

# Grendel, Aspiration Feed

Hard steel thoughts, the patience for reality  
As the realisation unfolds, shedding the apathy  
Cold hearts speak, attempts to reach our sanity  
It's always deeds before words or you'll fail constantly

I will never doubt my fate  
Ignite a chaos which shall lead  
With drops of blood, sweat and tears  
Upon your envy I shall feed

Fight  
With force and the will in the night  
Construct and to build for the strife  
Your fortress - the tact in your mind  
With force and the will in the night

Construct and to build for the strife  
Your fortress - the tact in your mind  
Leave all your constrictions behind  
With force and the will in the night