

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