

Grip Inc., The Summoning

Still and silent in the tomb
The mystery it starts to move
Bound and wrapped golden faced
Disorder fills the sacred place

Invisible in their mindst illusive in disguise

The mind is strong, the flesh is weak
Conserved and distinct through centuries
For disturbance all shall pay
Bandage and bone turns to grey

Fractured silenced aroused from exile
Sparking resurrection of of pain

When I move nobody sees me
When I scream nobody hears me

Fill the tremble in the tomb
Wrath is unleashed inside the tomb
Ambiance of revenge fills all
Intruders intertwined with the sands of time

Take cloak inside the tomb
Reform with awe did prevail
Guardian keeper did rise unknown
All is at rest calm petrified