

Vision Of Disorder, Pretty Hate

I'll chew you up and spit you out.
I'll build you up and break you down.
My love...

And out it came, out came the shot.
I'll chew you up and spit you out.
I'll build you up and break you down.
My love...

(Chorus:)
You're so pretty... Hate...
I think I got my mind made up.
I think I got it right.
But twisted words, empty boxes.
The flowers that died.
They died.

All is said, all is done, all is gone.

Most terrible thing,
That i've ever seen
Brown eyed girl, lost in a brown dream.

(Chorus:)
You're so pretty... Hate...
I think I got my mind made up.
I think I got it right.
But twisted words, empty boxes.
The flowers that died.
They died.

I'll chew you up and spit you out.
I'll build you up and break you down...

You're so pretty... Hate...