

## Grin Department

### "The Spirit Of Violence"

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Suddenly you feel it  
Your senses gettin' torn  
Adrenalin shooting  
Arteries seem to boil  
Nervous, angry  
Staring through a red lens  
Interior gladiator's just slain your defense

The root of all disgusting  
The godfather of sin  
Meet me in the depths of mind  
And let the game begin  
Assassinate your conscience  
My turned apostate friend  
Incestuous brotherhood of souls  
Control me if you can

The reborn me is threatening myself  
Can't reach for where the slaughter dwells  
My guts are frozen  
My blood's like ice  
Interior gladiator spreading the cold inside

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