Shock Therapy, Hate Is A 4-Letter Word

What has changed me into something i dont know?
Forgotten feelings like i never know
Eyeballs bouncing in a room of blinded me
Careful of the feelings i thought i knew me

A man is waiting at the corner screaming at me
Angry hate for myself : the hidden me
A closet of angry words no sight to put them in
Hateful sea of love with no one to put it in

A classic film of yesterday is just today
Once tomorrow, maybe never, i hate me
Bricking myself into the wall of wretched sin
Hoping to be by myself, i wont let you in

My product is only second-grade
I hate to discuss what this man has made
Forming in my hands i know it all too well
Staring at my glass i know myself too well
Hate is just a four letter word