

## 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