

# 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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