

## Claymore "Gift Of Hate"

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My soul is burning like obscene,  
Created an annihilating machine!  
The soul is burning like obscene  
And you never make it like you quit the scene, my  
queen!  
I can never follow you like shadow at war.  
I will never comply but my twin abhor!

When she is hurt and scared for so long  
Her fear and pain just turn to hate.  
To hate, to hate!

And hate made the world go wrong...  
For so long it went wrong.  
Not worth an old song,  
Resemblance is so strong.

Thousands slavish prayers for her death  
In the night when rivers growl.  
Unsacred music stops her breath,  
Gives the fright, with laughter howls!  
The stream will flow...

So pure and delicate like your skin, my hatred, my  
queen!  
The soul is burning like obscene  
And you never make a fire when you quit the scene!  
Some must rule, some obey!  
But slaves lie frayed and go insane when I ablaze.  
Weaver the endless fear portrays in haze!

Generations lived beneath black skies...  
I've listened to her advice - now I despise!  
So wise!

Thousands slavish prayers for her death  
In the night when rivers growl!  
Unsacred music stops her breath,  
Gives the fright, with laughter howls!  
The stream will flow!

Slaves of putrid shred they shall remain,

Without remorse besmirch her name!  
When your hair, my queen, about blew,  
Composition necessarily transmitted to dew  
A gift of hate!

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