

## Bruxist Grin

Pile

First, your heart pounds in the dark  
In the morning, your mouth full of dust  
Tried to reason, but your jaw knows where you are  
Trying to get settled on the grid  
A beautiful view and your stomach is in your throat  
Trouble, trouble either way  
But you don't want to find some way to stay with you

The moment I panic, you replace  
The reason I can't help being switched

There's trouble, trouble either way  
What you don't want can find some way to stay

There's trouble, trouble either way  
What you don't want can find some way to stay with you