

Brujer?a

"8: Each Day"

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Each day I have another choice
To try and make things right
I awake from the nightmares
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
Don't give a fuck about yesterday
To get through this day of sorrow
I must face what comes my way
(each day)
Each night 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 it's negative state
Become a positive place
By 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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