

Western Addiction "Charged Words"

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In my head it makes perfect sense
A cautionary tale of sitting on a fence
Send your goons to break a turned cheek
Our sapphire sockets and pacifist's bleat

Your charged words have got me by the wrist
Turning gold to dirt, reverse alchemist
I'm scared in a face irate
But I won't fight just to break your plate

A mealy interior and a bullshit stance
Dealing war crimes in repetitious cadence
A culprit in the pulpit without rhyme or treason
A fallen rioter with a reason

Your charged words have got me by the wrist
Turning gold to dirt, reverse alchemist
I'm scared in a face irate
But I won't fight just to break your plate

With your charged words.....

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