

# Tapestry

## Protest the Hero

And what a fucking waste of a day  
We just lay around and waste away  
Because when that sun goes down it's bottoms up  
We try to reach the bottom of the endless cup

Everybody's getting older, but no one's growing up

As the weather's getting colder, the room starts heating up

Cam's hair just keeps falling out and Chris just keeps getting fatter  
But from where I sit now, on this rickety stool  
None of that shit really matters because  
This is our Versailles  
Palace on the swamp

Listen to me for a nominal fee you can have anything you want  
What matters the most is the bad joke ghost  
Circling your floating corpse at the end of the haunt

Never forming pleasantries

I'm so drunk I can't feel a thing

Pledge your allegiance to the fucking swamp king

Drunk as hell  
Dumb as all get out  
So pucker up those pretty lips of yours and  
Kiss my ass and shut your mouth

Sometimes a knife right through your heart is exactly what you need  
Sometimes the things that you're ashamed of make you who you're supposed to be

Listen to me for a nominal fee you can have anything you want  
We'll remain here  
We'll remain here forever and always  
What matters the most is the backdrop ghost  
circling your floating corpse at the end of the haunt  
We'll remain here  
We'll remain here forever (always)

Like a million other soldiers on a thousand other battlefields we wait  
t  
Wait for the dawn  
Like a million other soldiers yes we wait

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Palace on the swamp  
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