

## Bury The Hatchet

## Protest the Hero

Well place your justice in my palm  
and then I'll make a fist  
And punch your grimaced face  
until every knuckle breaks  
And bleeds in resistance to my sidewalk painting

A mangled body twitching and regaining consciousness and closure  
Attempting composure before a bullet  
in the mouth answers the questions of exposure  
And God of Sunday School façades  
and paycheques to validate the time I served abroad  
(We will say it all means nothing) if I forget why I'm here  
To serve and protect my fist over fist  
mind under matter career

That's why this sounds kind of funny  
when he falls to his knees  
With his hand on his throat while he begs you to please (spare  
his life)  
Falls to his knees (when he falls to his knees)  
Falls to his knees (With his hand on his throat while he begs you  
to please)

Oh all of this ask for change (change)  
While I explain the hardest of bodies dulls the softest of knives

When I hold up his head and carve X's in his eyes  
When I hold up his head and carve X's in his eyes  
and carve X's in his eyes

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I've just been trained to disregard the prisoner's life  
Because I am the prison guard

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