

Toy Gun Anthem

Boy Sets Fire

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 And 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
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
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
As the swine take on the faces of their masters
As the swine take on the faces of their masters
Your anthem will die with you

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