

Humiliative

Meshuggah

I'm the concrete leper
Sickness repulsion embodied
But hear the sermon escaping my vermin mouth
You might even stay with me in the dirt I'm soaked in putrid
Sewage risen from empty words
To you a legion of nausea
I'm your sins I'm your crown of thorns I've seen the blood of generations
The ravenous mouth called system
We're all shaped by vulgar hands
The grip of hate and lies The sustenance to our bellicose ways
An ignorance almost justified
As the gap of humanity fraction grows
The skull of life lobotomized, hear me I'm ignominy
There's no renaissance we're bleeding, no I've flown a million minds black in despair
The liquids of uncertainty spit into their eyes
Our flesh embedded in counters of iniquity
It seems like we are all your merchandise not civilized No words we adapt in our silence paralyzed
To changes erasing the last denial lines
Attitudes crucified still we're going on
Crawling toward submissive suicide

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