

Protest The Hero, Blindfolds Aside

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 girl they call Kezia
I watch a woman that I know
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 the obligated;
Five soldiers forever sedated with the, "No one's responsible"
psychological drama of our social justice dribble, dribble, 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.
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
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