

# Grip Inc., Amped

Scored primed and packed geared up  
Rules are none move with the pack  
Chopped and spread lines reflect white  
Reasoning fades  
into the second day  
Searching for something more  
Endless are the window patrols  
Time wags its accusing finger  
Time will cut you  
without distinction  
In the eleventh hour  
Cranked up high  
Cranked up high  
Tight chewing skin until it bleeds  
Ringed by broken cars and guns  
Nocturnal hiding from the sun  
Teeth turn black and rot  
You don't want it you just need it  
You gotta get it cranked up really high  
Into the third day  
Meth leper disorientated  
Fighting hard to feed  
Retracing steps of lost weekends  
Habit feeding habit  
Without distinction  
Of the eleventh hour  
Cranked up high  
Cranked up high  
Amped and cranked up really high  
Lost engorging show no mercy  
Move speed demon catch that moving train  
Fall into the affray  
You don't want it you just need it  
You gotta get it cranked up really high