

Grip Inc., Silent Stranger

Cold winds blow across the desert
Which shall be crossed before morning
Moving swiftly across water and sand
Reaching the point of the return

Silent stranger, chasing dreams
Living with danger embracing the new

Days gathering, rain of shine
Living roads with ambition
Minority a wheel within a wheel
The only crime is being alive

Move from place to place
Avoiding detection
Prison without bars
Land of the free

In the New World
IN the New world

Merging culture
Escaping poverty
Morals challenged
Changing identity

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