

Clockworks

Meshuggah

Dismantling the clockwork that makes me the cynic
Pallet, wheel and click
The properties of my indifference
Reverse-engineering what makes it tick
Dissecting the fine-tuned mechanism
Rack and barrel, spring and pin
Its synchronous characteristics
To kill what makes it spinDisassemble this machinery
Re-program these eyes, undo this designLabelled and filed, each part indexed
Broken to pieces then thoroughly burned
Deconstruction of what I am
Buried to make sure he never returns
Taken apart, defused, blueprints turned to ashes
Eradicate the last remains, remnants of the insaneDisintegration, the destruction of me now imperative
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a necessityBreak this deceitful machineA lie, what
once I was, obsolete instrument
An outmoded contraption, a malfunctioning deviceThat callous self now extinguished, that malignant self now
disused
That conceited invention to nothing now reducedComplete disintegration, the destruction of me now imperative
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a necessityBreak this deceitful machine

Songwriters

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