

## 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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