

Abby Travis, The Hate Song

You make me sick
Like the blood being sucked by a tick
Bleed my dry
You're an unswattable fly

You make me puke
Pretend you're my friend
Then you shoot up in a rocket made of wax

I know the best revenge
Is happiness and some success
All of us will meet our ends
But I'll enjoy the wait

This one goes out to the ones I hate
You putrid weasels think you're fucking great
You're cowardly and pompous and you're fake
This one goes out to the ones I hate

If you put me to the test
I might could kick you in the chest
I'm reformed but you're a pest
Something's gotta break

Yeah I know it would be best
To blow you off and take a rest
Anger wrecks my features
And it's such a total waste

This one goes out to the ones I hate...