

Divinity Within

Protest the Hero

This morning there are no rods or staffs
To comfort you dressed as a target
As you amble in your chains and stumble through
The corridors that lead to our makeshift valley of death

In the prison's backyard
where you'll give us your final breath
Last night I saw you dine with lovers and human tears
But glanced at me in ways
that brought to life my sleeping fears

That today you'll bite my neck
Today you'll bite my neck
That today you'll bite my neck
Today you'll bite my neck

Today you'll bite my neck
Today you'll bite my neck
That today you'll bite my neck
Today you'll bite my neck... [continues in the background]

and peel away the aging skin
Expose this lifeless body and the void
Divinity within (I watch my temple fall to pieces)
Divinity within (I watch my temple fall to pieces)

So tell me when I've read you your rights
When the guns are in their place
When your crime no longer seems absurd

When your crime's no longer absurd
What will you say
when we ask you what are your final words?

When your crime's no longer absurd
What will you, what will you say, Kezia,
when we ask what are your final words?
what are your final words?