

Boysetsfire, Our Time Honored Tradition Of Cannibalism

(All obsessed with the taste of flesh)

From Black Panthers to the CIA
Into a sharp wit with a stupid slag
We've gone and dug our own hole
Cause everybody knows
We eat our own

Unconcerned with the battle within
Instead we're shooting ourselves in the foot
So busy fighting each other
While the real bastards run for cover
We shoot our own leaders down
Before those in power get the chance
So they sit back and laugh
While we destroy ourselves

Wake up and shudder, we've become our worst enemy
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We've sold ourselves out

Turning inward to our own detriment
Forgetting the message that we were to send
We've lost
Count up
Victims
Roll call

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They're all our own
Look back at what we've done
Drove out
The wrong side
Kicked sand in our own eyes
Kicked sand in our own eyes

With every hero's welcome is another group on the side
Ready to fire if they step out of line
Just one mistake and the jealous hands claw away
Any hope for a better way
You bought it
Forget it
Goodbye

So saints be on your toes
And heroes be not proud
Because as soon as the people rise
Someone will tear you down

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