

I Awake

Strung Out

well i awake i pray for truth something i can do i sit and think, it's on my hands how can something when i'm just one man time our place in time we are respectively approaching the end of the line the end we must prepare we continue to waste our planet and we always seem to close our eyes but as long as continue to die no, no it's not me we only view the things that we wish to see where, it's time to go outside of my mind we don't really know think, we can't survive with this mess we create no, no not again