

Hate

Iggy Pop

An evil look that tells me to fuck off
From the one who 'll never treat me soft
I start to boil and to concentrate
On images of anger and of hate
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn too late
These are the ways I feed my hate
These me the lights that burn too late

the mean stupidity of what he says
The millions who admire it and they spread
And all I want to feel is just them dead
And have to eat the things they did and said
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn so late
These are the ways I feed my hate
These are the lights that burn too late
Hate
Why am I afraid?
Afraid