

## Protest the Hero "Dissentience"

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Down the street half a block away  
In a familiar place,  
Regular people agree with each other in smoke signals

Down the street half a block away in a familiar place  
Where regular people all agree with each other

Interprets the law as ageing  
With its eyesight failing, the law is ageing

Oh, sitting across, telling stories,  
So sit across the table, our eyes unclosed like books  
we've read twice

So cry ghost baby  
So on the shelves lined with spines  
Dust collects from scattered ash  
From an urn unturned  
Spilling over someone regular.

And all the such regulars  
Cry ghost or boast of a friend of a friend  
Who saw a strange sight,  
Or heard a strange sound.

Now whisper tall tales of murder

Down the street, half a block away  
In a familiar place, with regular people

Agree with each other in smoke signals  
Brought together to burn the that brings them together

Interpret the law as ageing with its eyesight failing x2

Somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she's read

Somebody, somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she's read  
And the monsters in her bed who hacked her

into blood-meat.

Somebody's little girl  
Dreams of the things she read  
While the monsters in her bed who hacked her  
into blood-meat.

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