

Aesthetics of Hate

Machine Head

You tried to spit in the eye of a dead man's face
Attacked the ways of a man not yet in his grave
But your hate was over all too soon
Because nothing is over, and nothing's through
'Til we bury you For the love of brother
I will sing this fucking song
Aesthetics Of Hate
I hope you burn in hell
The words I read on the screen left me fucking sick
I felt the hatred rising
You son of a bitch
You branded us pathetic for our respect
But he made us Driven
Deep reverence
Far Beyond the rest
For the love of brother I will sing this fucking what Aesthetics of hate I hope you burn in hell
Yeah!
Solo: Demmel, Flynn, Demmel, Flynn, Flynn & Demmel
Long live memories Live his freedom vicariously
Defend tenfold
his honor we'll always uphold
For the love brother my world
Say these fucking words
No silence against ignorance
Iconoclast, I hope you burn in hell
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God
Strike - now...
Strike now...
Ooooh!
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God strike them down
May the hands of God
Strike down

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>