

Machine Head "Aesthetics Of Hate"

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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 down
May the hands of God strike them

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