

spencer bohren**"Spinning"**

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Inner sense lost in a stream
Another day faking control
Alone, still living an introspective lie
Cut adrift, in constant motion
Roaming never ending oceans

Bleeding poets cry, hands to the sky
Their quest was one of futility
I know man's lost in cosmic settings of coincidence
Just spinning, twisting, circling on...

Manipulate my mind, I don't mind
the kind of lie to subdivide, petrify, dehumanize

Manipulate your mind, would you mind
the kind of lie to subdivide, petrify, dehumanize

I will deny, I still deny, I will deny all
These truths were all yours
I refused them as mine

Manipulate my mind, I don't mind
the kind of lie to subdivide, petrify, dehumanize

Man manipulates man's mind
Should they mind the kind of lie
to subdivide, petrify, dehumanize

Spinning, twisting, circling on

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