

Hate Makes Hate

Cyclone Temple

Conquerers write the book for the conquered
History now becomes his story
No history is a man without country
No past means no identity

[Bridge]

Never will I turn the other cheek
If every dog has its day I deserve a week
What comes around and you know the rest
And when it comes I'll be there

[Chorus]:

I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired
Do I love to hate from all the years of soul decay
I close my eyes but I never sleep
Thoughts of pain that break my peace
I taste the rage in every tear
The hate man makes I fear

You write the rules
You keep the score
When I master the game
You erase the board
No history, is a man without country
No past, means no identity

[Bridge]

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[Chorus]

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