

Protest The Hero, Wretch

Chews the fat with his creator
Over breakfast in the sunlight
Though when he says grace, when he says grace
He feels enveloped like a shadow
But there are evenings
There are evenings when this decimated world of movement, colour and form
Gets thin, and getting thinner
When lights are dim, and getting dimmer
When nights are grim and they're only getting, only getting grimmer

As they barter their boulders,
and martyr their soldiers,
teach a man to tear her fucking head from her goddamn shoulders

Held into the sun, by the threads of her hair
By the threads of her hair
By the threads of her hair
They impart a secret hatred from their fathers to their heirs.

In a silence left unbroken, Oh
On a bed bound and gagged, bound, bound and gagged
with culture, language, myth and law
Our goddess gave birth, our goddess gave birth to your god.

On a bed bound and gagged with culture, language, myth and law
from a wounded womb where flesh is scarred and raw
Our goddess gave birth to your god
Our goddess gave birth to your god
Our goddess gave birth to your god
Our goddess gave birth to your god. Goddamn!

Culture, language, myth and law
(Our goddess! Gave birth!)
Culture, language, myth and law
(Our goddess! Gave birth you your god!)

You wanna see the galaxy?