

Turn Soonest To The Sea

Protest the Hero

Do you remember how it was when you bled?
When you loved and burned in those flames that you've kept
Because Vesta's long been sleeping
Now you've come to accept
that anatomy defines more than a few,

Of the gaping holes in our social fabric
And it defines more than a few one night stands,
And I mention more than a few prison bars melted into (melted into)
Melted in, melted in, melted into wedding bands

We've made you all the peasants and we've made ourselves the kings
Our queens are still subordinate as an angel {without wings}
But we make it easy to belong which means it's easy to be wrong
"Put some plastic in your tits, you'd look better as a blonde"

I remember when you were hopeful
neverthought your life would be lived inside a coffin
With a moral sacrifice and a million social obligations,
labels and expectations
When you were young and a modern seventeen
in vogue (and vague) pursuit (of a) cosmopolitan dream

So when you bled on the bed as you fed those expectations
as a whore and not a human
You embraced with hesitation the very parameters of all you can be
Not a mother, not an aunt, not a sister that's not subdued
Because dignity is not physical and your flesh means more than you

Your flesh means more than you
Your flesh means more than you
Your flesh means more than...

and I know....

Know we'll all wake up one day with a gun to the back of our brains
You'll be asking for your rib, and I'll smile and I'll call you brave
Maybe someday when, when this bloody skull has dried
{I'll} know our city is in ruins when our greatest source of pride
{is} a monument of dicks and ribs and the gender crown we wore
Where underneath, a plaque will read, a plaque will read,
"No woman. No woman. No woman. No woman. (is a whore!)"

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"Ready, Aim"