

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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