

Protest The Hero, Heretics & Killers

They called me the man with the blood of Christ honesty
But tonight I drink with heathens and our, our finest blasphemies
In wine there's truth but in silence there's surrender
A screaming for the silence in stunned suspicious terror
Built a temple in my life and used God to seal the pillars
After twenty years of fighting young heretics and killers
I watch my temple fall to pieces at the first signs of oncoming weather
Fell to my knees like Jesus in the cave, knew I would die
But my lips could only say "I'm not your son, so why have you forsaken me?"
There's a hole in my heart but it just makes me unholy
Crucified that night and walked away with alter-egos
Like the prison priest who preached his dead and buried gospel
With my faith in ruins my duty still breathes strong
I'm a parrot in a cage saying prayers to belong to a textbook
Of my crying, lying, dying history; a time so full of life that I was anything but me