

the classic struggle of good and evil
has brought me to my knees
my mind is so filled with hate
one hundred demons possessing me
your kind never inspired me
you never offered your hand
just told me who i should be
but you don't know who i am
you say i dwell on the negative
well it's a part of my life
until you've tasted how i live
keep your fucking advice to yourself
all that time you wasted
preaching to the converted
a lifetime of hard luck
still can't make me give up
time has conquered youth
but the angers still inside
it doesn't come from hate
it's from a sense of pride