

The D.O.C. "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

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