

# Protest The Hero, Nautical

The day that civil glory dismembered my civility  
I could have parted ribs and flesh like a different kind of Red Sea  
Drowned the ancient east in western progress  
Custom and the least of all our pride and sentiments  
Which turned out to be the closest thing to a fashion trend  
That's ever been put on trial  
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The rest was cast off as denial of statehood and mastery;  
The ultimate form of treason is the treacherous use of reason  
Employed by the bastard sons of American fore-fathers who keep this fire burning  
With the flesh of their would-be American daughters, daughters, daughters, daughters!!

What will happen to our children when the least of us pass on?  
Us who fought the monsters of our country's crowded closet  
Us who dropped the bombs on goodness when we saw it wasn't flawless  
Us whose youthful life was hostage to what harm did  
Us who fought the hardest to be swept under the carpet

And I'm still a cigarette softly smoking on the edge of a metal ashtray  
I begged this place to let me burn, and it whispered, "burn away"