Bury the Hatchet

SWISS ALPS

Well, place your justice in my palm
And then I'll make a fist
And punch your grimaced face
Until every knuckle breaks
And bleeds in resistance to my sidewalk painting
A mangled body twitching
And regaining consciousness and closure
Attempting composure before a bullet
In the mouth answers the questions of exposure
And God of Sunday school facades
And pay cheques to validate the time I served abroad
(We will say it all means nothing)
If I forget why I'm here
To serve and protect my fist over fist
Mind under matter career
That's why this sounds kind of funny
When he falls to his knees
With his hand on his throat
While he begs you to please
(Spare his life)
Falls to his knees
(When he falls to his knees)
Falls to his knees
(With his hand on his throat while he begs you to please)
Oh, all of this ask for change
(Change)
While I explain the hardest of bodies
Dulls the softest of knives
When I hold up his head and carve X's in his eyes
When I hold up his head and carve X's in his eyes
And carve X's in his eyes
I swear I have compassion
I've just been trained to disregard the prisoner's life
Because I am the prison guard
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