

# Reprogrammed To Hate

Whitechapel

Why have a plan for humanity when you haven't done anything yourself

If I were you I'd run and hide because a beautiful darkness has arrived

The one you call father is dead and gone  
I slit his throat  
Resurrected him and did it again

This bitter world is in my hands  
No false pretentiousness son of man will inhibit the structures I've devised

Beneath the clouded smoke beneath the acid rain  
The tombs of a fallen race are revived and

Reprogrammed to hate  
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These drones of hell will rid the smell of putrid human failure

Man is his own worst enemy

How could you hope  
How could you dream for such impossibilities

Man is his own worst enemy

What doesn't kill you makes you a victim of eternal torture  
What doesn't kill you makes you a victim of infernal flames

This isn't a plea for power it's the beginning of a revolution

The revolution of extermination  
The revolution of total control

I have nothing nothing to hide  
I am the alpha and the omega

I have nothing nothing to hide  
Imprisoned with no afterlife

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