

Damage Manual, The "No Act Of Grace"

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Too much ice on the outside

Too much time, to get out

There vacant sways

Become angry, nothing faced

Nothing followed

It's a vice of disciples

Lapse of faith

No act of grace

Moving steals, in as much as we reveal

No encounter, no attachment to

Anything less than we corrupt

It's a life but at least

It is contained

No act of grace

It's the fall of a morning

You wake in before

It's the life that is calling

You can't kid yourself

It's the act of you killing

You can't take it back

It's the things that you did

That you still can't remember

The people would rather

You never wake up

There's no act of grace

To the minds, to the greedy

Needful kinds

Wishing worthless, wishing backwards

Wish you weren't here

Stick out loud

Stick out gestures

Stiff the crowd

No act of grace

It's the fall of a morning

You wake in before

It's the life that is calling

You can't kid yourself

It's the act of you killing

You can't take it back

It's the things that you did

That you still can't remember

The people would rather

You never wake up

Or at least you would die for

Instead of suffer

There's no act of grace

There's no act of grace

There's no act of grace

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