

Boysetsfire, Foundations To Burn

Justify, as if it were our right to say
Now decide, which liar you trust and which one chose our fate
Fed in time as a choice we think we're making
It's the guns that we know vs. the guns we never will
When illusions burn where will we be left standing
Still with the guns that we know vs. the guns we never will
Pacify, with false hope of safety within
Never mind that they were never there where could we begin
We call upon god for which killing's permitted,
and then brag out loud that our side made the grade
We better pray, with this as our position
Our wrongs don't come back and burn us down to the ground
And what gives us the right to judge without reprisal
To strike retaliation and wash our hands of blood
And who gave us the crown to claim that we're divine
Without needing repentance and drive them into hell