

Aesthetics Of Hate

Machine Head

Oh, you tried to spit in the eye of a dead man's face
Attacked the ways of a man not yet in his grave
But your hate was over all too soon
Because nothing is over, nothing's through 'til we bury you
For the love of brother
I will sing this fucking song
Aesthetics of hate
I hope you burn in hell, go
Oh, the words I read on the screen left me fucking sick
I felt the hatred rising, you son of a bitch
You branded us pathetic for our respect
But he made us driven, deep reverence far beyond the rest
For the love of brother
I will sing this fucking words
Aesthetics of hate
I hope you burn in hell
Oh, long live memories
Live his freedom vicariously
Defend tenfold
His honor we'll always uphold
For the love of brother
I will say these fucking words
No silence against ignorance
Iconoclast, I hope you burn, burn in hell
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hand of God strike them down
May the hand of God strike them down
May the hand of God strike them, strike them
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them
May the hands of God strike them

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