

What We Hate

Screeching Weasel

There isn't destiny
The way things go
I don't think so
The changes that alter us
Are a product of our own volition
And we become what we hate
It's not hard to figure out
That you're scared when
You act so much better
You're holding onto
Something we can't have
But hands still circle
You're still getting old
And we become what we hate
Do you believe in the lies
That shape your world
Do you believe in your
Own fictitious immortality
The world won't end while
You walk the earth
And when you realize that
Your life don't matter
You'll turn to something to help
You forget that you're
Only young once, old forever