

## Spinnerette

### "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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