

# Tapestry

## Protest the Hero

And what a fucking waste of a day  
We just lay around and waste away  
'Cause when that sun goes down it's bottoms up  
We try to reach the bottom of the endless cupEverybody's getting older  
But no one's growing up  
As the weather's getting colder  
The room starts heating upKev's hair just keeps falling out  
And Chris just keeps getting fatter  
But from where I sit now, on this rickety stool  
None of that shit really matters because  
This is our Versailles  
Palace on the swampListen to me for a nominal fee  
You can have anything you want  
What matters the most is the backdrop ghost  
Circling your floating corpse at the end of the hauntNever forming pleasantry  
I'm so drunk I can't feel a thing  
Pledge your allegiance to the fucking swamp kingDrunk as hell, dumb as all get out  
So pucker up those pretty lips of yours and  
Kiss my ass and shut your mouthSometimes a knife right through your heart  
Is exactly what you need  
Sometimes the things that you're ashamed of  
Make you who you're supposed to beListen to me for a nominal fee  
You can have anything you want  
We'll remain here  
We'll remain here forever and alwaysWhat matters the most is the backdrop ghost  
Circling your floating corpse at the end of the haunt  
We'll remain here  
We'll remain here forever alwaysLike a million other soldiers  
On a thousand other battlefields we wait  
Wait for the dawn  
Like a million other soldiers, yes, we waitThis is our Versailles  
Palace on the swamp  
This is our VersaillesThis is our Versailles  
Palace on the swamp  
This is our Versailles

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