

AFI, Triple Zero

It burns! It burns!
It burns my eyes and throat,
but I need no antidote.
Gnawing and tearing at my insides - seething,
keeping me alive - hatred poisons me through and through -
a sustenance - keeping me true.
It's not too late.
It's never gonna be too late.
Embrace your hate.
The pain! The pain it crushes me.
I gain animosity.
Acid sweat and bloody tears,
through it all I preserve.
Some sedate through indifference
but I withheld zero tolerance.