

Grip Inc., Colors of Death

being used, but never forgiven
being pushed out, then pulled
right back in
how can I run, when you pull my
strings
self deception wrapped
in the colors of death

living a life behind curfens and
fear
confidence sparks the colors of
death
opportunity barks from a snakes
gapping mouth
blind eyes wide open, I walk
onward

to young to die
purile killer
the colors of death

time passed slowly, every second
a struggle
controle of destiny slips away
initiations talking all chances
consequences cut out, I get
sucked in