

Toto, High Price Of Hate

You got the eyes of a vulture
As you gaze from your meaningless throne
And the pain that you've been selling
I'd rather die before I own

I'll call you a doctor
Or find you a priest
'Cause no one can save you
And you won't get no peace

I've felt your displeasure
And girl I used to relate
So don't hand me no anger
I'll be crushed by the weight

That's the high price of hate
That's the high price of hate
Little Girl
Lord what's the cost of my fate

She'll lay you wide open
Like a surgical knife
I've watched it take over
What's left of your miserable life

She'll live on deception
Your pleasures long dead
Your soul is left bleeding
From the lies that you spread

Don't pull on my collar
I won't rise to debate
Don't ask me for comfort
You're a lifetime too late

That's the high price of hate
That's the high price of hate
Lord what's the cost of my fate

There's a storm overhead
Will it ever end baby
It's all inside your head
Is it gonna end

That's the high price of hate
That's the high price of hate
Yeah, I hope I ain't asking too late
That's the high price of hate
That's the high price of hate