

Reverie

Protest the Hero

The wingspan of my exploits is vast as the sea
Familiar commencement, familiar routine
As my Mother lay dying, my Father would scream
"Son, do you dream the American dream?"
Oh no, not me
Not on your life
I'm gonna live on the edge of a knife
And prey on the fools who should handle it timidly

You had your big dreams and planted a seed
You wanted a flower, but turned out a weed
My petals will curl and fall to the ground
You'll whisper my name and you'll spread me around

And as you grow in my supposed image
And as you grow in my supposed image
You won't inherit the truth of how I feel
You won't inherit the truth
You'll just assume that it's real
You'll just assume that it's real

Father, forgive me
For I do know not what I do
Father, if I could, I'd choose to be like you

Forget this fucking face
Forget you ever saw it
Empty your pockets, your keys and your wallet
A mere \$50, my life was delayed
Locked up and shut down for more than a decade

And so I sew my seed year after year
I'll be the meanest bastard you've ever seen
When I get out of here
And so I sew my seed, year after year
I'll be the meanest bastard you've ever seen
When I get out of here

Freedom is incarceration by a different name
I'm free to walk the streets, but I'm financially detained
And so I sew my seed, year after year
I'll be the meanest bastard when I get out of here
There's nowhere left to turn, there's nowhere left to run
So I'll take what I'm owed or I'll eat this fucking gun

And so I sew my seed, year after year
I'll be the meanest bastard you've ever seen
When I get out of here

You had your big dreams and planted a seed
You wanted a flower, but turned out a weed
My petals will curl and fall to the ground
You'll whisper my name and you'll spread me around
On the wings of the wind, to the end of the earth
My legend will grow as my story gives birth
To a new generation of violent offenders
Who worship my memory, hyperbolize my splendor

And as you grow in my supposed image
And as you grow in my supposed image
You won't inherit the truth of how I feel
You won't inherit the truth of how I feel
And as you grow in my supposed image
And as you grow in my supposed image
You'll piss away your precious, fleeting youth
You'll fucking piss it away
Assuming you know the truth
Assuming you know the truth

Assuming you know the truth