

# Boysetsfire, My Life In The Knife Trade

How many times have I noticed that our eyes hardly ever meet  
From your judgment seat I can feel the anger for my very being  
Fill me in on when you became such a big part of my life  
That I should bother with all your lies designed to bring me down  
Wrong again, don't depend on any reaction again

I remember the icy walls that shot up from nowhere  
and I can see every lie you've ever told yourself  
You bleed me dry and I don't ask why, but I'm left with the dust  
Judas kiss, I dismiss, thank you all for this, I am untouched (I am)

Wait again, not through with the screaming  
I contend that you've got nothing better to do  
I'd trade my life for a barrel of gold  
Find someone else before I get too old  
If I live my life for aesthetic gain  
Will you repay me with all your shame

I can see every light inside your brain  
Go on every time that I walk by for nods and whispers  
Your comfort in my suffering is no longer disturbing  
I'm lost beyond your petty stopwatch in life's real time (life's real)

Wait again, not through with the screaming  
I contend that you've got nothing better to do  
I'd trade my life for a barrel of gold  
Find someone else before I get too old  
If I live my life for aesthetic gain  
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Don't get up I was only leaving the room  
When the door of your judgment swings back around again  
maybe I'll stop to watch your act and I'll go on my way  
I've seen quite enough of too many childish games

I'm ashamed of every moment and that I ever gave them the time of day  
All the worst enemies are somehow always friends that used to be