

# Boysetsfire, The Abominations Of Those Virtuous

We rely on subtle points  
And stabs at biting humor  
To reveal our tired roles  
Of slave and domination

Who did you enlighten today  
Humiliate to sell your point of view  
Create an image for mass consumption  
Insecurity as intellect

See your soul in your eyes  
Hope your trophies will not mind

I'm sick of this grain of salt  
That I must take you with  
I want to lash out  
But I bite my lip

The talk gets older and the lines get stale  
Your chance at godliness has already failed

You can't deny  
Your thirst and drive  
For your time in the spotlight

Why  
Are you so damned sure that you shut your friends out  
I have  
Learned to shut out  
Every hateful word

You'll never see the friends you've lost  
From behind your transparent mask

I haven't grown to hate you  
I've just grown to forget you

You label me class, rank and station  
Your intellectual masturbation  
You're absolutely intoxicated  
By your own mouth running in circles  
Your tongue always tends to lose it  
Every chance you get you abuse it  
You have now spent a lifetime

Killing time  
Killing time  
Tow the line  
But you're eager, withdraw and I'll  
Follow you

Though you're quick to act  
Like a threat  
To make others feel so small  
The thought that you repeat  
And the letter that you scream  
Before that you were killing time

In time

I'm sick and tired of your reaction  
I'm sick and tired of your reaction  
I'm sick and tired of your reaction  
Why don't you shut the fuck up

When you discover just how easy it is to impress  
Without demanding all the attention for no reason  
Maybe you'll believe me

Your own will to power has come back to haunt you  
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