

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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