

Grind Me In The Gears

Edwin McCain

I'm holding my last breath
It's burning in my lungs
Clenching up my eyes
Bloody up my tongue

For the words that might escape
Are ringing in my ears
Grinds me to a pulp
Grind me in the gears

My frozen spirit aches
I slip another day
Start to lose my grip
Find another way

For the life that might escape
Has been echoing for years
Grinds me to a pulp
Grind me in the gears

I've seen all the faces
They mirror me
And I've felt the tearing...tearing of the teeth

I've given up my ghosts
Barely breathe your name
Offer up myself
Pray you'll do the same

For the love that might escape
Well that's the biggest fear
Grinds me to a pulp
Grinds me in the gears