

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 blow These 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 know These 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 blow I make music for myself, not for hand jobs
From the upper-tier or their undeserved wealth
Here's to their failing fucking health I 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 away There's something inside me I just have to say
Love nothing, trust no one
Just live for the motherfucking day

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