

Hate Your Guts

Disciple

I am the fear who doesn't cower
Seeking whom I may devour
Seeking out a girl or a boy
To steal and kill and destroy
Do you even know my name?
You're so pathetic and lame
And before this day is through
I know I'll get to you

I hate you, I hate you
You can't hide from me
And He can't help you

I am and I have been and
I'll always be your enemy
I am your dream come true
Your nightmare hanging in a tree
Your suicide, your wasted life
Your lust for flesh all belongs to me

I hate your guts, you little punk
Don't come around here selling your junk
I know one who's bigger than all your fright
A weenie dog has more bite
You're a maggot, a pain in the neck
A little scratch upon my back
And I laugh at the day when you burn in hell
Forever in your jail

I hate you, I hate you
You can't get to me
He's already saved me

You don't deserve and you won't get
No glory in this song
All power, glory, blessing and honor
Belongs to our God
We lift you up, we magnify
We thank you Lord for giving us life

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