Each Day

Biohazard

Each day I have another chance
To try and make things right
I awake from the nightmare
Another day closer to the grave and my fright is
In moderation with a personal affair
It just might be the death of me
I am awareI'm not worried about tomorrow
I give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my wayEach night I need some kind of release
To pull the trigger on my soul
Breathe through the bullet hole
I need some peace before I am deceased
I want to see my world in it's negative state
Became a positive place while unleashing all the hate withinI'm not worried about tomorrow
Don't give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my way
Every fuckin' dayI'm not worried about tomorrow
Don't give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my wayEvery fuckin' day

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