

Torture

KMFDM

My motivations unresolved
Things are just never what they seem
Apathy's currencies deceit
Pitch bending radiated dreamsThe jackal's wishing well forgotten
Dark cloud sunrise
The view of someone somewhere else is
Burnt in my eyesHow long dug up remains
How low the rotting fame
How low to see right through
Low long the hole I knewHow low the clear eyed stain
How long to set aflame
How low to be set up
How long and taken outThe ant-like karma from the crack in a hand
Full painting on a mural in a foreign landfill
Mind controlled by the pulley of the strings
So remote the view from the puppetry swing setMy reservations have evolved
Scenes once negated ushered in
Mercy killing one to one defend
The visionary criminals descend
On knees all burningA term of useless lifeless thought
What a paid ride
Alchemic jail cell vivisection
Text subject day jobHow long to pacify
How low you still deny
How low from up above
How low the tripping soundHow long to kick back down
How long the creeping crown
How low the holy cheat
How long the leap of faithThese revelations undermined
Controlled belief in leads mankind
Each penny sold and mesmerized
We're stoned, two fold reversal beckoningThe binding crayon words inverted
Injustice travestiaHow long dug up remains
How low the rotting fame
How low to see right through
How long the hole I knewHow low the clear eyed stain
How long to set aflame
How low to be set up
How long and taken outWe worship acid moans and curbside holidays

Recycle shit we throw away in glossy packaged craze
Maybe in a day or so I'll stumble on that grassy knoll
To set the record straight
Announcing to myself, wake up, wake up, wake up We kill everything that's not tied down
We euthanize but keep alive the lowest form of prison life
So useful and experimental
Treatment of the sick and dying What about the torture?
What about the torture?
What about the torture?
What about the torture?

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