

Boysetsfire, A Far Cry

Find myself through the sight of a gun
And selling war never looked so fun
Stand in line for the latest attraction
Dressed in murder like it's hip and in fashion

Walked in like we own the place
(Bright light corpse)
Trigger pressed down, sweat is cold
(Rain down fire)
Bodies burn with babies in their arms
(Love as trash)
Hope is where the heart can die
(What we bring)

Son into heir
They made me my bed to lie

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And selling war never looked so fun
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Finding ways to be a god
(Where's my gun)
Where the blood can drown my soul
(Rain down fire)
All I wanted was destination
(All I got)
All I got was all I gave
(Hope as shit)

Son into heirs
They made me my bed to lie

Find myself through the sight of a gun
And selling war never looked so fun
Stand in line for the latest attraction
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Give up because you'll never justify the blood on your fingers
The bullshit look of concern
The cover ups lie and the bloated corpse
Of a system that is begging to burn

Surrender
Surrender ...

Oh Lord, our father
My young patriots
Idols of our hearts
Go forth to battle
Be though near them
With them
In spirit
We also go forth from a sweet peace of our beloved fireside
To smite them both
Oh Lord, our god
Help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds
With our shells
Help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale warmth
Of their patriot death
Help us to drown out the thunder of their guns with shrieks of their wounded
Writhing in pain
Help us to lay waste their humble homes

With hurricanes of fire
Help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows
With unavailing grief
Help us to tear them out roofless
With their little children
To wander unfriended
In the waste of thier desolated land and rags
And hunger and thirst
Sports (?) of the sun, flames of summer
And icy winds of winter
Broken in spirit
Worn with prevail and pouring
Need for the refuge of the grave and denied it
For our sake, who adore thee
Lord, bless their hopes
Blight their lives
Protract their bitter pilgrimage
Make heavy their steps
Water their way with tears
Stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet
We ask it
In the spirit of love
Of Him, who is the source of love
And who is the ever faithful refuge
And friend of all that are sore, beset and seek his aid
With humble and contrite hearts
Amen

I want to find the water
That will wash this whole damn slate clean

Break down
Break up
We sleep in what we create

Right now, I'm living so much hate
Right here, my sins have all been paid

To you
Your friends
And for your sake
Dirty and so depraved

My knees have bled to hold you here
But now I've lost the taste
For lies force fed as time well spent

Right now, I'm living so much hate
Right here, my sins have all been paid

To you
Your friends
And for your sake
Dirty and so depraved

And if another angel says 'Just grin and bear it'
I might be forced to smash his head
Against the wall
And never sin again

And if another angel says 'Just grin and bear it'
I might be forced to smash his fucking head
Against the wall
And never sin again

Against myself
Or trust in anyone

Write me off
For suffering
It's a joke
I give up