

# Grip Inc., Empress (of Rancor)

Driven to tears while being sucked dry  
Beaten down, exploited, left in bits  
No hint of self seeking, cold hard facts overlooked  
While the ritual of disgust begins

Premeditation, no trace  
Rigid execution  
Of plans severe  
Trust overlooked  
While draining emotions  
Avoiding with grace  
Concerns unanswered

Slowly, methodically, breaking bonds of blood  
Gown of tradition, splashed with crimson  
Hidden deep in the belly of hate  
Black widows bite dealt with precision  
Trading her body in the pretense of love

Prevention of instinct  
Survival never a second thought, submit  
The wall to survive, buried absolute  
Avoiding with unanswered

Honesty betrayed  
The struggle for breath begins  
The web is spun breath begins  
Never to let the children see the  
Gown of tradition, splashed with crimson  
Hidden deep in the belly of hate  
Black widows bite, dealt with precision  
Trading her body in the pretense of love