

The illusion barely keeps you floating
the grinding of the wheel
preys hard upon the languor
yes, things can get too real
keep digging mental trenches
to keep the odd man out
barbwire your identity-secure what you're about
still you shatter on the grindstone
lay listening to the ticking
to that timebomb in your heart
paranoia's digging deeper
as defenses fall apart
nothing left to give now,
just a smile before you leave
the living still left you wondering
if you can still believe
while you shatter on the grindstone
while you shatter upon the grindstone
shatter
shatter
you shatter
you shatter
and you'll shatter.....