

# Black Hate Machine

## A Perfect Murder

Label me anything you want  
But don't talk to me  
Pure strength stokes the flames that burn inside of me

I carry the cross that's nailed to my back  
It's my weight to burden  
and I don't want your fucking respect  
You don't know me  
You'll never see me comin'  
the only thing you'll hear  
Black hate machine

And all your senseless talk  
It's fodder for the masses  
And all the games you play  
You'll never win them

You want respect from me?  
You gotta earn it  
You wanna disrespect?!?  
How 'bout I break your face?!  
You'll never get inside of my head!

You talk about gameness  
The spirit that lives inside of me  
It refuses to lie  
Refusing to die

You want respect from me?  
You gotta earn it  
You wanna disrespect?!?  
How 'bout I break your face?!  
You'll never get inside of my head!

No shame for me here  
I live life respectably  
Can you say the same? Hell no  
You're all the same

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