Descending Darkness

Grip Inc.

Pushed into the
Mounth of the Abyss
A world that owes nothing
Trapped in an emotionless empire
Silent are endless parades
Respect like smoke
Lost in cyclones
Breathing along the isle
of no return
The gavel crashes upon
A system built for
The substitute fix only to shatter
Crisp brittle sorrow
Smacks hard into melting faces
Friction sinks into rotting masses
Swallowed by seas of sand
Deep in the bloody soil
Buried under the sins of our fathers
Bodies splinter
From the bowels of sorrow
Escaping to twist in the wind
The scent of darkness

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