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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