

Protest the Hero "She Who Mars The Skin Of Gods"

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"Kezia, my darling, please never forget
This world's got the substance of a frozen summer
silhouette"
Said my mother through lips that were cracked with
love and toil
Before she added, "The warmest of blankets is six feet
of soil"

She had a perfume called pride that smelled
A lot more like shame, so, when she walked into the
room
I was sleeping, I heard her curse my father's name
It was our situation, our position, our gender to blame

It was the lonely gray of my father's eyes
Staring back in the, the mirror's frame
It was the lonely gray of my father's eyes
Staring back in the mirror's frame

[Incomprehensible] mother, I'm shaking while I write
Tonight I'll stay awake and try to breathe away my
fright
[Incomprehensible] mother, I'm shaking while I write
Tonight I'll stay awake and try to breathe away my
fright

There's a letter waiting for me that I am yet to read
There's a letter waiting for me that I am yet to read
'Cause I know it's just from you, you're the only one I
need
You're the only one I need

I'm tired and I'm cold and I want to go to bed
But there's no one here to tuck me in, so the shotgun
Shotgun will, will instead, the shotgun will instead
The shotgun, so the shotgun will

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