

Boysetsfire, Toy Gun Anthem

You're just another anthem
Guided by the bullet
And you can take this all to hell
With your fucking victims
Down a toast of their blood with your wine
While refining your ego's defense
The glory of bullets, the fire, the mobs action to riot
Your keen sense of interest in the revolution will end
With the stains of innocence on your hands
The flags that divide us grow stronger
With your plastic refinement
Plaster your picture of heads
Lining your mantle
Define your heresy with streets
Lined with their entrails
Your murders reek of their guns
Your motives reek of their kind
When you've fooled the people
With your selfish intentions
You can bask in the warmth
Of your thugs in action
When it all comes down
You decide we're just looking for another leader
To bring us down
Your anthem will die with you
Like all those before you
Killing off the masses that you
Claim to liberate
Back to square one
As the swine take on the faces
Of their masters