

# Open Up And Wail

Chuck Ragan

Downright hopelessness  
When the wrath of consequence comes knocking on that old front door  
And we count the ways, the seconds have fallen into place with the emptiness  
Don't hold the phone

I know some are counting on God above or methadone  
To kill way and to take away the pain  
I feel for the lost and empathize the cost for calamity  
For what I've seen

Open up and wail, open up and cry  
We are not the type for young to die  
In a rattle cage, heads against the wall  
Through dangerous nights  
No more lullabies  
Open up and wail

We've got what it takes  
Everything that needs to make a fighting chance  
At carrying the load  
Of fallen day to day  
Of gruesome cold reality, square in the nose  
Bleeding to the toes

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