

## Provenance of Hate

Octavia Sperati

To spectate your inferiority  
What use are you to me

And your presence is passing me by  
All the time

It's infesting me and I eliminate it  
By offering to the wind

Unsuccessful in your attempt  
To outshine my brilliant superiority  
And I will paint your shadow red all over

With my spirit I enter you  
What use are you to me  
It's infesting me and I eliminate it all the time