Sarah McLachlan, Grind

Grind, Grind, Grind, Grind...
Another Day hangs like a curtain, tearing with every breath I take
Every breath (tunnelling?) under every desicion that I make, that I make
Pieces fall loud and crashing, landing in the dreams I've made
Every sound growing louder, indecision turns to hate, turns to hate

My dreams are cracked like a broken mirror, cutting (in between the?) leaps
And bounds
Aspirations under the surface, I grind myself into the ground
Pieces fall loud and crashing, landing in the dreams I've made
Every sound growing louder, my indecision turns to hate
It's like I am in a silent movie, I say my piece but it's never heard
Laughing, Laughing with no recalling, wasted days and dying words

My dreams are cracked like a broken mirror, cutting (in between the?) leaps
And bounds
Aspirations under the surface, I grind myself into the ground
It's like I'm in a silent movie, I say my piece but it's never heard
Laughing, Laughing with no recalling, wasted days and dying words
Dying words, dying words...