

The Divine Suicide Of K.

Protest the Hero

I better think of my answers now
because I know the questions will be asked
Like if I brought the joy I found
in the confessions of a mask
The tip of my tongue's already
touching the top of my mouth
It's meaning manifest in mercy
burning down, burning down,
burning down, burning down,
burning down, burning down,
burning down the house

It's true that tactless teem totem-poles
turn tolerance to tired taboos
It's true that a bullet never knocks on the door,
it's about to come crashing through

I walking one last mile in big steps as your alter-wine
I'm doing it in tattered shoes that aren't even mine
Because my own are in a box locked up with possessions I can't
have
Like the gunman with his future and the prison priest's golden
calf

Walking one last mile
Walking one last mile...

Blindfolds aside I'd probably still close my eyes
And try to feel a trembling fetal life inside
that shotgun barrel that's about to make me bleed
Like an ulcer in the stomach of the beast

Like a little girl on a bed that was years ago deceased
Resurrected last night with a letter she can't trace

Resurrected to be killed then maybe born again
I'll always be Kezia as long as any hope remains

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