

# The Divine Suicide Of K. (Album Version)

## Protest the Hero

Better think of my answers now because I know the questions will be asked  
Like if I brought the joy I found in the confessions of a mask  
The tip of my tongue's already touching the top of my mouth  
It's meaning manifest in mercy burning down the house  
It's true that tactless teem totem-poles turn tolerance to tired taboos  
It's true that a bullet never knocks on the door, it's about to come crashing through  
Walking one last mile in big steps as your alter-wine  
Doing it in tattered shoes that aren't even mine  
Because my own are in a box locked up with possessions I can't have  
Like the gunman with his future and the prison priest's golden calf  
Blindfolds aside I'd probably still close my eyes  
And try to feel a trembling fetal life inside that shotgun barrel that's about to make me bleed  
Like an ulcer in the stomach of the beast  
Like a little girl on a bed that was years ago deceased  
Resurrected last night with a letter she can't trace  
Resurrected to be killed and maybe born again  
I'll always be Kezia so long as any hope remains

Songwriters

HOSKIN, LUCAS / WALKER, RODY / MIRABODLBAGHI, ARIF / MILLAR, TIM / CARLSON,  
MORGAN

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