

Symphorce, Whatever Hate Provides

There's nobody here
There's no one like you
So close to your dreams
The violence come through
I remember the way
Your intentions were clear
Your regrets remain
In the silence of fear

I'm like a bullet
So close to your mind

My head is full of fear
My head is full of lies
My thoughts rage like fire
My head is full of fear
My head is full of lies
Whatever hate provides

You're nothing to me
With your empty words
Don't ask for sympathy
Whatever your desire disturbs
Talking about you
And the strange ways to get respect
You try to do me wrong
In darkened minds of hate select

I'm like a bullet
Ready to hit you inside

My head is full of fear
My head is full of lies
My thoughts rage like fire
My head is full of fear
My head is full of lies
Whatever hate provides