

The Fireside

Protest the Hero

You won't miss the water 'til the well runs dry
Can't appreciate the taste with a bountiful supply
Don't know what it's like to live until you barely survive
I don't know what it's like to feel alive

And if you're dumb enough to witness this insipid, wasteful christening
You're dumb enough to listen when they say the water's glistening
And as you scrape the bottom of this desiccated hole
You're told the water's rising and the well's completely full
But it's not without its comforts, like an aching in your side
If you can tolerate the thirst, the thirst eventually subsides

(It will run its course)
Overextended, underprepared
(It's almost over)
What was the time that death was declared?
(It can't get worse)
And every day now, it's getting worse
(This is full disclosure)
Year after year, verse after verse
Overextended and under the gun

Under the gun

Put your faith in god, but keep your powder dry
'Cause god sends nuts to those that have no teeth
Love the son, spoil the rod, make sure it's satisfied
Cut the ground from underneath your feet

Because we're mired in the depths of this
What we're told is a chrysalis
We're eager for the blissful kiss of death
Because the fireside chats are comforting
While the population's wondering
If suffering's not the only option left
If suffering's not the only option left

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(It's almost over)
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(It can't get worse)
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And when they came for the crib
They came for the table and the drapes on the walls
They came for the clothes on the backs of my kids
My god, they came for it all

Ten years of a white flag, waving in the wind
Ghost town, ghost country
No sign of the sleeping
And all we needed was a reason

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Ten years in a body bag, waiting in the wings
No god, no country
No sign of the sleeping
And all we needed was a reason and you gave us one

I've got a job for every able-bodied man
Munition factories for women and children
And all we needed was a reason and you gave us one
You gave us one

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