

# Every Boy Should Collect Knives

Outline in Color

Build me a foundation  
Not one of perfection  
But one of structure and word  
My eyes are upright, in constant search  
Perfection, a shout Unconquerable  
Aren't we all human  
Aren't we all human

Our time is now, for we are running  
Running out  
We were never meant to be, We were never  
Meant to be  
Give me place, reasons to be strong  
Reasons to be strong  
Fallace, the enemy at my throat  
Where do I stand

Then hear my ties to burden  
And this is where I'm from

Build me a foundation  
Not one of perfection  
But one of structure and word  
My eyes are upright, in constant search  
Perfection, a shout Unconquerable  
Aren't we all human  
Aren't we all human

Who am I, who am I to listen to a voice unheard in truth  
I am, I am made in imperfections  
to be searching for something  
found in ways of world we cannot know  
Who am I to think I'm one with this  
to devise a life and run with it  
Well, I'm running away

Then hear my ties to burden  
And this is where I'm from  
So when my body fails me  
And all my beliefs, taking flight  
This is how you'll remember me

Will I ever be answered  
Given so many  
So many choices  
So be it  
This is where I stand

Build me a foundation  
Not one of perfection  
But one of structure and word  
My eyes are upright, in constant search  
Perfection, a shout Unconquerable  
Aren't we all human  
Aren't we all human