

HATE -Vs- ME

Why do I give hate such power over me?
Or do Hate give me power over he?

Who is who; who is the boss?
Which is true and which is false?

Is hate hiding, keeping a low-profile?
Or is he in charge and I'm along for the ride?

When should we agree for the other to go free?
One to be blind while the other look and see?

What do we expect each other to do?
When one wants to surface and the other do too?

Give hate the power -Vs- me
Make hate the boss -Vs- me

Put hate in charge -Vs- me
Let hate go free -Vs- me

Let hate see -Vs- me

Let hate surface -Vs- me ---the only thing left is for
me to be b u r i e d .

COLD BLOODED HATE

Cold blooded hate sparked by revenge;
a bone chilling hate that knows no friends.

Like gusting winds howling at night;
freezing hearts absent of light.

Temperature plummet below zero;
poor visibility in the blizzard of snow.

Breath comes out like puffs of smoke;
turns into ice and cause you to choke.

Hail and sleet, torrential rain;
falling from the sky in waves of great pain.

Everything exposed turns into frost;
shivering to death under the cold blooded boss.

A winter's fury with love for no one;
a killing machine far worse than any gun.

Snuffing out life just for fun;
it's cold blooded hate and there is nowhere to run.

WHY HATE ON ME

Why hate on me for being all I can be;
it's a waste of valuable time can't you see?
You can do the same, within you lies the key!

W H Y ???

Hate on me for the money I make;
hate on me for the chances I take

Hate on me for the cloths I wear
hate on me for the burdens I bare

Hate on me for the girl that's mine;
hate on me because she's so fine

Hate on me for the car I drive;
hate on me because I talk that jive

Hate on me because of my home;
hate on me because of the hoods I roam

Hate on me because of my friend;
hate on me because of the cliques I'm in

Hating on me doesn't become you; surely
you can find something more constructive to
do. Don't hate the player--hate the game;
you can play too; just don't be a lame!

The M O N S T E R Hate

From the depths of hell, the demon rises to earth;
to claim it for his very own turf
Far too ugly to look upon;
and if you see him it's already too late to run
Fixing you in his deadly grasp;
forcing you to do his murdering task
Sending all people to his nether world;
with no regard for boy or girl
This old monster's name is hate;
and serving him has become your fate!!!

A Stroll With Hate

Hate and I took a little stroll;
hand in hand like partners we rolled.

Hate was aggressive and all to bold;
and he was slowly claiming my gullible soul.

I did not realize hate was so old;
until I became trapped in his vicious hold.

Hate was recruiting for his murderous fold;
and it was hard to resist--truth be told.

Hate was insensitive and oh so cold;
tough as nails and harder than gold.

Hate was shaping me in his mold;
like an ice sculptor in the North Pole.

I was being cast in a deadly role;
from his diabolical tutelage, lessons he doled.

So much pain, and death was taking its toll;
but hate kept pushing me, not once did he console.

And then hate led me to a grassy knoll;
to show me a tombstone with my name to behold.

Hate In The Night

As darkness spread across the sky, and street lights ignite casting shadows in my eye; from his slumber hate arise to roam the streets and claim his prize.

Prostitutes strutting as proud as peacocks; exposing their goodies up and down the block. Drug dealers peddling wholesale death; the smell of alcohol on every breath.

Hustlers working every corner; where life is cut short without a mourner.

Trash and debris blowing in the wind; a city full of hate with deeply rooted sin.

Stick-up boys with big guns and ploys; police cruisers always poised and sirens making lots of noise. Hate is lurking all through the night, and against its influence it is useless to fight. Addicts concealed in abandoned building blight, and big bad hate is the ruler of this night.