

Grip Inc., Myth or Man

Sucked into vortex on a full moon night
Air tasted sweet speed felt right
Down winding highways following cats eyes
Glowing fierce and pines my mind runs shallow
Eyelids getting heavy the road tells me to follow
Into the desolate amongst the remains savaged isolation

Unexplained deaths in the valley
The myth of the devils lair lies deep in suspicion
And folklores for centuries
Credibility never challenged
Rumor panic smoke screen desire
To conceal reality

Nemesis or Deceiver, stench of natures dungeon
Horror upon horror, shiver as the jackal howls

Looking out from the hillside
Smoke rises from the valley below
Unearthly screams cut through the rain

Every creature dies, paper mice burn
Tears fall at the Wall of Names
Sacrifice for freedom, punishment or reward
Take the journey of fear or hope

Nemesis or Deceiver, stench of natures dungeon
Horror upon horror, shiver as the jackal howls
Lunatic fringe, aura of the shrouded pulls
Myth or man beyond the call