

Blindfolds Aside

Protest the Hero

We woke up as men but tonight we'll sleep as killers,
As we break the cryptic morning with a bullet and a prayer.
The steel never seemed more cold and agile than now,
And life never seems less vital and fragile. With a heart that's beating louder than my own,
I watch a girl they call Kezia.
I watch a woman that I know,
My hopes and my own future blindfolded.
To atone for a sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts.
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes.
And no one ever said that hope would be so beautiful.
And no one ever said I'd have to pull the trigger on her.
I can't even still her trembling hands
that were locked up by the dutiful and the obligated. Five soldiers forever sedated with the, "No
one's responsible"
Psychological drama of our social justice dribble, dribble, dribble.
Her tiny steps tell lies about the choice I have to make;
(Resurrect a static lifetime starve to death my own mistakes)
Pull the screaming trigger and watch your carcass bleed me dry,
Or drop the gun and try to shake away the blindfold from your eyes?
Drop the gun, drop the gun, drop the gun, drop the gun.
Sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts.
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes.
Sin I didn't care for, but a sin that paid my debts.
A sin that fed my children and burned my smiles and cigarettes.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>