

# Tongue-Splitter

## Protest the Hero

Psycho therapist once claimed  
I had acute neurosis  
Well, I only said a couple words  
And he made his diagnosisHe said I could say whatever I want  
Because I never chose this  
So I spat, grinned, then I looked at him  
And I blew him a glass cold kiss behindKnows just when I let a bottom be dead  
Never too sure if it's the truth or a lieI'm not asking for your pity  
Oh woe, is me sarcastically  
I'm not losing sleep pathetically  
While waxing so poeticallyBut I'm waning, waning alphabetically  
As I keep dropping bombs, dropping bombs  
Dropping bombs apologeticallyIt was a wicked whimpering  
Winter plagued night  
When my tongue grew wings  
And took to flightThe thought had never crossed  
My mind before that moment  
Is the truth so bent, it can't be brokenJealousy got the best of me  
And had a conference with the rest of me  
And said if this is all that's left for me  
Then there's so little room for regretLittle voice, little voice  
Little voice inside my head  
Said if you don't regret nothing  
Then you might as well be dead  
Might as well be dead  
Might as well be deadSo I apologize, mostly  
To the four of my guys  
Who stand behind me  
On the stage every nightAs the mic starts to whisper  
And the words start to blister in my mouth  
That I know aren't rightI gotta get back to who I was  
Before my last ten years on auto-pilotIt's the mask that quite often  
Starts to eat into your face  
So wear it lightly like a cap  
That can quickly be replacedI gotta get back to who I was  
Before my last ten years on auto-pilotSo tell me again how my life  
Should have been before I was spineless  
Before I gave in'Cause everybody thinks it's timeless  
Well, time's running out

One thing I'll never regret is  
I never shed my face

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