Heretics & Killers

Protest the Hero

They called me the man with the blood of Christ, Honesty
But tonight I drink with heathens and the finest blasphemies
In wine there's truth but in silence there's surrenderA screaming for the silence in stunned suspicious terror
I built a temple in my life and used God to seal the pillars
After twenty years of fighting young heretics and killers
I watch my temple fall to pieces at the first signs of oncoming weather
Fell to my knees like Jesus in the cave,I knew I would die but my lips could only say; I'm not your son so why have you forsaken me?
There's a hole in my heart but it just makes me unholyCrucified that night and I walked away with alter-egos
Like the prison priest who preaches his dead and buried gospelWith my faith in ruins my duty breathes strong
I'm a parrot in a cage just saying prayers to belongTextbook of my crying, lying, dying history x2Textbook of my crying
A Textbook of my lying
A Textbook of my dying
A Textbook of my history.

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