

# Goddess Gagged

## Protest the Hero

Oh God  
The sound they must have heard in the distance  
A wilderness of sound and movement  
Repeating itself across the narrows of the mountainside  
The cries of creatures crashing, kill them  
The human voices heralding the hillside  
Their bellows bouncing, ripe with resonance  
From here the unimportant call  
Receive the unimportant answer  
Oh goddess, who bore us what we must have done  
Goddess, who bore us what we must have done  
Bury your daughter and pray for a son  
The wind and the rain  
(Oh goddess, who bore us what we must have done)  
Spoke a language of wonder  
(Bury your daughter and pray for a son)  
To a species rising thickly to a dialog with thunder  
From an empty space between no good with the rest  
Clear the empty space between bad and worse  
Language unravels and irony hurts, yeah  
In the common place between hunger and thirst  
The words that could find us, a blessing or curse  
The words that can find us, the ideas diverse  
Now can I hear the song without verse?  
The sound, of the sound, of the sound  
Of the sound, uttered first  
With the burst into nothing so silent  
So silent and soft  
The sound, of the sound, of the sound, uttered first  
Burst into nothing so smoothening and soft  
The silence inside you when the music is stopped  
The silence inside you when the music is stopped  
When the music is stopped

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