

Virtuoso

"Terror"

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Terror

Is life for people on the streets

Rejected for who you are

By everyone you meet

Horror

Is knowing that tomorrow you might die

You can't get on your feet no matter

How you try

Horror

Is carrying all the things you own

Never having anywhere that you

Can call a home

This is terror..... And we've had enough

Terror

Is a child that can't get enough to eat

A victim of society- cast out on the street

Terror

Is growing up without knowing what is home

At the age of ten being all alone

Horror

Why do these people have to die?

Why can't we look them right in the eyes

This is terror..... And we've had enough

Terror

Another innocent is raped

Another act of violence

Make no mistake

Horror

Is knowing that the city isn't safe

And this is where we make our home

And where our child play

Horror

Is knowing that with everything you own

You could be dead

Or all alone

This is terror..... And we've had enough

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