

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