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Grinspoon "Cuilty Of Innocence"

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Born to the plague of fools Intent on breaking all the rules Terror crash against the skin Mixing of blood Flesh tempted against nature Fear drips like water on glass

Born, in bred, born, in bred

Incest born, unnatural caresses The future screams a clear message Black imagination Oppression tears away the heart And soul

Born, in bred, born, in bred

Midnight strikes, hunters prowl Seeking which is forbidden In true convict style Indulgence wins So begins mutilation No battle was fought The work of beast unfolds Keep the secret close or die

Guilty of innocence, guilty of Innocent Pure perversion

Truth kept, tightly wrapped, Shrouded in, devils breath

Trembling, twisted, trapped The smell of torment Fills the room So still, deathly silence The victims future crumbles

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