

The Chariot, The Deaf Policeman

Place: this is where the giants roam and their horses stand so tall.
And their fists engaged, and fingers bent back to the palm, except one.
And you ain't seen nothing yet.

All of my judges burn, from their gunshot eyes.

A direct line that travels at the speed of light into my heart, into my mind.

I read between the lions. the forest grows from their eyes.

I was not placed upon the grass of this ever-fading earth for a standing ovation and its romance.

I was placed for the warning, so heed the warning.

And they cannot look away for if they do and cross paths with a wall that reflects all it sees and it s

Shows the fake, shows the past.

Shows all of the mistakes, and it shows everything that they refuse to see.

Because if there's blood on the roots, then there is blood on the branches.