

# 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 fragile With 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 cigarettes And no one ever said that hope would be so  
beautiful  
And no one ever said I'd have to pull the trigger on her I 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 gun 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  
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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