Inc Grip "Enemy mind"

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What you waiting for
Enemy at my door, what are you waiting for
Demon preacher tracking me, I have no place to run
Enemy in my mind, desperate and sublime
Demon preacher tracking me, I have no place to run

Now you carry my life, fragile with passion Vigilant the fight, I stand alone

Ranting the sermon
On the edge of reason
This is tomorrow calling
And slowly I am drifting away

Anger deep inside my mind Stealing the sands of time Constantly confusing me I have no place to run

Now you carry my life, fragile with passion Vigilant the fight, I stand alone

This is tomorrow calling And slowly I am drifting away

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