

Black Hate Machine

A Perfect Murder

Label me anything you want
But don't talk to me
Pure strength stokes the flames that burn inside of me

I carry the cross that's nailed to my back
It's my weight to burden
and I don't want your fucking respect
You don't know me
You'll never see me comin'
the only thing you'll hear
Black hate machine

And all your senseless talk
It's fodder for the masses
And all the games you play
You'll never win them

You want respect from me?
You gotta earn it
You wanna disrespect?!?
How 'bout I break your face?!
You'll never get inside of my head!

You talk about gameness
The spirit that lives inside of me
It refuses to lie
Refusing to die

You want respect from me?
You gotta earn it
You wanna disrespect?!?
How 'bout I break your face?!
You'll never get inside of my head!

No shame for me here
I live life respectably
Can you say the same? Hell no
You're all the same

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