

The Chariot

"The Deaf Policemen"

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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

You ain't seen nothing yet

And 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 its romance
I was placed for the warning, so heed 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
Show all of the mistakes
And it shows everything
That they refuse to see

Because if there's blood on the roots
Then there's blood on the branches

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