

Qualms Of Reality

Meshuggah

Redundant cruelty
Children are shoved into enclosed solitude
In lack of value cause by minor defects
Each one an unsuitability outside the public's field of vision
Left to die on a bed of concrete
While the rich swallows ostentation
Distorted minds screaming for consolation
The vanity of convenience rules the world
Locked up, who cares about rights
So what if the world's a bit rude
The prosperous, pay to keep it concealed
Leaving problems untouched because of fear
Abandoned lives
Hundreds in a room, staring with empty swollen eyes
Mutilated possibilities
Enslaved by insanity
The belligerent arrogance of the leaders
Strangles the subjected right to a childhood of safety
Nightmares but for real for ever engraved
In the minds of lost infancies
Shut out
From this dying world of calumny
Infanticide
A thousand souls a day flows away with the breeze
Living corpses, breathing lungs filled with disease
Underdeveloped twisted thoughts, trying to understand
Unfairly secluded by the prevailing injustices
That pushes this mentally ill world over the edge of acceptance
Locked up, who cares about rights
So what if the world's a bit rude
The prosperous, pay to keep it concealed
Leaving problems untouched because of fear
Death inside, without reach-their freedom
Bound to feel, within illness floating
Souls in penury, soon to fade out-aggravation in charge
Bemoan oppression, extensive carnage behind walls of uncertainty
We'll realize as the floods of insight come down

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