

Protest the Hero

"Turn Soonest To The Sea"

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Do you remember how it was when you bled?
When you loved and burned in those flames that
you've kept
Because Vesta's long been sleeping
And now you've come to accept that
Your anatomy defines more than a few of the gaping
holes in our social fabric
More than a few one night stands, more than a few
prison bars melted into wedding bands

We've made you all the peasants and we've made
ourselves the kings
Our queens are still subordinate as an angel without
wings
We make it easy to belong which means it's easy to be
wrong
"Put some plastic in your tits, and you'd look better as a
blonde"

I remember when you were hopeful
And you never thought your life would be lived inside a
coffin
With a moral sacrifice and a million social obligations,
labels and expectations
You were young and modern seventeen in vogue and
vague pursuit of a cosmopolitan dream

When you bled on the bed as you fed those
expectations as a whore and not a human
You embraced with hesitation the parameters of all you
can be
Not a mother, not an aunt, not a sister who's not
subdued
Because dignity's not physical and your flesh means
more than you
Your flesh means more than you; your flesh means
more than you
Your flesh means more than you; your flesh means
more than you
I know we'll wake up one day with a gun to the back of
our brains
You'll be asking for your rib and I'll smile and call you

brave
Maybe someday when this bloody skull has dried I'll
know our city is in ruins
And the greatest source of pride is a monument of
dicks and ribs and gender crowns we wore
Where underneath, a plaque will read, "No woman is a
whore"

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