

## No More Hate

### Autopsy

At the moment I have no more hate to offer  
I feel nothing  
I feel nothing as I bring down my arm  
The one that holds the metal bar  
The one that bashes in your brains  
Bludgeon and crush again 'til your mind oozes  
All over the floor, soaking into the carpet  
I don't care  
I don't feel and if your brain was still in  
Your head you might even realize that