

Protest the Hero "A Plateful Of Our Dead"

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Don't ever ask us to define our morals
Sometimes when fundamentals meet teenage
heartbreak
Some of us are all of us half-selves that love whole
hopes
And hara-kiri heartbreak

There's almost nothing worse than never being real
Strained voices crying wolf when nobody can hear
If I had a gun, I'd pump your ethics full of lead
If I believed in meat, I'd eat a plateful of our dead

There's merit in destruction when it's done with your
own hands
There's beauty in construction, resurrection, another
chance
There's a you and I in union but just an I in our beliefs
There's a crashing plane with a banner that reads
everyone's native

The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this
horse

Is the sounds of whips on flesh and a bleeding heart
remorse
The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this
horse
And a bleeding heart

When I'm in this state of reflection and you hand me
whips
And two by fours, I could never bring them down, bring
them down
Bring them down and beat the same horse as before
Bring them down, as before

I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds
Until a garden with our bullet laden morals will be
found
I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds
Until a garden with our bullet laden morals will be
found, will be found

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