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

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