

## Binocular

### "8 Each Day"

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Each day I have another choice too  
To try and make things right  
I awake from the nightmare  
Another day closer to the grave  
With a personal affair  
And my fright is in moderation  
It just might be the death of me  
I am aware  
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 (each day)  
Each day I need some kind of release  
To pull the trigger on my soul and  
Breathe through the bullet hole  
I need some peace  
Before I am deceased  
I want to see my world in its  
Negative state became a positive  
Place my 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 (each day)

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