

Protest The Hero, The Dissentience

Down the street half a block away
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other in smoke signals
(Down the street half a block and
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other)

{Each in turn}
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
The law is aging (oh yes it is)
Sitting across, telling stories
Eyes unclosed like books we've read twice (So sit across the table, feed me some lies)

So on the shelves lined with spines
The dust collects as scattered ash
From an urn unturned
Spilling over someone regular
And other such regulars
Cry ghost and boast
Of the friend of a friend
Who saw a strange sight
Or heard a strange sound
Now whispers tall tales of murder

Down the street half a block away
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other in smoke signals
Brought together to burn, brought together to burn

{Each in turn}
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing

Somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she's read

Somebody's somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she's read
Or the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat

Somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she's read
Or the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat