

Aesthetics of Hate

Machine Head

You tried to spit in the eye
Of a dead man's face
Attacked the ways of a man
Not yet in his grave
But your hate was over all too soon
Because nothing is over
And nothing's through,
Till we bury you

For the love of brother
I will sing this fucking song
Aesthetics of hate,
I hope you burn in hell

The words I read on the screen
Left me fucking sick
I felt the hatred rising
You son of a bitch
You branded us pathetic for our respect
But he made us Driven,
Such deep reverence,
Far beyond the rest

For the love of brother
I will sing these fucking words
Aesthetics of hate,
I hope you burn in hell

Yer!

Wow!
Long live memories
Live this freedom vicariously
Defend tenfold
His honor we'll always uphold

For the love of brother
I will say these fucking words
No silence against ignorance
Iconoclast, I hope you burn in hell

May the hand of god strike them down