

# Protest The Hero, Divinity Within

This morning there are no rods or staffs  
To comfort you dressed as a target  
As you amble in your chains and stumble through  
The corridors that lead to our makeshift valley of death

In the prison's backyard  
where you'll give us your final breath  
Last night I saw you dine with lovers and human tears  
But glanced at me in ways  
that brought to life my sleeping fears

That today you'll bite my neck  
Today you'll bite my neck  
That today you'll bite my neck  
Today you'll bite my neck

Today you'll bite my neck  
Today you'll bite my neck  
That today you'll bite my neck  
Today you'll bite my neck... [continues in the background]

and peel away the aging skin  
Expose this lifeless body and the void  
Divinity within (I watch my temple fall to pieces)  
Divinity within (I watch my temple fall to pieces)

So tell me when I've read you your rights  
When the guns are in their place  
When your crime no longer seems absurd

When your crime's no longer absurd  
What will you say  
when we ask you what are your final words?

When your crime's no longer absurd  
What will you, what will you say, Kezia,  
when we ask what are your final words?  
what are your final words?