

Stengah

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 defiled, flesh made temple with its closing walls
Still you claim the worshipers 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 worshipers 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

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