

The Days You Hate Yourself

Propagandhi

Relive the words you heard spilling from your mouth.
Taste that sickness once again, pretense peels away.

Exposed in anger, in tragedy, amidst our failure.
All the things that you do, everything that you say,
All the paths that you choose.

There are things that just can't be reversed.
Time can be your savior or your curse.
Whispered under your breath, screamed out in rage.
Temporary lapse or terminal state?

Exposed in anger, in tragedy, amidst our failure.
All the things that you give, everything that you take,
And the means that you use.

Do you feel power when others fall?
Do you feel compelled to cringe with disgust?
The days that you hate yourself -
Are they days you seek a victim for your spite?
Do you find yourself in need
Of someone to crush beneath your feet?
Cursing like cowards, bearing your teeth,
Ready to strike when things go wrong.