

The D.O.C.

"Blame And Demand"

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We have been worthless,
We have been safe,
In minds belittled by the threat,
Of our own ice age.

A fall distorts us,
And where we've been,
Rewriting bastards as contenders-
Sight unseen,
In place of angels,
Butchers hands,
Too wide to fit through
Doors of virtue,
Blame, demand.

Blame and demand.

We count for distance,
From human nerves,
We count for all the things we take,
That we don't deserve,
All contradictions
Will make us stand
To fake the end as the beginning
Blame, demand.

Blame and demand.

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