

What We Hate

Screeching Weasel

There isn't destiny
The way things go
I don't think so The changes that alter us
Are a product of our own volition
And we become what we hate It's not hard to figure out
That you're scared when
You act so much better You're holding onto
Something we can't have But hands still circle
You're still getting old
And we become what we hate Do you believe in the lies
That shape your world
Do you believe in your own fictitious immortality The world won't end
While you walk the earth
And when you realize that your life don't matter
You'll turn to something to help You forget that
You're only young once
Old forever

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