

The Chariot

"The Deaf Policeman"

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Place. This is where the giants roam and their horses
stand so tall.
And their fists engaged, and fingers bent back to the
palm, except one.
And you ain't seen nothing yet.
All my judges burn, from their gunshot eyes, A direct
line that travels at the speed of light into my heart, into
my mind.
I read between the lions. The forest grows from their
eyes.
I was not placed upon the grass of this ever-fading
earth for a standing ovation and it's romance.
I was placed for the warning, so head the warning.
And they cannot look away for if they do and cross
paths with a wall that reflects all it sees, and it shows
the truth, shows the fake, shows the past, shows all of
the mistakes, And it shows everything that they refuse
to see.
Because if there is blood on the roots, then there is
blood on the branches

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