

Samhain

"In My Grip 247"

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Hot night, Break-neck, Oozing into that thing

It seethes, It foams, It splits the death of love

All the things you hold most dear

Gone, And the world it dies, In my grip

All the world and everything, In my grip

Hold tight, It comes, Entry level, Smooth and quick

To claim its wants, It need only put out its hand

All the things you hold most dear

Gone, And the world it dies, In my grip

All the world and everything, In my grip

And the world it dies, In my grip

All the world and everything, In my grip

Your mate, Your life, Everything you are and could be

It owns, It covets, It splits the death of hope

All the things you hold most dear

Gone, And the world it dies, In my grip

All the world and everything, In my grip

And the world it dies, In my grip

All the world and everything, In my grip

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