

# 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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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

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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 unafriended  
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