

No Act of Grace

The Damage Manual

Too much ice on the outside
Too much time, to get out
There vacant sways
Become angry, nothing faced
Nothing followedIt's a vice of disciples
Lapse of faith
No act of graceMoving steals, in as much as we reveal
No encounter, no attachment to
Anything less than we corruptIt's a life but at least
It is contained
No act of graceIt's the fall of a morning
You wake in before
It's the life that is calling
You can't kid yourselfIt's the act of you killing
You can't take it back
It's the things that you did
That you still can't rememberThe people would rather
You never wake up
There's no act of graceTo the minds, to the greedy
Needful kinds
Wishing worthless, wishing backwards
Wish you weren't hereStick out loud
Stick out gestures
Stiff the crowd
No act of graceIt's the fall of a morning
You wake in before
It's the life that is calling
You can't kid yourselfIt's the act of you killing
You can't take it back
It's the things that you did
That you still can't rememberThe people would rather
You never wake up
Or at least you would die for
Instead of sufferThere's no act of grace
There's no act of grace
There's no act of grace

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