

## **Protomen**

### **"Funeral For A Son"**

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[Between the gaps in the trembling and calloused  
Fingers that cradle his heavy head, Light watches the  
Mob of cowards carry Protoman's scarred helmet -- all  
That was left of the Man Machine who would have been  
Their savior. As the crowd marches somberly back --  
Some to their homes, some to the makeshift grave  
where

Protoman's helmet would remain, all to slavery -- Light  
Notices a tear streaming down the dorsum of his hand  
And feels a breathtaking weight in his chest. What is  
This? Frustration? Humiliation? Hatred? Certainly,  
These are there too. But no, this is more than that.  
These emotions are his life. He has lived with them for  
So long that they no longer affect him. Over the years  
He has learned to fight them, then ignore them, and  
Finally channel them into his work, his creation, his  
Machine, his son.

So that was it. The source of tears and the pain that  
Caused them. This time he had built more than a  
Machine. He had sent more than a robot to battle. He  
Had sent a man, his own son, to do the impossible, to  
Save those who could not be saved, to die.

There was the hatred again, the rage, welling inside of  
Him. No more, he thought, as he tore down the tools  
and

Parts that framed his apartment workshop. Never  
again.

"Mankind deserves the hell that they have brought  
upon

Themselves" He smashed and cut, metal against  
metal,

Metal against flesh, in an effort to destroy his own  
Means of creation. He allowed the tears to pour from  
His cheeks and mingle with the blood seeping from the  
Cuts in his torn and battered hands. He had set out to  
Use these hands to destroy his workshop but he now  
Watched as they seemed to be creating of their own  
Accord. Pieces of machine from the floor were seized  
And fused. They began to take form - the form of

Light's anger, the form of his guilt, the form of his  
Grief, the form of his love, the form of a son.

Years passed. Nothing changed. The human race  
seemed  
Weary but content to suffer under Dr. Wily and the  
Robot army. In whispers, they still spoke of Protoman.  
Eventually, Megaman would find out the truth. Dr. Light  
Knew this.

When Megaman was old enough, Light called him into  
the  
Workshop and began to explain...]

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