

Protest the Hero

"An Apathetic New World"

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Tonight I sat alone
On the steps
And stared into the blank sky;
Stars cloaked by smog,
The poison of our own.

And as the bitter air bit down
I held my breath and
Thought of all the others on their backs.
Thought of all the others on their backs.
Thought of all the others on their backs.
Thought of all the others on their backs.

How do you organize resistance
Against something that's not even there
But still killing you, killing you?

Dirt covered fists
Screaming indignantly,
Midgated to out turned palms pleading admittedly.

Raping people of their hope and the sky of all it's stars.
They're dying at your feet but 'who cares who they are.'
(right?)
There's no place like home
There's no place like home
There's no place like home
There's no place like home.

"It's like filling
An empty glass
From an empty bottle."
And it's stricken
By rigor mortis
With your hand on the throttle.

Grasping at a chance through a wall of austerity
And a fence of police enforced
By democratic vulgarity.
Two percent
Controlling the power;
Controlling you, controlling me,

Controlling the borders of democracy.

So it's you, and it's me
And we're up against a fence,
Control or be controlled by only two percent.
So it's you, and it's me
And we're up against a fence,
Control or be controlled,
Because only we can set us free.

Think of all the others on their backs.(4x)

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