

Hate

Bright Eyes

I hate, the Puritans
I hate, Mary Magdalene
I hate the way she washed his feet, they still called her a whore
Jesus Christ, I hate you now and I hated you before

I hate, Prophets
I hate, LA Shamans
Abraham, Adam and Isaiah and Mohammed
I hate the way it escalates, a drag race to the bottom

I hate, Vishnu
I hate, the Hari Krishna
David Koresh, Jim Jones, and Buddha
I hate this twisted logic, this sadistic hallelujah

Every single book I read always had the same ending
Right hand on the bible and the truth is still irrelevant
Don't you know the bad guys always win
Don't you know the bad guys always win

Hate, is a language
Hate is a fascination
I hate the way I get through the day, my preoccupations
There's no receipt, no deceit, no paper trail at all
Every single fleeting thought becomes another outlaw song
One hand on a smoking gun and a bullet in the innocent
Don't you know the bad guys always win
Don't you know the bad guys always win

I hate, love songs
I hate, stadiums
I hate the way you turn and walk away
I hate the way my heart anticipates
I hate, dreaming
I hate, sleeping
I hate waking up always the same
I hate making small talk, begging for some change
I hate the protest singer, staring at me in the mirror
There's nothing left worth fighting for hasn't that come clear
The artificial poets from the future are here