Hate! Hate! Hate!

Gallows

He's headed downtown in a stolen car
Where the streetlights burn instead of stars
Got a desperate look in his eyes
Doesn't care if he lives or dies

Revenge
Revenge
Revenge
Revenge

Stuffed in his waist a .45
That gun could shoot for half a mile
You didn't have a chance with the .44
That's why you're laid out on the floor

Revenge
Revenge
Revenge
Revenge
Revenge
Revenge
Revenge

He shot him once, he shot him twice
Cut through the crowd like a Stanley knife
He's got no conscience, got no shame
Give him the chance he'd kill again

Run for your life, you better run for your fucking life
Run for your life, you better run for your fucking life

Another epic from the sewers
Just enough to feed the rumours
There'll be no stay of execution
The atmosphere's all pig-style revolution

Yeah

Pig-style revolution
Pig-style revolution
Pig-style revolution

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