

# Megadeth, Recipe for Hate...

Each day my shortcomings pick my pockets  
My faults were letters carved in stone  
As meaningful to you as words written in water  
I'm left to walk this world alone  
Fill solos - Mustaine  
In a broken mold they made me  
The black sheep of the family  
Worth less than zero my opinion  
And room temperature IQ  
I did something, now I'm nothing  
Always wrong with this or that  
Poisoned with fear watch it twist  
My measly brain mad  
Solo - Pitrelli  
Talk about me when my bac is turned  
Next time we meet it will be to late  
The memory burned in my ears of what you said  
And now I've got a recipe for hate. Taste it  
Fill solos - Mustaine  
Dark clouds on the horizon  
Make it hard to breathe  
A walking mistake but every time  
I run away, I just come back for more  
The choice is clear I can quit  
And fall on my sword or light a fire  
To see who runs or stays  
And plays the confidence game  
Solo - Pitrelli