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 bitesPirates 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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