

## 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  
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