

Hate Is the New Loud

From Dawn To Fall

Tonight we lead an ethic cleanse
In the dachaus of her mind
A borderline parade of hell
Authorized divine
Repent your ways repent them all
Confess my sins and ease your fall

Freed of doubts and self control
Of bloodied hands but pure of soul

Hate is the new loud
Deliverance be the fear that runs
For something righteous this way comes

She's covered in scars
And she won't tell me where she's been
Anticarbon is her flesh
Her words are crystal benzendrine
I am a hailstone in the gale
Freed of doubts and self control
Another humbled little man
Of bloodied hands but pure of soul

Freed of doubts and self control
Of bloodied hands but pure of soul