

# Grinder

## Six Feet Under

Never straight and narrow  
I won't keep in time  
Tend to burn the arrow  
Out of the line  
Been inclined to wander  
Off the beaten track  
That's where there's thunder  
And the wind shouts back  
Grinder  
Looking for meat  
Grinder  
Wants you to eat  
Got no use for routine  
I shiver at the thought  
Open skies are my scene  
That's why I won't get caught  
Refuse to bite the mantrap  
Be led to set the snare  
I love to have my sight  
Capped everywhere  
Grinder  
Looking for meat  
Grinder  
Wants you to eat  
I've held my licence  
It came with birth,  
For self reliance on this earth  
You take the bullet  
On which my name  
Was etched upon in your game  
Day of independence  
Stamped us like a brand  
Round the necks of millions  
To the land  
As the mighty eagle  
I need room to breathe  
Witness from the treadmill  
I take my leave  
Grinder  
Looking for meat  
Grinder  
Wants you to eat  
Grinder  
Looking for meat  
Grinder  
Wants you to eat  
Grinder

