

# Grip Inc., Hostage to Heaven

treachery with a smile, etched  
upon its face  
a face of red, but a heart of  
stone cold black  
servants of two masters, the  
congregation splits  
serving sexuals rituals, true back  
biters  
pirates in pinstripe, admired by  
the many in their hour of  
weakness  
all ways stand, with their backs  
to the sun  
religious fanatics, muttering  
righteousness on sacred ground  
the armor of religion like foil  
across a bed of nails

conscience, burning, lives held,  
hostage to heaven

symbolic bullshit, hung around  
the necks, of the weak  
silver and gold, just trinkets of  
deception  
one mans faith, becomes  
another mans evil  
don't deny the power of inner  
strength, right