

Haunted, The "Hate Song"

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Two and twenty for the hole in you.
A meat cleaver comb to run you through.
Lethal gas will make you cough.
A car crash scene to finish it off.

Pain!
True definition
Truth is pain
Truly addicted.

So don't you worry about your earthly rest,
I'll dig the fucking hole myself.

Pain!
Truly addicted
Life is pain
I am addicted
to this pain

Hate song!...(I live to bury you)...

Stabbing and shooting and ripping the life out of you.
I get off and I wish that you could too!
Open chest tickle will quiver your bones.
Just lay back and chill. 'cos I run this show.

Pain!
Truly addicted
Life is pain
Life is infected
by this pain.....

Hate song!...(I live to bury you)...

There's no need to explain,
you know who you are.
I deliver the pain,
I'm the baddest by far...

Die onehundredthousand times,
One million ways to...Hate! Hate! Hate! Hate! Hate!

Hate! Hate! Hate! Hate!

Hate song!

Lifelong!

Hate song!

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