

The Language

Hatebreed

To have the thickest skin
And still walk so tall
For years & even now
They pray to watch me fall
Their petty words & ways
Gave me the needed vision
To ignite change and give strength
To some who lost their direction

Their breath is wasted
It's such a bitter pill to choke on
Their time is fleeting, passing
Waiting for my swan song
Tearing me down
Will never raise you any higher
Criticize, condemn, complain
The mirror show who takes the blame

The language you speak is dead
Dead
Dishonored, disgraced
The language you speak is dead
Dead
Damaged, buried
The language you speak is dead
Dead
Indifferent, forgotten
The language you speak is dead
Dead
There's never been a war where only one side bled

Still dreaming demise
And you'll see and you'll see it
The lost prophesize, they believe it believe it
Goes deeper inside, if you let it you let it
Now spread of the end
And you'll get it, you'll get it

Tearing their wings
Will never raise you higher
You only damn yourself
You only damn yourself
Criticize, condemn, complain
The mirror show who takes the blame

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When you kill trust
There is no ressurection.