

The D.O.C.

"Denial"

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Something more graceful felt like leading you to war,
It sounds so distasteful, more than what you're fighting
for,
More flights of stairs derailed, your ascent it falls so
slow,
Your body and love impaled on the spikes you left
below.

Grief turned to currency just like midas touched it
black,
Like rage in its' infancy, you're afraid it might turn
back,
A flag slashed by injured nights in a fist outside your
past,
Waves only eclipsed by fright in its' glory at half-mast.

You can't beat denial, it's the murder of your past,
A line drawn hard and broken down,
To lie outside your grasp,
I fooled you by way of greed but it opened up your
eyes,
Too deep down in your hallowed nerves
But it came as no surprise.

Your silent servant dragged abyss across the ground,
To wallow sleeplessly on everything you found,
Afraid lasts a lifetime and it crosses paths with mine,
Lost fades its' energy, in the end we both but shrine.

So ends disgraceful, ride me back to where I rain,
Controlled and quarantined,
Unpure, distressed and stained
Your war so makeshift, as if a path through broken
seas,
Your faith so restless as you turn to talk to me.

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