

## **Boy Sets Fire "Pure"**

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My mouth is full of your inspiration

Cut me, size me down for your regulation  
Nothing stands so close to driving  
Nothing gets tense or biting  
Nothing stands in the way

It's all right  
Your walls are still white  
Location is everything  
Or so it seems

Stand down  
Stand down  
Stand down  
Stand down

Writing down all your wrongs and rights  
In a book you call your own

Silence kills the revolution  
All that remains stagnant  
Dies submission is your resolve

They've given you all the calls  
[Incomprehensible]  
Sucker punched again

Blind  
Blind  
Blind

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