

Protest The Hero, Turn Soonest To The Sea

Do you remember how it was when you bled?
When you loved and burned in those flames that you've kept
Because Vesta's long been sleeping
Now you've come to accept that
Your anatomy defines more than a few of the gaping holes in our social fabric
And it defines more than a few one night stands,
more than a few prison bars melted into wedding bands

We've made you all the peasants and we've made ourselves the kings
Our queens are still subordinate as an angel without wings
But we make it easy to belong which means it's easy to be wrong
"Put some plastic in your tits, and you'd look better as a blonde"

I remember when you were hopeful
And you never thought your life would be lived inside a coffin
With a moral sacrifice and a million social obligations, labels and expectations
When you were young and modern seventeen in vogue and vague pursuit of the cosmopolitan dream
So when you bled on the bed as you fed those expectations as a whore and not a human
You embraced with hesitation the very parameters of all you can be
Not a mother, not an aunt, not a sister who's not subdued
Because dignity is not physical and your flesh means more than you
Your flesh means more than you; your flesh means more than you
Your flesh means more than you; your flesh means more than you
I know we'll wake up one day with a gun to the back of our brains
You'll be asking for your rib and I'll smile and call you brave
Maybe someday when this bloody skull has dried I'll know our city is in ruins
When our greatest source of pride is a monument of dicks and ribs and the gender crowns we wore
Where underneath, a plaque will read, "No woman is a whore"