

For Broken Ears

Chuck Ragan

Where are the ones who carry the guns to the far away lands with the blackened suns from the smoked 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. Repercussions 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 separates the world from the with such words and such words would cause a shot heard round the world. A justice that never hurt 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 lies.

The passion 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 with such ideas come and such ideas cause a spark that will set a blaze and leave the embers red until the end of days.

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