

# Protest The Hero, Bury The Hatchet

Place your justice in my palm and then I'll make fist  
Punch your grimaced face until every knuckle breaks  
And bleeds in resistance to my sidewalk painting  
A mangled body twitching and regaining consciousness and closure  
Attempting composure before a bullet in the mouth answers the questions of exposure  
And God of Sunday School fades and paycheques to validate the time I served abroad  
It all means nothing if I forget why I'm here  
To serve and protect my fist over fist mind under matter career  
That's why a man sounds kind of funny when he falls to his knees  
With his hand on his throat while he begs you to please spare his life  
While I explain the hardest of bodies dulls the softest of knives  
Then I hold up his head and carve X's in his eyes  
I swear I have compassion I've just been trained to disregard the prisoner's life  
Because I am the prison guard