

Grind It

Benedictum

Grind it
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Black is the night long is the day
Feelings inside slipping away
Raise my threshold for the pain
Object of my dark disdain

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Kicked in the teeth by what lies beneath
I thought I was blind but now I see
You were leading me down such a primrose path
Don't look back for the die is cast

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Stabbed in the back by the knife you wield
You will never know just how it feels
Remember dark pretender
These are the terms of your surrender!

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I've got to grind it out
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