

Termanology

"Hate Is Just A Four Letter Word"

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What has changed me into something I don't know?
Forgotten feelings like I never know
Eyeballs bouncing in a room of blinded me
Careful of feelings I thought I knew me
A man is waiting at the corner screaming at me
Angry hate for myself: the hidden me
A closet of angry words no sight to put them in
Hateful sea of love with no one to put it in
A classic film of yesterday is just today
Once tomorrow, maybe never, I hate me
Bricking myself into the wall wretched sin
Hoping to be by myself, I won't let you in
My product is only second-grade
I hate to discuss what this man has made
Forming in my hands I know it all too well
Staring at the glass I know myself too well
Hate is just a four letter word,
Hate is just a four letter word.

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