Dunsel

Protest the Hero

And when the underworld's
Best kept secrets
Saw it's own reflection
I knew things had finally changed
For better or worse
Whatever as alwaysMidlife fires start to burn
They burn down our worn protection
I won't take pictures from their frame
Whatever as alwaysWith their hands that sold me everything
Slapped a price tag on my chest
Bit my tongue and shut my mouth
Tried to blend in with the rest
But I'm a square peg, I'm a sore thumbAnd it seems to me this apathy
Kills the life and honesty
It will deepen industryAll these songs sound so damn good
Even if their meaning's hollow
Hollow words dry out your mouth
You might find it hard to swallowAll this shit that we keep feeding
To keep ourselves and you believing
That no money can change us
Then a door opens up and some devil persuades usThe songs we sung when we were just young
Have all but lost their meaning
But there's still a few things
There's still a few things, still a few things
That we keep on believingStill a few things
There's still a few things
That we keep on believingShitty music just ain't worth making
Smiles and thank you's just ain't worth faking
Some assholes' hands ain't worth shaking
And if it ain't broken we need to break itThere's no such thing as unconditional
No contracts bind you in the end
Make no mistake, this is a killing ground
Blood hungry and camouflaged as friendSelect yes
At the end of this mess
If you get there then
It's your only fucking option leftThese days I don't know
The people I'm supposed to trust
And I don't trust these people
That I'm supposed to knowThe handlebars on my dreams

They slowly start to rust
Helped take everything
And somehow you still know
And as the cocaine cowboys finally get their wings
And sell them all for blowThese days I don't know these people
That I'm supposed to trust
And I don't trust these motherfuckers
That I'm supposed to knowThese handlebars on all my dreams
They slowly start to rust
The cocaine cowboys finally get their wings too
Now they sell them all for blow
They finally get their wings
Now they sell them all for blowI make music for myself, not for hand jobs
From the upper-tier or their undeserved wealth
Here's to their failing fucking healthI don't mean this in a hateful way
But when the people you love start walking away
The world gets harder each and every day
Take your last bite before it crumbles awayThere's something inside me I just have to say
Love nothing, trust no one
Just live for the motherfucking day

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/