Mansions "What It's Like To Be Hated"

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I had to sing this for me
Watch myself pilloried
Ugly, scruffy, no one
But then I guess that you knew
Nasty, bitter, enraged
A nice polite english way
Full circle, desensitised
I'm right back where I began

Hated, broken

The dead flowers reject Sad glucoma in mist Injustice wells up in me We are shit and refuse

Hated, broken

It's what it's like to be hated I am afflicted and ill It's what it's like to be hated I wrote this song for myself

We are shit and refuse to wallow in rejection My will is shattered again My leeches, parasite friends No man's an island they said I breathe my solitary air Explain myself to noone Beautiful sad solitude

Hated, broken

Learn to ignore all the slurs You can get used to all things

Hated, broken

Piss in the face of the sick Unjust vendetta's uncool Unjust, unwanted, reject Uninformed, understood
A silence, broken my will
Afflicted, shattered and sick
Popularity stakes
Overrated you said
Isolation can feel like a utopian state
To be this liked is to be suffocated you said
Beauty, sadness, enraged of solitude can be bare
Disturbed, unwanted at birth
The fucking joke that we are
I've never had any friends
Could be a sweet suicide
A fucking homo in flesh
To weak to protest

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