

Protest The Hero, A Plateful Of Our Dead

Don't ever ask us to define our morals
Sometimes when fundamentals meet teenage heartbreak
Some of us are all of us; half-selves that love whole hopes
And hara-kiri heartbreak

There's almost nothing worse than never being real
Strained voices crying wolf when nobody can hear
If I had a gun I'd pump your ethics full of lead
If I believed in meat I'd eat a plateful of our dead

There's merit in construction when it's done with your own hands
There's beauty in destruction, resurrection, another chance
There's a you and I in union but just an I in my beliefs
There's a crashing plane with a banner that reads everyone's name

The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this horse
Is the sounds of whips on flesh and a bleeding heart remorse
When I'm In this state of reflection and you hand me whips
And two by fours I could never bring them down and beat the same horse as before

I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds around
Until a garden with our bullet-laden morals will be found