

Roots Of Hate

Rough Silk

So you say you hate and you're ready to fight
you're filled up with agressions
you say it's too late
to discuss for your right - you got violent obsessions

But history shows whenever hate grows
it's giving you misery and pain
it's a deadly illusion to find a solution
by usin' your fist - not your brain

The roots of hate - when destiny's callin'
the dark side of fate
some conscience is fallin'
the roots of hate - are small
in a cave without light they grow 'till the night
turns our fears
into burnin' tears

For billions of years since the very first date
there were fights and damnations
but destruction and fears never made problems fade
'cause the blade of a sword kills all patience

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In the trashcan of mercy
some fallen angel cries
in fear and desperation
while another hero dies

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