

# Colors of Death

## Grip Inc.

being used, but never forgiven  
being pushed out, then pulled  
right back in  
how can I run, when you pull my  
strings  
self deception wrapped  
in the colors of deathliving a life behind curfens and  
fear  
confidence sparks the colors of  
death  
opportunity barks from a snakes  
gapping mouth  
blind eyes wide open, I walk  
onwardto young to die  
purile killer  
the colors of deathtime passed slowly, every second  
a struggle  
controle of destiny slips away  
initiations talking all chances  
consequences cut out, I get  
sucked in

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