

The Grove

Chuck Ragan

Cut the line I've heard the rest
You'll never get me answering
To the cold hand of the dying man
Bred to take and to rape what the leavers left

Oh come on.
Show a little mercy to dying suns
Oh come on
Show a little mercy to humble ones

Some will go as the timid type
Facing down soul strapped inside
The method of the trilene knot
Never fails until the line is cut

So come on
Show a little sympathy tired ones
So come on
Show a little empathy busy ones
And slow down

We are all flesh and bone
Mere vessels so exposed
Just walking on the grove
We are constant wrath
With what we think we own
While we walk upon
And tread upon the grove

On the contrary some will walk
In the dirt cut up by the dogs
Soaking up the sun and rain
Just to break and to shake up captivity

So come on
Destruction is the nature of everyone
So come on
Destruction is the killer of everyone
So calm down

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