

Violent Work Of Art, Reasons To Hate

Always the same, taking the blame,
cheated again, losing the game.
I have no self-esteem at all, and that's fine by me.
Loaded with rage, sick of the pain, easy to say, hard to explain.
I have no feelings left for you, and that's fine by me.
Just when you thought you were safe
That's when you're falling from grace
You're afraid you're losing the game
I'll give you reasons to hate
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