

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.....