

# PTSD

Cro-Mags

Between wars I find no peace  
My memories, they still haunt me  
Can't sleep at night, I feel rage and guilt  
My conscience, it eats me for the blood I've spilled

I have seen violence that I can't forget  
I have done things that I regret  
I see and I realize the cause  
But that don't rid me of the guilt or remorse

There is no way that I can express  
These feelings of self hate and regret  
I know that I can't undo the things that I've done  
But at least now I know I have a conscience