

Drumhead Trial

Protest the Hero

From the unrelenting beat of a pounding drum
(Come anew)
From the seizing breast of a wicked beast
(We survive)
In the hallowed marriage of sound and revolt
(Come anew)
To the hollowed, disparaged, shed and molt, overdue! Splintering fingers, gore strewn across each hand
(Sink deep, stone)
Splintering fingers, gore strewn across each hand
(Sink deep, stone) Pray for a way out of here
Pray for a way No animal in all the kingdom shall ever strike me down
A coward in his finest moment
Heavy is the head that wears the crown, c'mon! Be swift and painless, not a glancing blow right to the back of
the head
To the back of the head
Be swift and painless, not a glancing blow Pray for a way out of here
Pray for a way A long, slow pull on the brier
Ready, aim When the fire burns, callusing
Topping off the urns, a sound remains Look to the actor in the heavy armor, his metal shakes
Listen well to the deafening clamor whimpering makes
Look now to the unassuming, unwavering
Standing before the heavens, screaming
Bring on the storm
Bring on the storm, bring on the rain
Bring on the jesters and bring on the pain
Bring on the storm, bring on the rain
Bring on the jesters and bring on the pain The seed is planted, let the roots reach far and wide, and let it grow tall
Let the rings remain intact on the inside
And though the autumn brings a fall of leaves
Let it grow tall
We come anew The seed is planted, let the roots reach far and wide, and let it grow tall
Let the rings remain intact on the inside
And though the autumn brings a fall of leaves
Let it grow tall
We come anew Look now to the unassuming, unwavering
Standing before the heavens, screaming
Bring on the storm

Songwriters

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