

# Hate Your Guts

Disciple

I am the fear who doesn't cower  
Seeking whom I may devour  
Seeking out a girl or a boy  
To steal and kill and destroy  
Do you even know my name?  
You're so pathetic and lame  
And before this day is through  
I know I'll get to you

I hate you, I hate you  
You can't hide from me  
And He can't help you

I am and I have been and  
I'll always be your enemy  
I am your dream come true  
Your nightmare hanging in a tree  
Your suicide, your wasted life  
Your lust for flesh all belongs to me

I hate your guts, you little punk  
Don't come around here selling your junk  
I know one who's bigger than all your fright  
A weenie dog has more bite  
You're a maggot, a pain in the neck  
A little scratch upon my back  
And I laugh at the day when you burn in hell  
Forever in your jail

I hate you, I hate you  
You can't get to me  
He's already saved me

You don't deserve and you won't get  
No glory in this song  
All power, glory, blessing and honor  
Belongs to our God  
We lift you up, we magnify  
We thank you Lord for giving us life

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