

Protest the Hero "The 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 and
In a familiar place regular people
Agree with each other

Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
The law is aging
(Oh, yes it is)
Oh, sitting across, telling stories
Eyes unclosed like books we've read twice
(So sit across the table, feed me some lies)

So cry ghost baby

So on the shelves lined with spines
The dust collects as scattered ash from an urn
unturned
Spilling over someone regular and other such regulars

Cry ghost and boast of the 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 regular people
Agree with each other in smoke signals
Brought together to burn, brought together to burn

Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing
Interprets the law as aging with its eyesight failing

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

Somebody's, somebody's little girl
Dreams of the things she read
Of the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat

Somebody's little girl

Dreams of the things she read
Of the monsters in her bed
Who hacked her to blood-meat

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