

## The Divine Suicide Of K.

Protest the Hero

I better think of my answers now  
because I know the questions will be asked  
Like if I brought the joy I found  
in the confessions of a mask  
The tip of my tongue's already  
touching the top of my mouth  
It's meaning manifest in mercy  
burning down, burning down,  
burning down, burning down,  
burning down, burning down,  
burning down the house

It's true that tactless teem totem-poles  
turn tolerance to tired taboos  
It's true that a bullet never knocks on the door,  
it's about to come crashing through

I walking one last mile in big steps as your alter-wine  
I'm doing it in tattered shoes that aren't even mine  
Because my own are in a box locked up with possessions I can't  
have  
Like the gunman with his future and the prison priest's golden  
calf

Walking one last mile  
Walking one last mile...

Blindfolds aside I'd probably still close my eyes  
And try to feel a trembling fetal life inside  
that shotgun barrel that's about to make me bleed  
Like an ulcer in the stomach of the beast

Like a little girl on a bed that was years ago deceased  
Resurrected last night with a letter she can't trace

Resurrected to be killed then maybe born again  
I'll always be Kezia as long as any hope remains

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Resurrected to be killed and then maybe born again  
I'll always be Kezia so long as any hope remains