

Grip Inc., Man With No Insides

The man with no insides, the man with no insides
The man with no insides, the man with no insides

Open this Pandora's box
Crosse fequencies pass through
Embark on someone elses train
Po the king weasel

So let the chant begin - ensue
Master the dance of the dead - vital
Sing lullabies oftime gone by
Come children emanate him

The man with no insides, the man with no insides
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Immerse the pawn
In the slave of delight
Enwined within the carnival of soars
Pop goes the king weasel

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