

Clawfinger, Recipe For Hate

First of all I make sure I've got the right ingredients
Before I heat up the pan
I take a little bit of bitterness to grease it up
And keep everything close at hand
Then I add a few ounces of fresh frustration and half a cup of attitude
A rush of adrenaline to spice things up
And then half a spoon of bad mood
One bottle of my sweat one bottle of tears
A few drops of my own blood
It all blends together like a cat and dog
And the result is as clear as mud
I pick the worst situation out of the bunch
And throw it right into the mix
And last but not least I add a little bit of spit
Just a few little nasty cliques

That's my recipe for hate

I turn up the heat to 400 degrees and go to work on the attitude
I shake it all up in a provocative way to make sure it comes out rude
Then I grind down the frustration hard so that all of the scents can blend
I pour the sweat on top and then the tears
To make sure that I don't make friends
When the mood is wrong, everything is right, I can add the adrenaline
But I've got to be careful with the dose I use
The effect shouldn't wear to thin
The blood comes last cos' it always has a tendency to cool and coagulate
So I calculate and make no mistakes
It's so fresh that it still pulsates

That's my recipe for hate...

When the meal is done you get a spoiled appetite
And a dish full of disagree some ignorance on the side
A plate full of hate, served with a fistful of me