

The Reign Of Unending Terror

Protest the Hero

Each word bitten
Every fuck is pronounced
With conviction written
In justice announced
And every hand that feeds is bitten
If it steals from hungry mouths
Convention be damned
I know who I am and some words
Are just to fucking loud
They can't be ignored Twice our bitter lifetime
Tucked tightly in their belts
But spat and bit in such a way
That you just know how it felt
What it means to be a man
And what it means to refuse it
Things I learned along the way
While listening to their music
So laugh then cry so I'll try but to laugh again Throw your hands up in the relief
That twenty years won't end their reign, their reign, their reign
The reign of unending terror
The rain that brings us warning
The rain that breaks the sky and gives us hope
For the end of this long night
Red sky morning light The truth is some days I don't have any morals at all
The truth is I left them in the men's room at the truck-stop in the second stall
The truth is some days I don't have any morals at all
The truth is I left them in the men's room at the truck-stop in the second stall And that's the kind of enemy that
obscures
The very core of me
My shallow lacking and disbelief
Steps back while flipping the sleeves of
Cd books with cold-cocked hooks
Flip the kings uplift the rooks
Spit on the diamond cuffs
Of the real crooks When you look in my eyes who do you see?
When you look in my eyes who is it?
When you look in my eyes who do you see?
When you look in my eyes who is it?

Songwriters

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