

The D.O.C. "Age Of Urges"

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Can't move the age of urges,
Indecent power surges,
I can lose my sight,
It ain't worth seeing you,
Reversed in light,
You seem to split in two,
Beneath the age,
Warped, innocent and left intact,
The urge of age,
Turn, reconcile, take it back,
My eyes are cursed and darting,
And the shots ring out the same.

Ring the bell if you're hungry,
You've started fighting for less,
Fill a hole with your money,
It's all second best.

Break through the force of nature,
Drape blinds on all your answers,
You'll never fall,
Unless we tell you to,
Against the wall,
You seem to split in two,
The word is out:
Bad liars case an unlit mind,
Too loud to shout
When you drown aloud in turpentine,
Force fed, your insults ended,
And the words repeat the same.

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