

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