

# Chimes Of Freedom

Axis of Justice

Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds  
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing  
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight  
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight  
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched  
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening  
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowing rain  
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning  
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake  
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned and forsaken  
Tolling for the outcast, burning constantly at stake  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail  
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder  
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze  
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder  
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind  
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind  
And the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales  
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position  
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts  
All down in taken-for-granted situations  
Tolling for the deaf and blind, tolling for the mute  
Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute  
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chased and cheated by pursuit  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flashed  
And the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting  
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones  
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting  
Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless, seeking trail  
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale  
And for each unharmed, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Starry-eyed and laughing as I recall when we were caught  
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended  
As we listened one last time and we watched with one last look  
Spellbound and swallowed 'til the tolling ended  
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed  
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones and worse  
And for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.