

Pure

Boy Sets Fire

My mouth is full of your inspiration
Cut me, size me down for your regulation
Nothing stands so close to driving
Nothing gets tense or biting
Nothing stands in the way
It's all right
Your walls are still white
Location is everything
Or so it seems
Stand down
Stand down
Stand down
Stand down
Writing down all your wrongs and rights
In a book you call your own
Silence kills the revolution
All that remains stagnant
Dies submission is your resolve
They've given you all the calls
[Incomprehensible]
Sucker punched again
Blind
Blind
Blind

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