

Henry Rollins "Divine Object Of Hatred"

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They've killed me
They've tied my hands with rope
And now they drag me up the street
A woman is struggling to kick me in my skull
If she could she would kill me again
I can see her teeth shine
As she kicks at my dirt covered eyes so blind
Oh mother they hate me so much
The hatred's real
And now it's mine

They sit below me
Stare up and shout threats at my nakedness
Their tongues are hanging from out of their mouths
I hope they don't tear me limb from limb
So much noise
So much hatred
So much violence
They love me
Oh they'd kill to have me
They'd have to kill me
They're hatred's pure, I am devine

When you kick me / when you rape me
When you burn me / when you break me
When you cut me / I am devine

Your devine object of hatred

Show me how you really are
Show me how you really feel
Let me know you really care
Let me know your hatred's real
I trust you when you hate me
Abuse me with all your heart
It's why I'm here
I'm your devine object of hatred

You hate me
I can see that it's real
You do things to me
That you never thought you would

You hurt me
You'll never know what I feel
What you bring me
I never thought you could
Give me more
Make me stronger
High on your poison
I am devine

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