The Deaf Policeman

The Chariot

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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