

# 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 our from the hillside  
Smoke rises from the valley below  
Unearthly screams cut through the rain

Every creature dies, paper mouses 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