

# 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