

The Grinding Wheel

Overkill

A bed of nails, cold dark deep refrigeration
A hear it calling me
A broken rail as he drools over the congregation
I hear it calling me
Now I won't tell you how to live your life
I never saw the point in thinking twice
I turn the wheel by day, by night
Praise your flag
Here's to the liberation

Day by day I move in time
Turn the wheel, pay for my crimes

The miller's horse is wearing down
He bangs his heart on hollowed ground
The miller hears a single sound
The sound of the grinding wheel goes round and round

The ship has sailed to dark sea destinations
The gods are hailed for their absentee observations
I feel it holding me
Now I can't tell you where integrity hides
It showed it's face, you struck it down and it died
I turn my wheel with a seamless pride
Raise your flag
Here's to the revolution
The pain is all you ever feel
A concrete will, and a back of steel
I give you my soul unto the wheel
Get it done

Eye of the needle, it in the hear of the sun
Stuck in the middle, with the blazing one
This weathered hand, has a grip of steel
These eyes have seen it all; catch your spirit on the grinding wheel
Say your prayers, say what you feel
Count your blessings, make a deal
What you borrow, what you steal
Crush it all, on the grinding wheel