

Boy Sets Fire

"The Abominations of Those Virtuous"

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We rely on subtle points and stabs at biting humor
To reveal our tired roles of slave and domination
Who did you enlighten today humiliate to sell your
point of view
Create an image for mass consumption insecurities
as intellect

See your soul in your eyes hope your trophies will not
mind
I'm sick of this grain of salt that I must take you with
I want to lash out but I bite my lip
The talk gets older and the lines get stale

Your chance at godliness has already failed
You can't deny your thirst and drive for your time in the
spotlight
Why are you so damned sure that you shut your friends
out
I have learned to shut out every hateful word

You'll never see the friends you've lost
From behind your transparent mask
I haven't grown to hate you I've just grown to forget you
You label me class rank and station your intellectual
masturbation

You're absolutely intoxicated with your own mouth
running in circles
Your tongue always tends to lose it
Every chance you get you abuse it
You have now spent a lifetime killing time

I'm sick and tired of your reaction why don't you shut
the fuck up
And when you discover just how easy it is to impress
Without demanding attention for no reason maybe
you'll believe me
Your own will to power has come back to haunt you

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