

Combustion (Live in Toronto)

Meshuggah

No more ifs, no bias, no ambiguity
No wondering whether this is it
Clarity so brightly wrong
The image so painfully absolute
No edges blurred on this awareness
No unknown weight to tip the knowledge scales
Eyes dilated to grasp it all
As every illusion of what we are fails
An unquestionable picture, determined, complete
Its crystalline lines untouched by doubt
So vivid, so deprived of hesitation
Shining in its evil splendor
The burning hatred of man
A million degrees on display
Human voracity delineated
The demons in us all by fumes portrayed
Stare, see, take in, grasp
Comprehend, assimilate, behold your reflection
Its framing, gold plated lies
The canvas, hurting souls caught and weaved
The artist, the human dream
Incinerated, devoured, deceived

Songwriters

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