

Little Snakes

Protest the Hero

Oh, what a typical story
Contested site, the Americas
With treaties broken, the same sad token
Torn and repaired it with paraffin

Disembodied heads
Disembowel the earth
A monument of our arrogance
A monolith of our bloated bunk, self-worth
Disembodied heads
Disembowel the earth

We marred the land with our leaders
Eight eyes to watch "little snakes"
Regal expressions for Native repression
At rest, frozen on their face

We can make an exception and they can make some concessions
Because there's gold in the Black Hills
Armed to the teeth, we can make an example of every one of these savages
Because the rights they have, we gave to them
And we can take 'em away without giving a damn

Ain't that exactly how it is?
And that's exactly what they did
Oh, you don't think it's right?
Well, that's exactly what they did

What an impressive display
Of complete dissolution
Two fucking faces owned slaves
One supplied the largest Aboriginal execution

Once somebody said
"I don't believe the only good Indians are dead...
But I believe [that] nine out of ten are..."
And so they took his head
And carved his eyes into the Native mountainside

We can make an exception and they can make some concessions
Because there's gold in the Black Hills
Armed to the teeth, we can make an example of every one of these savages
Because the rights they have, we gave to them
And we can take 'em away without giving a damn
Oh yes, the rights they have, we gave to them
And we can take 'em, take 'em, take 'em
Take 'em away

Forgotten in the shadows cast by celebrated busts
Lies the site depicting history's ignoble blood lust
There might be flowers in the windows, but only ashes in the streets
Impoverished and broken sings the songs of their defeat
But it's your vacation, your holiday
It's a reminder every story gets sculpted and decayed
It's your vacation, your holiday
You might feel cheated by its modesty
Pack the car and drive away

It's your vacation, your holiday
It's your vacation, your holiday
It's your vacation, your holiday
It's your vacation, your holiday

About face
Enjoy the ride
There's a different version of history carved in the mountain side
Your mind's made up
Your hands are tied
But colonialism by all definitions is the father of the genocide