Blindfolds Aside (The Executioner)

Protest the Hero

We woke up as men but tonight we'll sleep as killers
As we break the cryptic morning with a bullet and a prayer
The steel never seemed more cold and agile than now
And life never seems less vital and fragileWith a heart that's beating louder than my own
I watch a woman they call Kezia
I watch a woman that I know
I watch my hopes and my own future blindfolded
To atone for a sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettesAnd no one ever said that hope would be so beautiful
And no one ever said I'd have to pull the trigger on herI can't even still her trembling hands that were locked up by the dutiful and obligated;Five soldiers forever sedated with the,
"No one's responsible" psychological drama of our social justice dribble
Her tiny steps tell lies about the choice I have to make;
Resurrect a static lifetime starve to death my own mistakes
Pull the screaming trigger and watch your carcass bleed me dry
Or drop the gun and try to shake away the blindfold from your eyes?Drop the gun Drop the gun
Drop the gun Drop the gunA sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes
A sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes

Songwriters
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