

Grip Inc., Heretic War Chant

cruel gruesome images in the
lost world
massacre of the masses
unnoticed
war orphans, sad daunting visions
left young and angry, viscious
combination

fleeing slaughter and the
application of terror
millions pass through the
avenue of the damned
bodies left rotting by the road side
motherless children sleep on
blood stained earth

eyes of war

human rights or the loss of
trading status
fabric and steel more important
then flesh and bone
callous leaders create and
spread confusion
distance themselves with the
politics of death

to keep the place or feed the
starving millions
donations wrapped with red
tape solid stuck
united nations a combination of
power
will not help, what they refuse
to see

eyes of war

dying weak stare
and see nothing
cannot read the lies
hidden, in the eyes of war
beyond the shadows that blind
the heart
body to body filth and dirt
pleasure or pain, truth or desire
hot burning seas of fire
fighting for life a useless cause
barren land and shallow men
now your future become your past
the wait for dying has come at last

fuck the new world order