Spinning

Spiral Architect

Inner sense lost in a stream
Another day faking control
Alone, still living an introspective lie
Cut adrift, in constant motion
Roaming never ending oceansBleeding 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, dehumanizeManipulate your mind, would you mind
the kind of lie to subdivide, petrify, dehumanizeI will deny, I still deny, I will deny all
These truths were all yours
I refused them as mineManipulate my mind, I don't mind
the kind of lie to subdivide, petrify, dehumanizeMan manipulates man's mind
Should they mind the kind of lie
to subdivide, petrify, dehumanizeSpinning, twisting, circling on

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