

Grip Inc. "Culity 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

