

Megadeth, Recipe For Hate...Warhorse

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