

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 calfBlindfolds 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

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MORGANPublished by

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