

# For Broken Ears

[Chuck Ragan](#)

Where are the ones who carry their guns to the far away lands with the blackened suns from the smokened narrow minds. The half-truth trails and the holy lies of an empty heart and overflowing mouth, a plastic smile and a coward's frown. Reprecussions come around when the word named free burns to the ground somehow. Where are the deaf and where are the dumb from the side of the tracks where no reason comes from and the tables never bare. The water runs and momma's always there so who separates the world from the start. Where such words would come and such thoughts would cause a shot heard round the world. Or just as sad never heard at all. So down down down like a ball of flames, to the rotten core filling up with names of hypocrites what a massive list, don't exclude yourself from it. Don't compromise administration lies carried out and covered up with time, carried out and turned around to shine. High on a pedestal of broken lives. Compassion speaks loud for itself falls on broken ears and off the value shelf into the dirt left to the wind. Coming up strong ready to begin to obliterate the word from the start Where such words would come and such thoughts would cause a spark that'll set a blaze and leave the embers red until the end of days. Where are the ones who carry their guns to the far away lands with the blackened suns from the smokened narrow minds. The half-truth trails and the holy lies of an empty heart and overflowing mouth, a plastic smile and a coward's frown. Reprecussions come around when the word named free burns to the ground somehow

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