

Stengah (Metalheads EZX)

Meshuggah

Lacerating pains of degeneration speed through your trembling mind

Still, in machine-like strife, you gain another mile

The temporary, elusive goal; to reach the solace, to feed once more

Upon the synthetic reaper of loss, no matter the outcome, the cost
Cold and stinging needs tearing through the
halls

Of your defile, flesh-made temple, with its closing walls

Still you claim the worshippers pose and you bow, you kneel
Control, once superior, now a docile pet at chaos'
feet

Pulling the leash as it trails the scent to where all hurt recedes

Your past, a blurry patch in mind, your future once; now thin dreams filed

Toward the lights of need you strive to drink into your vein the shine

Beaten to the unforgiving ground, lashed into submission

By the inner starving demon, by its unrelenting hand

Still, you claim the worshippers pose and you bow, you kneel to the syringe
Answering only to authorities of
sedation, their calls the only ones heeded

A worn out soldier touched by their contagion, a battered drone at their feet

You're the one betrayed, an outcast set afire by your inner war

Your burning self so far astray, a combustion fanned from within your core

Songwriters

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