

Zakk Wylde, Born To Lose

A little hating in the morning time
a little hating come around noon
Ain't no remorse,
All that you think
Ain't no regret,
All that you do

Jesus,
Hell Yeah, What do we do?
Jesus,
Can you hear us screaming up above?
Lord?
I guess we were just born to lose

A little hating on my TV screen
A little hating in the news that I read
Lay to rest a soul so kind
Rewarding the wrong
Feeding The Twisted Mind

You Lookin' At Me
Forever hurt
Forever bleed
It ain't black
It ain't white
It ain't wrong
Lord knows it ain't right

Jesus,
Hell Yeah, What do we do?
Jesus,
Can you hear us screaming up above?
Lord?