

Trap Them "The Protest Hour"

Visit "[The Protest Hour](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Panic, what the fuck did they do to you? with false alarms, with bulletins, and death cards calling out the murder suits? someone, anyone... give the tremor his morning walk and buckle in the faulty legs of every faith in tyrant talk. stencil on the window guards the epitaphs of cycled costs.

Of humans on medicated regiments in every dilapidated dream that rockwell brought. I caught up with time when he was chained to the wall of a cellar vault and they had hung him up and fed him anti-coagulants and cut the bottoms of his feet. and left him there to slowly drip into an incapacitated state.

He had enough left to look and call out his dealer's name, the one who gave us drugs to take that never worked the same. and then he looked into the sermon fates and whispered out my way, "come close... the priests have ears that tell the blessed when to shine their fangs, to sharpen their spears that'd lust nothing more than to fuck our flesh. this is what they plan to do... kidnap all the newborn babies and banish all the rest. they may have me here amongst rusted brakes and scissored veins, they may have stolen rooms and loves from runaway hotels and numbered all our graves, but no man of the state, no men behind these laws, no men of the holy fucking cross will drop me down on my knees, will bring us to our knees. you and I, we die as bastards of black belief... as the fucking deaths of godspeak."

And with that we spoke our battle lines. as eyes rolled back and legacies were struck, we sell our fiction souls, our quiet worth and bathe in bloods of sacred trust. the throats of every leader grande and cold are there to be cut by our kind and the frames of every worshiped build and murder front will burn retreat by us.

"so goes the life of the targets, so goes the life of the torchbearers..."

