

# 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 aware I'm not worried about tomorrow  
I give a fuck about yesterday  
To get through this day of sorrow  
I must face what comes my way Each 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 within I'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' day I'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' day

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