Protest The Hero, Sequoia Throne

Did you come here to kill
Or did you come here to die
And did you really think
That spaceships would descend
From the sky

Bending light and beaming forth
Across space-time
To see us scared in the reflection
Of their oil-black eyes
To stalk us like a predator
Like our movies imply

They're not the ones who've come to
Kill us
Come to fill us full of blood
They're not the ones who hate us

And they are not the ones
Who mutilate our animals
Or travel through the stars
They're not the ones who cause us harm
We are, we are, we are

We are still life in cold blood and
We feel nothing
We are still life in cold blood and
We feel nothing

Hell bent on heaven
Hell bent on heaven
Hell bent on heaven
Hell bent on heaven

While are righteous men are stuffing
Corpses full of shit and faith

We are, we are, we are still life
We are, we are, we are still life
We are, we are, we are
Still life

They're not the ones who cause us harm
We are, we are

(Did you come here to kill
Or did you come here to die)

We are still life in cold blood
We are still life in cold blood
And we feel, and we feel

Stuffing corpses
Full of shit and faith
They bloviate about a
Future beyond the moon
To bring about another planet's doom

To discover peaceful life
And beat our war drum to it's tune
Unless my prayers are answered
Our end is coming soon