

I Am Hunger

"Raised To Hate"

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I understand your doubt, you've surely got a story to tell,
We all have our kinds of hell.
Mine started up with death of unconditional love,
And ended up, where I stand today.
I'm;
Too scared to love, too scared to stay.
To embrace what's left me empty.
You say you really want to know,
Why I'm walking away.
Cause I'm, so far from being myself, as I possibly can.
Cause I'm still the same kid, too scared to take, too scared to give.
I'm still the same, too scared to give second chances.
So the rain never came, too wash away the dirt of my clothes.
I waited in the eye of the storm, where I built my home.
Four walls kept me safe from harm, still I invited you with open arms,
Waited for your hand to bring, safety and understanding.
But time elapsed, and my hope soon collapsed.
When will you understand, that I've given you all that I can.
The grief in my desperate cries, my vacant eyes.
How can you look upon me without seeing what I'm keeping
on the inside?
I am a product of history, one solely of agony.
So far from being myself, as I possibly can.
I was born to love, raised to hate.

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