

Heretics & Killers

Protest the Hero

They called me the man with the blood of Christ honesty,
But tonight I drink with heathens and our, our finest blasphemies. In wine there's truth but in
silence there's surrender,
A screaming for the silence in stunned suspicious terror.
Built a temple in my life and used God to seal the pillars,
After twenty years of fighting young heretics and killers. I watch my temple fall to pieces at the
first signs of oncoming weather.
Fell to my knees like Jesus in the cave, knew I would die.
But my lips could only say "I'm not your son, so why have you forsaken me?" There's a hole in
my heart but it just makes me unholy.
Crucified that night and I walked away with alter-egos,
Like the prison priest who preached his dead and buried gospel.
With my faith in ruins my duty still breathes strong,
I'm a parrot in a cage saying prayers to belong...
To a textbook of my crying, lying, dying history.
A textbook of my crying, lying, dying history.
A textbook of my crying...
A textbook of my lying...
A textbook of my dying...
A textbook of my history.

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