

# The Summoning

Grip Inc.

Still and silent in the tomb  
The mystery it starts to move  
Bound and wrapped golden faced  
Disorder fills the sacred place

Invisible in their mindst illusive in disguise

The mind is strong, the flesh is weak  
Conserved and distinct through centuries  
For disturbance all shall pay  
Bandage and bone turns to grey

Fractured silenced aroused from exile  
Sparkling resurrection of of pain

When I move nobody sees me  
When I scream nobody hears me

Fill the tremble in the tomb  
Wrath is unleashed inside the tomb  
Ambiance of revenge fills all  
Intruders intertwined with the sands of time

Take cloak inside the tomb  
Reform with awe did prevail  
Guardian keeper did rise unknown  
All is at rest calm petrified