

# 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