Divinity Within

Protest The Hero

This morning there's no rods or staffs to comfort you dressed
As a target as you amble in your chains and stumble through
The corridors that lead to our makeshift valley of death
In the prison's backyard where you'll give us your final breath
Last night, I saw you dine with lovers and human tears
But glanced at me in ways that brought to life my sleeping fears
That today you'll bite my neck, today you'll bit my neck
That today you'll bite my neck, today you'll bit my neck
That today you'll bite my neck, today you'll bit my neck
That today you'll bite my neck, today you'll bit my neck
Peel away the aging skin, expose the lifeless body
And the void of divinity within, I watch my temple fall to pieces
Divinity within, I watch my temple fall to pieces
So, tell me when I've read you your rights
When the guns are in their place
When your crime's no longer seems absurd
When your crime's no longer absurd
What will you say when we ask you
"What are your final words?"
When your crime's no longer absurd
What will you, what will you say Kezia?
When we ask, "What are your final words?
What are your final words?"

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