

Protest The Hero, The Divine Suicide Of K.

Better think of my answers now because I know the questions will be asked
Like if I brought the joy I found in the confessions of a mask
The tip of my tongue's already touching the top of my mouth
It's meaning manifest in mercy burning down the house
It's true that tactless teem totem-poles turn tolerance to tired taboos
It's true that a bullet never knocks on the door, it's about to come crashing through
Walking one last mile in big steps as your alter-wine
Doing it in tattered shoes that aren't even mine
Because my own are in a box locked up with possessions I can't have
Like the gunman with his future and the prison priest's golden calf

Blindfolds aside I'd probably still close my eyes
And try to feel a trembling fetal life inside that shotgun barrel that's about to make me bleed
Like an ulcer in the stomach of the beast
Like a little girl on a bed that was years ago deceased
Resurrected last night with a letter she can't trace
Resurrected to be killed then maybe born again
I'll always be Kezia so long as any hope remains