

## The Church

### "Grind"

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The wine in your hand is worth two at the bar  
And everybody knows what you've been drinking  
Disgraceful sky flecked with a nightmare of stars  
And everybody knows how you've been synching  
(sinking ?)

Long distance century buzzes and fades  
I wonder why you've not resigned  
Previews processions and parades  
You've got to grind, grind it out

Line up the arrows, push off the top  
This can cause sustain forever  
And once it's started up, it cannot be stopped  
At least it's holding us together

Long distance century buzzes and fades  
An automatic charge on your mind  
The glittering minutes, jangled decades  
We've got to grind, grind it out

A vortex appears, unleashed by the crash  
A moment marred by hesitation  
Bedazzled surgeon chases the gash  
But we don't need that operation  
Long distance century buzzes and fades  
Elysian Fields not far behind  
Find me a witness amongst these shades  
They've got to grind, grind it out

Long distance century buzzes and fades  
I hope the deaf can lead the blind  
Lift me up into those whirling blades  
I've got to grind, grind it out

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