

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 curfews and
fear
confidence sparks the colors of
death
opportunity barks from a snakes
gaping mouth
blind eyes wide open, I walk
onward

too young to die
purile killer
the colors of death

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