

## **Grip Inc. "Challenge"**

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Lungs breathing foulness  
Anal intellect fills rooms  
Cigar smoke and the stench of cheap wine  
Smothers my children's innocence  
The blind and boiled misery sets sail  
Ship wrecked souls don't buckle up  
You won't survive  
>From the ashes of nothing  
Rises something  
Never to  
Forget forget forget forget  
So if you offer this challenge  
Oh yes my blood will rise  
Attitude is the engine that drives  
The force through hollow eyes  
The blind and boiled misery sets sail  
Ship wrecked souls don't buckle up

You won't survive  
This stab skin stabbing your god's  
Messenger I will skin you just a little  
Stab skin stab skin over and over  
Again again again again  
So I accept your challenge  
Tear down your thin disguise  
Kamikaze your conceited ass  
With no compromise  
I fight your power with raw power  
I fight your power with raw power  
I fight your power with raw power  
I fight your power with raw power

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