

Boysetsfire, 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
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 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)