

## Screeching Weasel "What We Hate"

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There isn't destiny  
The way things go  
I don't think so

The changes that alter us  
Are a product of our own volition  
And we become what we hate

It's not hard to figure out  
That you're scared when  
You act so much better

You're holding onto  
Something we can't have

But hands still circle  
You're still getting old  
And we become what we hate

Do you believe in the lies  
That shape your world  
Do you believe in your own fictitious immortality

The world won't end  
While you walk the earth  
And when you realize that your life don't matter  
You'll turn to something to help

You forget that  
You're only young once  
Old forever

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