

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 cup Everybody's getting older
But no one's growing up
As the weather's getting colder
The room starts heating up Kev'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 swamp Listen 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 haunt Never forming pleasantries
I'm so drunk I can't feel a thing
Pledge your allegiance to the fucking swamp king Drunk as hell, dumb as all get out
So pucker up those pretty lips of yours and
Kiss my ass and shut your mouth Sometimes 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 be Listen to me for a nominal fee
You can have anything you want
We'll remain here
We'll remain here forever and always What 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 always Like a million other soldiers
On a thousand other battlefields we wait
Wait for the dawn
Like a million other soldiers, yes, we wait This is our Versailles
Palace on the swamp
This is our Versailles This is our Versailles
Palace on the swamp
This is our Versailles

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