

Protest the Hero "Nautical"

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The day civil glory dismembered my civility
I could have parted ribs and flesh like a different kind
of Red Sea
Drowned the ancient east in western custom progress
And the least of all our pride and sentiments

Which turned out to be the closest thing
To a fashion trend that's ever been put on trial
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To a fashion trend that's ever been put on trial

The rest was cast off as denial of statehood and
mastery
The ultimate form of treason is the treacherous use of
reason
The treacherous use

Employed by the bastard sons of American
Fore-fathers who keep this fire burning
With the flesh of their would-be American daughters
Daughters, daughters, daughters

What will happen to our children when the least of us
pass on?

Us who fought the monsters of our country's crowded
closet
Us who dropped the bombs on goodness when we saw
it wasn't flawless
Us whose youthful life was hostage to what harm did
Who fought the hardest to be swept under the carpet

And I'm still a cigarette, softly smoking on the edge of
a metal ashtray
I begged this place to let me burn and it whispered,
"Burn away"

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