

## 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

Grind it  
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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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