

# Grip Inc., Cuiilty Of Innocence

born to the plague of fools  
intent on breaking all the rules  
terror crash against the skin  
mixing of blood  
flesh tempted against nature  
fear drips like water on glass

born, in bred, born, in bred

incest born, unnatural caresses  
the future screams a clear message  
black imagination  
oppression tears away the heart  
and soul

born, in bred, born, in bred

midnight strikes, hunters prowl  
seeking which is forbidden  
in true convict style  
indulgence wins  
so begins mutilation  
no battle was fought  
the work of beast unfolds  
keep the secret close or die

guilty of innocence, guilty of  
innocent  
pure perversion

truth kept, tightly wrapped,  
shrouded in, devils breath

trembling, twisted, trapped  
the smell of torment  
fills the room  
so still, deathly silence  
the victims future crumbles