

Beneath

Meshuggah

It's time to go into the me below
My morbid self beneath
A peril trip the last way out
I spin as I let go
In spirals down the narrow lines
Passing through my aura
Spit me out into my mind
A journey through disease I'm behind, my cynic eyes
That stare but cannot see
The sickness in me, beneath I fall in untruthful
Me the essence of my thoughts
Swirling in a thousand vows
Endless, truthless What am I, this me beneath?
A vain organic lie
That rules me from inside Immobile now
I bow before reality itself
It's substance moving through my eyes
My life is transferred once
Suffused upon my mind
The view erases burns inside
And then another fall I plunge into a well of lies
A cold perennial flow
The vortex of my soul

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