Grip Inc., Guilty Of Innocence

Guilty of innocence, guilty 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 immaginations 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 idulgence wins So begins mutilation No battle was fought The work of the beast unfolds Keep the secret close or die Guilty of innocence, guilty of innocence 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