

# Ragged Tooth (Instrumental)

## Protest the Hero

What unknown face now breaks the silence?  
What tipping force disturbs the balance?  
Swift and sober, comes a voice, offering a bitter choice  
Take up a crime and serve the sentence, offer up a final penance  
Or dismantle colossus from deep inside, conspirators, and those allied  
Gifts of bronze, iron, obsidian, from nave to chop, plunged and hidden  
Deep in the chests of those who cry, the songs of gods untrue  
The prayers to start or end the coup, forever silenced  
Like sulfur set to fire, blue flame is born  
To rip through homes and cleanse the town  
A new world rendered, an old world mourned  
The old world left to drown  
It draws closer with every step, push off with both feet  
Fall into the chasm, which will consume all  
March not to the drum, but off the beat  
Burst into the evening, cool air burns the lungs  
Fear not the turning heads, the darting glances, the lashing tongues  
The glowing eyes that burn like embers, fall painful on the skin  
Seething with hatred, and writhing in pain, they cast a ghastly grin  
Yet among the faces shrouded in horror, one truth prevails  
All who've ever come this far exclusively have failed  
Reach for the hand whose grasp is firm,  
Whose blistered palms can confirm,  
A kinship in a spiteful place,  
with tender touch a warm embrace  
Though nights turn long and cold, and the warmth of the day escapes  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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