

# Protest The Hero, A Plateful Of Our Dead

Don't ever ask us to define our morals  
Sometimes when fundamentals meet teenage heartbreak  
Some of us are all of us; half-selves that love whole hopes  
And hara-kiri heartbreak

There's almost nothing worse than never being real  
Strained voices crying wolf when nobody can hear  
If I had a gun I'd pump your ethics full of lead  
If I believed in meat I'd eat a plateful of our dead

There's merit in construction when it's done with your own hands  
There's beauty in destruction, resurrection, another chance  
There's a you and I in union but just an I in my beliefs  
There's a crashing plane with a banner that reads everyone's name

The only proof that I have that we shot and killed this horse  
Is the sounds of whips on flesh and a bleeding heart remorse  
When I'm In this state of reflection and you hand me whips  
And two by fours I could never bring them down and beat the same horse as before

I'd rather kill a stupid flower and spread its seeds around  
Until a garden with our bullet-laden morals will be found