

## Prophecy

Grip Inc.

We can't keep something alive  
That has no heart  
Doing what is good  
Is not doing what is right  
So the beat goes on

Time has come to be a hero  
See your name in bright lights  
Swept away with grand illusions  
Force fed visions of fame  
Your guard is down  
You are the hunted  
In a corporate world  
That has no shame  
Contracts signed all hail the new kings  
Kept in a state of eternal bliss to be

Stranded like thousands that went before me  
Stranded but I will never lay down come on

Break out, rise up from oblivion  
Rise up, sinners an saints  
Break out, rise up from oblivion  
Rise up, black sheep shall survive

Bathing in short living glory  
Quickly becoming a faded memory  
Drowning in the hidden vortex  
Overflowed with ruined lives  
Beaten by the glamour forces  
\*harvest fruitful lays between the lies  
This phoenix rises out from the ashes  
From a light that never goes out

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