

Boysetsfire, Full Color Guilt

Ideals of beauty set to color
In savvy death camp chic
The runways turn to gauntlets of disgrace and sickness
For your spectacle your piece

Freeze - her hollow eyes now give you anything
Dead - she never saw it coming anyway

Acceptance is the starving girl that you created
Bleeding your disease
For images of tragedy that you take pride in
To make her feel ashamed

Freeze - her hollow eyes now give you anything
Dead - she never saw it coming anyway

Articles will not redeem
The dead now lying at your feet
You know she doesn't matter
So don't act so coy
She's starving for you
Did you even notice what you took

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Dead - she never saw it coming anyway