

No Stars over Bethlehem

Protest the Hero

I'll burn all the lives of this angel illuminati
When St. Michael sized means find an end to justify
A belief to fortify this stained glass disgrace
Too beautiful to change or perhaps too scared
The truth behind our lives will be erased
A crusader begging for a crusade in which to die
Where lead locusts pierce the heart of men
And tie the tongues of those who lie
Cut the sinner, bleed redemption through the city streets
That resonate in prayers of this never should be
Someone plunged a dagger deep into God's chest and
When he groaned it laid our entire civilization to rest
When he pulled out the dagger and marveled at the pain he could create
We stuck another in his back to seal creation's fate
Now we turn from wealth in the height of all our poverty
A call that renders me ageless
Turning the pages of a belief that's greater than us all
Amen to the fools and the cossacks and the pulpits
Amen to the people who think there's still a way to help us

Songwriters

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