

Eilera

"The Strength Of My Hate"

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My fingers are bleeding cut by
Many eggs' skin
Just the right to shut it
When the next humiliation is coming
Or it is my back aching,
Too many glasses to be filled
But always keep smiling that's your job
So Barbie keep on smiling
The strength of my hate
On all the people
Who want me to think I am shit

Hours and hours running,
I can count them no more
Not like my salary, could be counted
By the kids I'm watching
And the best of all: the speech!
Evil eyes, filthy soul
Cruel words to steal all that is beautiful in me
The strength of my hate
On all the people
Who want me to think I am shit!

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