

The Grind

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Where to start how this grind, as it does unwind
Words spoken, not heard so pride angers the mind

The trigger is pulled, the thoughts released
the only thing now, is to beat this beast.

The heart starts to pump, and the pressure it rises
thoughts are not good, the exhaustion surprising.

The need to be right, has become overwhelming
When I talk to myself, I do no compromising.

Chorus

Help me Yah

This is the battle of the mind evil thoughts coming through I reject I refuse but they keep coming back putting
my mind under attack

Help me Yah This is the battle of the mind, I try to overcome I fail again and again (2) I need your help until
the very end. 2 but I trust you will renew my mind.

Every angle discussed, no detail is spared
I will win this fight, when nobody's there.

How much time has been wasted, with these thoughts of mine
how often YAH intervened, while my eyes were so blind.

This grind so I've learned, can no longer last
its time to grow up, and release all the past.

Taking each thought captive, has become no joke,
but once this battle ends, there will be no more yoke.

Get free from the false, the forever one sided
Since Yah took the wheel, my heart's not divided.

His shalom is welcomed, my mind is set free
I'll never forget the captive, in this fight has been me.