

Boy Sets Fire "Hometown Report Card"

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I used to love you I can't stand the sight of your fucking face
You have helped to build The walls that keep me in my place
The trust I gave no longer comforts The trust I gave in you've broken under
And all that lies you've etched in your stone Will not affect me on my attention
Your hands nailed bleeding in true martyr form Your neutral standpoint has left me standing alone
I'm sick of excuses; I'm tired of lies I'm tired of fools like you wasting my time
Hands of my soul, you can't control (hands off my fucking soul)
And I hope your new friends will treat you just as well For all the hard work you've done to gain their acceptance
Fuck you.

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