

Exquisite Machinery of Torture

Meshuggah

A sustained static gaze, oblivious to surroundings.
Empty, strained, unmoving eyes; Introverted, paralyzed
A burning mass of emotions denied, enraged by years of silencing.
An accumulation of feelings suppressed, returning to devour.
Bright rays of chaos, generated by subconsciousness.
A retribution by own thoughts; twisting the mind into fits
Fuelled with pains unveiled. Burning with contamination.
Set afire by disowned self-lies; they penetrate the eyes.I... Am I the next? Self inflicted overload.
Thoughts returning to think me away.
I... Will I be reprieved,
or am I just awaiting the sentence of my exquisite,
internal machinery of tortureThe turmoil arises, from the innermost core of denial.
Shining streams of putrefaction, refluigent with disease -
In outward motion to redress the balance by retaliation.
A terminal journey to relieve cognition of Ability
Minds lit like candles, by rejected senses and emotions.
Tearing flames, born in mind; Creations of self deception.
Strained, not to lose the grip - Humans locked in the new disease.
A light by eyes unseen has come to burn us clean.Ref: I... Am I the next?.....I sense; The facilities of the
bodily; Discorporated by the light
All my pleas; denied
By my psychological enemy
The inner light unseenI... I'm deceived by my
Receiving eyes; - susceptible
to the endless killing-sightsConsciousness fails the grip. Substance now decreasing
Amorphous. Without shape - I'm vanishing; dematerialized
My own corrosive thoughts - Probes armed with acid tools
Disintegrated, I'm bleached out of reality
Scattered bits internally; My last transparent remains;
Floating objects inanimate; Spinning into my soul
Defeated by my contents. Tables turned, I'm a thought repressed
I'm swallowed into myself. Destination; nothingnessI... Am I the next? Self inflicted overload
Thoughts returning to think me away
I... Will I be reprieved
Or am I just awaiting the sentence of my exquisite,
internal machinery of torture
I... I've been the next. My self inflicted overload,
My neglected thoughts have thought me undone.
I... I was never reprieved

Now I know the sentence of me exquisite,
internal machinery of torture

Songwriters

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