

Boysetsfire, (Compassion) As Skull Fragments O

Front and center

Ten percent
Pulled apart, vilified
Tolerate
But only to patronize

Hang a noose
Like a crucifix dangled high
Leg breakings
For your sheep becomes suicide

Sticking to your guns provokes an ugly picture
Of a child gagging on those same guns
Transforming more self loathing youth
From queers to corpses in two seconds flat

You've got correction tape for every transgress
Immediate approval for distress
Call out your icon from its white washed tomb
Your perversion, your blame, your truth

Trigger finger prints
In a pool of blood
Pray for us that
Our sins will come undone
Now that you've decided
In all of your tirade
That we are not worthy to live

You've got correction tape for every transgress
Immediate approval for distress
Call out your icon from its white washed tomb
Your perversion, your blame, your truth

You will burn in hell for everyone you've killed
For every drop of blood that you've ever spilled
You will burn in hell for everyone you've killed
For every drop of blood that you've ever spilled

And you will burn in hell for everyone you've killed
For every drop of blood that you've ever spilled
And you will burn in hell for everyone you've killed
For every drop of blood you ever fucking spilled

Diseased and deranged
Became a draining mass
Of death at your request

In your prayers
In your speeches
You claim our death