

The Dissentience

Protest the Hero

Down the street half a block away
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other in smoke signals
Down the street half a block and
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
The law is aging
(Oh, yes it is)
Oh, sitting across, telling stories
Eyes unclosed like books we've read twice
(So sit across the table, feed me some lies) So cry ghost baby So on the shelves lined with spines
The dust collects as scattered ash from an urn unturned
Spilling over someone regular and other such regulars Cry ghost and boast of the friend of a friend
Who saw a strange sight or heard a strange sound
Now whisper tall tales of murder Down the street half a block away
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other in smoke signals
Brought together to burn, brought together to burn Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing Somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she's read Somebody's, somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she read
Of the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat Somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she read
Of the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat

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