

# There But For the Grace of God

Psyclon Nine

We are sitting on the throne of contamination  
dead, dying, diseased, hid in the shadow  
under the crown of silence and ruination  
never you mind, just find the exit  
just follow the signs into the emptiness  
blacken your eyes to the light of revelation

there out for the grace of god go he with the hammer and nails  
there out for the grace of god go he so that man can prevail  
there out for the grace of god the doctors brooding over lifeless remains  
there out for the grace of god pump his heart 'til he's breathing again

pump his heart, reverse his demise  
pulled from the cross to unblacken our eyes  
crossing our hearts, hoping to die  
insert the needle to extinguish our cries  
our mary of spades elate us with desire  
subdued in a pit of insipid dreaming  
calm us when we seethe

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