

# Boyssetsfire, Report Card

I used to love you  
I can't stand the sight of your f\*\*king 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  
You 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 f\*\*king 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  
F\*\*k you

My hands are washed clean  
But I still haven't forgotten  
Your hands will never wash clean  
You will be forgotten (x3)