Challenge

Grip Inc.

Lungs breathing foulness
Anal intellect fills rooms
Cigar smoke and the stench of cheap wine
Smothers my children's innocence
The blind and boiled misery sets sail
Ship wrecked souls don't buckle up
You won't survive
>From the ashes of nothing
Rises something
Never to
Forget forget forget forget
So if you offer this challenge
Oh yes my blood will rise
Attitude is the engine that drives
The force through hollow eyes
The blind and boiled misery sets sail
Ship wrecked souls don't buckle up
You won't survive
This stab skin stabbing your god's
Messenger I will skin you just a little
Stab skin stab skin over and over
Again again again again
So I accept your challenge
Tear down your thin disguise
Kamikaze your conceited ass
With no compromise
I fight your power with raw power
I fight your power with raw power
I fight your power with raw power
I fight your power with raw power

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