

Spoils (Instrumental)

Protest the Hero

And now with the art of casting names upon its being
The humans claimed dominion over every living fucking thing
Proud as a purpose they became to walk the earth
As they arraigned the common creatures
Caught within the corpus, cursed, conscious human brain
Every word that's ever written will fall short of its
intent
Even sung or spoke or screamed, they will betray what they have meant
They will betray what they have meant
Language is the heart's lament
A weak attempt to circumvent the loneliness inherent
In the search for permanence
Like all the future ghosts who scratch their names in wet cement
Demeaning meaning as they shout out at the emptiness
Abstraction is the stake between the animal and
animus
Deflesh the word as scourge of human destiny
Behold the world in other people, life is charity

Songwriters

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Published by
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