# The Summoning

## Grip Inc.

Still and silent in the tomb
The mystery it starts to move
Bound and wrapped golden faced
Disorder fills the sacred placeInvisible in their mindst illusive in disguiseThe mind is strong, the flesh is weak
Conserved and distinct through centuries
For disturbance all shall pay
Bandage and bone turns to greyFractured silenced aroused from exile
Sparking resurrection of of painWhen I move nobody sees me
When I scream nobody hears meFill the tremble in the tomb
Wrath is unleased inside the tomb
Ambiance of revenge fills all
Intruders intertwined with the sands of timeTake cloak inside the tomb
Reform with awe did prevail
Guardian keeper did rise unknown
All is at rest calm petrified

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