

# 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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