

# Hate

## The Bouncing Souls

I wanna change the colour of my skin so i can know what it's like to walk down the street A stare of hate Would it break my will would i want to kill If they close their eyes would they ever see the difference if they closed their ears would it matter anyway If they closed their mouth do you think they'd ever listen If they closed their mind would they ever learn I wanna change for one day So i could be inside the head of hate Then i would know what it's like to hate Hate is the air You can see it read it hear it and feel it It hides behind smiling faces Smiling faces of fear Happy faces of hate Pretty faces of prejudice Sickly faces ugly faces wrinkled faces decrepit faces of hate The everyday faces of hate