

## **Protest the Hero "Heretics & Killers"**

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They called me the man with the blood of Christ,  
Honesty  
But tonight I drink with heathens and the finest  
blasphemies  
In wine there's truth but in silence there's surrender

A screaming for the silence in stunned suspicious  
terror  
I built a temple in my life and used God to seal the  
pillars  
After twenty years of fighting young heretics and  
killers  
I watch my temple fall to pieces at the first signs of  
oncoming weather  
Fell to my knees like Jesus in the cave,

I knew I would die but my lips could only say; I'm not  
your son so why have you forsaken me?

There's a hole in my heart but it just makes me unholy

Crucified that night and I walked away with alter-egos  
Like the prison priest who preaches his dead and  
buried gospel

With my faith in ruins my duty breathes strong  
I'm a parrot in a cage just saying prayers to belong

Textbook of my crying, lying, dying history x2

Textbook of my crying  
A Textbook of my lying  
A Textbook of my dying  
A Textbook of my history.

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