## 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

Of their masters

As the swine take on the faces