Hate Creation

Whitechapel

Let this be the day that I stop to care and pour my hate upon this world
Look me in the eyes, tell me you don't feel the same anymore
Look me in my fucking eyes
Fuck what you think
I'm so sick of all these people pretending like they don't have a darkness,
All they harness is light
Where there is love there is hate and all the things that coincide blind

Our eyes and take over our minds
I am hate you are hated, I've created you've created
Now get it through your fucking head, we create hate
Perfection is neglected now it's rough around the edges and the lesson that
We've learned; we have neglected ourselves
Cram it down your throat and choke

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