

## 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,  
Jesus in the cave,  
Jesus in the cave,  
I 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 preaches his dead and buried gospel

With my faith in ruins my duty still breathes strong  
I'm a parrot in a cage just singing 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