

# Henry Rollins, Divine Object Of Hatred

They've killed me  
They've tied my hands with rope  
And now they drag me up the street  
A woman is struggling to kick me in my skull  
If she could she would kill me again  
I can see her teeth shine  
As she kicks at my dirt covered eyes so blind  
Oh mother they hate me so much  
The hatred's real  
And now it's mine  
They sit below me  
Stare up and shout threats at my nakedness  
Their tongues are hanging from out of their mouths  
I hope they don't tear me limb from limb  
So much noise  
So much hatred  
So much violence  
They love me  
Oh they'd kill to have me  
They'd have to kill me  
They're hatred's pure, I am devine  
When you kick me / When you rape me  
When you burn me / When you break me  
When you cut me / I am devine  
Your devine object of hatred  
Show me how you really are  
Show me how you really feel  
Let me know you really care  
Let me know your hatred's real  
I trust you when you hate me  
Abuse me with all your heart  
It's why I'm here  
I'm your devine object of hatred  
You hate me  
I can see that it's real  
You do things to me  
That you never thought you would  
You hurt me  
You'll never know what I feel  
What you bring me  
I never thought you could  
Give me more  
Make me stronger  
High on your poison  
I am devine