

Heretics & Killers

Protest the Hero

They called me the man with the blood of Christ honesty
But tonight (Tonight we'll sleep as killers)
I drink with heathens and our, our finest blasphemies
(As we break the cryptic, as we break the cryptic)

In wine there's truth but in silence there's surrender
A screaming for the silence in stunned suspicious terror
Built a temple in my life and used God to seal the pillars
After twenty years of fighting young heretics and killers

I watch my temple fall to pieces
at the first signs of oncoming weather
Fell to my knees like
Jesus in the cave,
Jesus in the cave,
Jesus in the cave,
I knew I would die but my lips could only say;
I'm not your son, so why have you forsaken me?

There's a hole in my heart but it just makes me unholy
Crucified that night and I walked away with alter-egos
Like the prison priest who preaches his dead and buried gospel

With my faith in ruins my duty still breathes strong
I'm a parrot in a cage just singing prayers to belong
to a textbook of my crying, lying, dying history;
a textbook of my crying, lying, dying history
a textbook of my crying
a textbook of my lying
a textbook of my dying
a textbook of my history