

Sins Of The Father

Being As An Ocean

"You don't want to go in there," is all the officer said
His face pale as the dead
The ride-along saw white grow on his head
Hand on his clip, cold metal on his hip
Thinking of wasting that monster
Sat so close you could spit

This is no man
No man could do this
Heartless
This is no man

Gentle grace, met with violence (met with violence)
In this dark place, I feel Your silence

Stared at the window on the right
Winter air and the fear of what was inside
Sent shivers down his spine
That flashing red light
The young man found comfort in the stars
Taking his mind off homicide
Walked up the path through the yard
The door stood ajar
He stepped hesitantly into the dark
Just then another ran past him
Eyes wide, hands clasped to his face
Shoved him into the wall as the first spray escaped
The remainder of the vomit planted in the garden
Pointed to the, "First door on the right"
That same flashing red light

No man could do this
No man could do this

Gentle grace, met with violence (met with violence)
In this dark place, I feel Your silence

He gathered his courage and tried not to think of what he was about to see
Tried to not visualize a child of three
Running into the first door on the right
Hoping to stop the fight
Red on the walls
Red on the presents
Her angelic head, left blood and fragments
Red on the tree
Red on her fleece
He put her down as she tried to flee

We are all given a chance to be free
"I will be better than my father before me!"

Gentle grace, met with violence (met with violence)
In this dark place, I feel Your silence

That little girl was his redeeming grace
The thing to help him forget the misery
Cause he was never shown it

He spat in its face
Now this brave young one lays cold
Planted under a tree
Given no chance to grow old
(I feel it haunting me)