

The face

Have you seen the face of AIDS? I have
That face is your mom, that face is your dad
That face is the lady next to you in church, on the bus
Even the person you claim to trust

See the face of AIDS can be seen as many as 100 times a day
You would have no way to tell
If you could, what would you say?
People get it because other people fail
To really love them protect them, so they spread
Not even taking account the love they once shared
Some do it from malice
Some do it by accident
Most do it in silence
Because they don't want to be alone with it.

The face of AIDS is young and old
Rich & Poor
Bought & sold
Soft rock & Gangsta Hardcore
The face of AIDS is celebrity
And nobody

See AIDS is not the death sentence
Closed minds are
I mean there is no good way to spin this
Remind yourself you're a star

When the news gets out your star needs to shine brighter
They think you contagious
Its really your spirit as a fighter
In your own heart and mind you should trust
Even if they now want to be vain
Your life will never again be plain
Pill poppin, viral load counts
Short hospital stays and phenomena bouts
Some days you out of the running
Other days you funning
People won't understand
It takes special people in your life to hold you hand
People will break their neck to get away
Some will return one day
Most will deal with it unusual
Put on their Sunday best of they life to see your funeral.
They "killed" you when they got the news
Thought your life was over
They slept in their running shoes
The singular fact keeps you sober
They rookies in life, you're the real soldier
Stand strong, keep your eyes on the prize
That face of AIDS now has fire in the eyes