

Whitechapel "Hate Creation"

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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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