

## **Boy Sets Fire "Blame"**

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Broadcast talking words, real words, painful words  
make  
you look so cheap  
You can't stand on your own, and I have ceased to care  
Digging, digging deeper for your precious heir  
Discredit, the job's too easy and so painful and way too  
fucking real  
The dirt is on your hands, the blood is on your hands  
And I can see right through them  
You're only a receptacle for me, respectability is a  
weapon  
of the "in" scene  
Dirt is law, new is wrong, can't we just let all this fall out  
of our laps again?  
How many sorries does it take?  
Well I'm sorry, yeah so sorry that you weren't cool  
enough  
Lies time pray for your inheritance, preys on their life.

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