

God Is In The White Rice

Moist

Bind your hands
Deep inside
Pull them tight as they open wide
Animals will come when the fire dies
I believe what we see
Can't exist without history
We are reached through insecurity
Something's going on
Well saved you're no dice
And fell in the other side
Something's going on
What you could call true
Dispels any other lie
Count your blessings man
God is in the white rice
Leave your hands
Out of sight
Let your sex breed indifference
Violent words of encouragement
Love the street
Love these trees
Feed each whisper entirely
Leave the seed
Leave love and live in peace
Something's going on
Well sane you're no dice
And fell in the other side
Something's going on
What you could call true
Dispels any other lie
Count your blessings man
God is in the white rice