

# Blindfolds Aside

## Protest The Hero

We woke up as men but tonight, tonight we'll sleep as killers  
As we break the cryptic morning with a bullet and a prayer  
The steel never seemed more cold and agile  
Than life never seems less vital and fragile With a heart that's beating louder than my own  
I watch a woman they call Kezia, I watch  
A woman that I know, my hopes and my own future  
Blindfolded to atone, to atone for A sin I didn't care for but a sin that paid my debts  
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes And no one ever said that hope would be so  
beautiful  
And no one ever said I have to pull that trigger on her  
I can't even still her trembling hands  
That were locked up by the dutiful and the obligated Five soldiers forever sedated with the 'No one's  
responsible'  
Psychological drama of our social justice dribble (Her tiny steps tell lies about the choice I have to make)  
To resurrect a static lifestyle, to starve to death my own mistakes  
Pull the screaming trigger and watch your carcass bleed me dry  
Or drop the gun and try to shake away the blindfold from your eyes  
Drop the gun, drop the gun, drop the gun, drop the gun Sin, I didn't care for but a sin that paid my debts  
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes  
Sin, I didn't care for but a sin that paid my debts  
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes

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