

# 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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