

# The Dissentience

## Protest the Hero

Down the street half a block away  
In a familiar place regular people  
Agree with each other in smoke signals  
(Down the street half a block and  
In a familiar place regular people  
Agree with each other)

{Each in turn}  
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing  
The law is aging (oh yes it is)  
Sitting across, telling stories  
Eyes unclosed like books we've read twice (So sit across the table, feed me some lies)

So on the shelves lined with spines  
The dust collects as scattered ash  
From an urn unturned  
Spilling over someone regular  
And other such regulars  
Cry ghost and boast  
Of the friend of a friend  
Who saw a strange sight  
Or heard a strange sound  
Now whispers tall tales of murder

Down the street half a block away  
In a familiar place regular people  
Agree with each other in smoke signals  
Brought together to burn, brought together to burn

{Each in turn}  
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing  
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing

Somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she's read

Somebody's somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she's read  
Or the monsters in her bed  
Who hacked her to blood-meat

Somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she's read  
Or the monsters in her bed  
Who hacked her to blood-meat