I'm not a Buddha boy I'm not a Muslim man I'm not a Christian or a Jew I'm not a Mormon freak I'm not a Catholic geek And I'm nothing at all like you My mind, my heart, my soul is calm While I sit here soldering my see-2 bomb Got some wires crossed In my twisted head Connect the green wire here or was it red? 'Cause it's my fate I operate on hate (Hate, hate, hate, hate, hate) I go by many other names But now I am the sentinel I want the world to know I'm sending you all to hell I'm tired and I'm wired here to blow There's something disturbing Going on in my turban I'm home, home on the range I feel my meditation so deep within While my medication's kicking in 'Cause it's my fate I operate on hate (Hate, hate, hate, hate) I go by many other names But now I am the sentinel I want the world to know I'm sending you all to hell I'm tired and I'm wired here to blow I am the sentinel I want the world to know I'm sending you all to hell

I'm tired and I'm wired here to blow