

# Boysenfire, Pure

My mouth is full of your inspiration  
Cut me, size me down for your regulation  
Nothing stands so close to driving  
Nothing gets tense or biting  
Nothing stands in the way  
It's all right  
Your walls are still white  
Location is everything, or so it seems  
Writing down all your "wrongs" or "rights"  
In a book you call your own  
Stand down  
Silence kills the revolution  
All that remains stagnant  
Dies submission is your resolve  
They've given you all the calls  
Sucker punched again  
Blind... blind... blind