A Plateful Of Our Dead

Protest The Hero

Don't ever ask us to define our morals
Sometimes when fundamentals meet teenage heartbreak
Some of us are all of us half-selves that love whole hopes
And hara-kiri heartbreak
There's almost nothing worse than never being real
Strained voices crying wolf when nobody can hear
If I had a gun, l'd pump your ethics full of lead
If I believed in meat, l'd eat a plateful of our dead
There's merit in destruction when it's done with your own hands
There's beauty in construction, resurrection, another chance
There's a you and I in union but just an I in our beliefs
There's a crashing plane with a banner that reads everyone's native
The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this horse
Is the sounds of whips on flesh and a bleeding heart remorse
The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this horse
And a bleeding heart
When l'm in this state of reflection and you hand me whips
And two by fours, I could never bring them down, bring them down
Bring them down and beat the same horse as before
Bring them down, as before
I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds
Until a garden with our bullet laden morals will be found
I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds
Until a garden with our bullet laden morals will be found, will be found

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