

Tapestry

Protest the Hero

And what a fucking waste of a day
We just lay around and waste away
Because when that sun goes down it's bottoms up
We try to reach the bottom of the endless cup

Everybody's getting older, but no one's growing up

As the weather's getting colder, the room starts heating up

Cam's hair just keeps falling out and Chris just keeps getting fatter
But from where I sit now, on this rickety stool
None of that shit really matters because
This is our Versailles
Palace on the swamp

Listen to me for a nominal fee you can have anything you want
What matters the most is the bad joke ghost
Circling your floating corpse at the end of the haunt

Never forming pleasantries

I'm so drunk I can't feel a thing

Pledge your allegiance to the fucking swamp king

Drunk as hell
Dumb as all get out
So pucker up those pretty lips of yours and
Kiss my ass and shut your mouth

Sometimes a knife right through your heart is exactly what you need
Sometimes the things that you're ashamed of make you who you're supposed to be

Listen to me for a nominal fee you can have anything you want
We'll remain here
We'll remain here forever and always
What matters the most is the backdrop ghost
circling your floating corpse at the end of the haunt
We'll remain here
We'll remain here forever (always)

Like a million other soldiers on a thousand other battlefields we wait
t
Wait for the dawn
Like a million other soldiers yes we wait

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