

## Recipe for Hate... Warhorse

Megadeth

Each day my shortcomings pick my pockets  
My faults were letters carved in stone  
As meaningful to you as words written in water  
I'm left to walk this world alone

In a broken mold they made me  
The black sheep of the family  
Worth less than zero, my opinion  
And room temperature I.Q.

I did something, now I'm nothing  
Always wrong with this or that  
Poisoned with fear, watch it twist  
My measly brain mad

Talk about me when my back is turned  
Next time we meet, it will be to late  
The memory burned in my ears of what you said  
And now I've got a recipe for hate, taste it

Dark clouds on the horizon  
Make it hard to breathe  
A walking mistake but every time I run away  
I just come back for more

The choice is clear, I can quit  
And fall on my sword or light a fire  
To see who runs or stays  
And plays the confidence game

I'm feeling quite invisible  
I feel just like thin air  
The truth taunts me  
That nobody wants me

I see the earth below me  
I watch it spin there  
Does someone, somewhere  
Out there hear me?

Sentenced to walk in purgatory  
My life is running down  
I can't believe what they've done to me

I'm left riding a warhorse  
A man without a country