

My Protector

Hell Is For Heroes

You've been keeping your distance
 Infected as I am
I'll come wounded and careless
 Crawling back to you
Crumbling down under spotlights
 For I am weak like you
 Scent of placenta
We're heading back to the source
 The houselights fade out
 A perfect warm death
The worms have crawled in
 And made us who we are
 Radio out
Dancing to a silent tune
 Stand up and shout

For all we are is innocent
 Turn the lights out
This could be the final hour
 And we're on time
 I see hundreds of faces
 Staring back at me
An armory of human shields
To protect me from the truth
 The truth as I never told it
 For I'm a liar like you
Nothing quite like a transplant
 To erase the past
 Tie your blindfold
This could be the final hour
 And we all count.

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