We can't hear nothing but propaganda and commercials, sermons and machine gun fire Loaded and cocked, the guns in our hands serving only one function Only one function... and suicide is not an option: it's illegal and punishable by death Suicide's not an option

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