

# I Am Dmitri Karamazov And The World Is My Father

Protest the Hero

And so it starts from one impurity  
held in place by loveless security,  
always thrown around  
and beaten by squinted eyes  
that soon bear turned back, abstract views  
through broken bottles of brandy.  
I'm questioned all my life  
why I kept on saying that  
I didn't even ask to be here,  
you made that choice for me,  
enrolled me in your schools and church  
and in your god forsaken military.  
What cost do I pay for being born of you?  
My life, enslaved by passions that held away from me.  
Who is my mother?  
Where is her grace?  
Where is that subtle joy I crave?  
Who is my mother?  
Where is her grace?  
Where is that subtle joy I crave?  
It's gone, it's gone  
or should I say never existed anyway.  
Blurry winter clouds and snow melted by anger -  
My subscription. My addiction, my addiction.  
If I had one love in this world  
If I had one love in this world  
If I had one love in this world  
If I had one love in this... {you tried to take it away.}  
A pound of nuts is simply not enough to keep my rage at  
A pound of nuts is simply not enough to keep my rage at bay  
and though I didn't kill you.  
like you tried to do to me.  
I'm just as guilty  
because I would have wanted to be free.