

Dunsel

Protest the Hero

And when the underworld's
Best kept secrets
Saw it's own reflection
I knew things had finally changed
For better or worse
Whatever as always

Midlife fires start to burn
They burn down our worn protection
I won't take pictures from their frame
Whatever as always

When the hands that sold me everything
Slapped a price tag on my chest
Bit my tongue and shut my mouth
Tried to blend in with the rest

But I'm a square peg
I'm a sore thumb

And it seems to me self apathy
Kills the life in artistry
{And leaves us} ankle deep in industry

All these songs sound so damn good
Even if their meaning's hollow
Hollow words dry out your mouth
You might find it hard to swallow
All this shit that we keep feeding
To keep ourselves and you believing
That no money can change us
Then a door opens up and some devil persuades us

The songs we sung when we were just young
Have all but lost their meaning
But there's still a few things
Still a few things
Still a few things
That we keep on believing
Still a few things
There's still a few things
That we keep on believing

Shitty music just ain't worth making
Smiles and thank-you's just ain't worth faking
Some assholes' hands ain't worth shaking
And if it's not broken we need to break it

There's no such thing as unconditional
Though contracts bind you in the end
Make no mistake, this is a killing ground
Blood hungry and camouflaged as friend
Select yes
At the end of this mess
If you get there and if it's your only fucking option left

These days I don't know

The people I'm supposed to trust
And I don't trust these people
That I'm supposed to know

The handlebars on my dreams they slowly start to rust
They'll take everything and somehow you still owe
And as the cocaine cowboys finally get their wings
And sell them all for blow
These days I don't know these people that I'm supposed to trust
And I don't trust these motherfuckers that I'm supposed to know
These handlebars on all my dreams they slowly start to rust
The cocaine cowboys finally get their wings
And they sell them all for blow
They finally get their wings and then they sell them all for blow
I make music for myself, not for hand jobs from the upper-
tier or their undeserved wealth
Here's to their failing fucking health

I don't mean this in a hateful way, but when the people you love start walki
ng away
The walls get tighter each and every day
Take your last bite before it crumbles away
And there's something inside me I just have to say
Love nothing
Trust no one
Just live for the motherfucking day