

# Guilty of Innocence

## Grip Inc.

Guilty of innocence, guilty of innocence  
Born to the plague of fools  
Intent on breaking all the rules  
Terror crash against the skin mixing of blood  
Flesh tempted against nature  
Fear drips like water on glass  
Born, in-bred, born, in-bred  
Incest born, unnatural caresses  
The future screams a clear message  
black immaginations  
Oppression tears away the heart and soul  
Born, in-bred, born, in-bred  
Midnight strikes, hunters prowl  
Seeking which is forbidden  
In true convict style idulgence wins  
So begins mutilation  
No battle was fought  
The work of the beast unfolds  
Keep the secret close or die  
Guilty of innocence, guilty of innocence  
Pure perversion  
Truth kept, tightly wrapped  
Shrouded in, devils breath  
Trembling, twisted, trapped  
The smell of torment  
Fills the room  
So still, deathly silence  
The victims future crumbles

Lyrics provided by

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