

The Stone Grinds

The Warriors

The stone grinds for the very last time.
I'm here by instinct to rectify a lost system put into
submission.
Look, I'm a grain of sand and so are you.
Don't follow footprints, you're not a tool because many
have trouble following themselves.
Because she never knew, she never know the results of
manic depression.
Because she never knew, she never knew what borderline
insanity's like.
The mind grinds into dust in fact.
It's a tragic waste in this time and place.
The mind grinds from the strength that's lacked.
But it's true that the week go out like that.
She kissed the gun
Persuading herself that it's all she wrote.
She kissed the gun.
Discovering silence misguided in fear.
Because she never knew, she never knew the results of
manic depression.
Because she never knew, she never knew what borderline
insanity's like.
Generated filth and frustration.
This time it's not homicide.
The stone grinds for the very last time.
Go!
The stone grinds for the very last time.
Six feet deep and the truth's not hard to find.
Six feet deep!
This time it's not homicide.
Six feet deep!
Fury unleashed.