

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