Yellow Teeth (Instrumental)

Protest the Hero

Passing judgment with haste
And laying to waste those who stand
Before us and dishonor the faith.
A dramatic opinion, but an opinion the same.
An attempt now to make right,
Not to enthrall or defame.An opinion piece, one after another.
Laid fat from feast, one after another.A man is nothing more than what others claim he is,
So speak clear and ill of me and so it will be.
The grating sound of my voice.
The yellowing of my teeth.Speak up.
Speak clear.
Speak ill of me.I found myself awake last night.
May the players take their place,
Repeat their lines exactly to my public disgrace.The years exaggerate how horrible it was to be stricken silent
With no explanation for the cause.
I can't be the only one losing sleep over things
I should or shouldn't have done.They are the rope around the neck.
They are the blade pressed to the wrist.
It might seem detrimental, but it's meaningless.
Left to my own devices, I am strange.I'm a liarâ€”entertained.
I am no one to be reviled.
I am no one to be admired.
Jumping rope at the end of the street,
I am everyone, and everyone is me.

Songwriters
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