

# Terminal Choice, Hate Is Just A Four Letter Word

What has changed me into something I don't know?  
Forgotten feelings like I never know  
Eyeballs bouncing in a room of blinded me  
Careful of 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 wretched sin  
Hoping to be by myself, I won't 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 the glass I know myself too well  
Hate is just a four letter word,  
Hate is just a four letter word.