

# Boysetsfire, Twelve Step Hammer Program

Bring it on

I've got your life when I've got your fear  
I'll give you all what you want to hear  
You've got me figured out so perfect

I'm on the couch lying to your face  
Just to see what you can cut and paste  
Of my life on your next banner

Wait, I'm not finished with you yet  
Race, run frantic, eating from my hand  
Come on

Scrape your knees to the finish line  
The weak get pulled and you're left behind  
You think you know me, feel the comfort

The rug gets swiped and you've fallen down  
So many times that you have kissed the ground  
Just for a piece of fact or fiction

Wait, I'm not finished with you yet  
Race, run frantic, eating from my hand

Consider yourself the punchline in my new gag  
Thank you very much  
You've given all of us  
A fantastic laugh

Bring it on

Nose to nose and toe to toe  
Tell me everything you know  
Or is everything for show

Tabloid garbage in your fangs  
Suck and you'll be duped again  
I get the last laugh in the end