

Tyla, Hate Pain

Hate pain, insane inside more pain, wild and
daring nights have all gone to the sun.
Inside open wide was his love kept inside
never to be seen or felt by anyone
He put the gun in the mouth of a flower,
he f**ked up both their lives in less than
an hour, No remorse, no regrets, a memory
dreamt in alcohol is easy to forget.
No more glory, no more pain, one life locked
away, the other may remain.

Chorus

Hate Pain insane inside more pain wild and
daring nights they've all gone to the sun.
Inside open wide was his love kept inside
never to be seen or felt by anyone.
They might as well legalize insanity
or at least make it mandatory
amongst the living.

Work hard f**ked up you just get locked up
Spend a life behind striped sunlight
locked away in a hole for life
Sixteen years out of five
Victims not, not even left alive

Chorus