

# Boy Sets Fire, 65 Factory Outlets

I won't lay my dreams on your altar of sacrifice, sacrifice  
Take it, the lies that you hold dear no longer affect me  
As your life is bought and sold I'll sit back and laugh at your  
Burning, draining, dying world  
Bleed it out, suck it in  
Bleed yourself on demand  
Dried out, killed, overused, drained of all that you give  
Don't expect another contender to be the object of this abuse  
I've given up on the dying, it never gave me your peace  
Smile big, sit straight now, let go of all your dreams  
Bleed yourself dry boy  
You've made your decision; I've made mine  
So you can save your breath selling me on your death  
Die, choose your death  
Die, choose your death  
Die, you choose your own death  
Die, you're already dead  
Die, you're already dead  
Die, you're already dead  
Die, die