

# Hostage to Heaven

## Grip Inc.

Treachery with a smile, etched upon its face  
A face of red , but a heart of stone cold black  
Servants of two masters, the congregation splits  
Serving sexual rituals, true back bites  
Pirates in pinstripe, admired by the many in  
their hours of weakness  
All ways stand, with their backs to the sun  
Religious fanatics, muttering righteousness on sacred ground  
The armor of religion like foil across a bed of nails  
Conscience, burning, lives held  
Hostage to heaven  
Symbolic bullshit, hung around the necks, of the weak  
Silver and gold, just trinkets of deception  
One man's faith becomes another man's evil  
Don't deny the power of inner strength, right  
2x  
Conscience, burning, lives held  
Hostage to heaven

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