

# Hate Paste

## Archers of Loaf

Bit my lip  
And it's the same thing.  
Now I'm reduced to a pulp.  
Your undisturbed and decorated  
Decorations lie. You're hounded by pulse  
Stabbed by spit  
And your brain fits  
Despite your ears. Another one has run in.  
Rottin and gossiped,  
You're all used up  
With a burst up shell. ( ? ) Why're you gonna try it  
If you know you don't like it  
How're you gonna give it up  
If you ain't got it. Why're you gonna use it  
If you think that it's broke.  
Why're you gonna swell the show ( ? )  
The things that you're breaking down, down, down. Down cold thresh flesh paste  
Deliver hate paste.  
Voices sick and swelling  
You say you don't like it.  
You say you don't like it.  
But you just don't get it  
You just don't get it. You're hounded by pulse,  
Stabbed by spit  
And your brain shits  
To clog your ears. A casual mark  
Made by a bird.  
What you lost  
With your fair hands. Why're you gonna try it  
If you know you don't like it.  
How're you gonna give it up  
If you ain't got it. Why're you gonna use it  
If you think that it's broke  
Why're you gonna swell the show  
The things that you're breaking down, down, down

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>