

New Millennium Cyanide Christ (Live in Montreal)

Meshuggah

I'm a carnal, organic anagram
Human flesh instead of written letters
I rearrange my pathetic tissue
I incise, I replace, I'm reformedI eradicate the fake, pre-present me
Elevate me to a higher human form
The characters I am
Made into a word complete then I'll be the new normSelf inflicted fractures
I replace my bones with bars
Aluminum bleeding oxide
The drug of Gods into my pounding veinsMy receiving eyes exchanged with fuses
Blindness induced to prevent destruction
Ceramic blades implanted
Past my ribs to save me from the dues of inhalationI tear my worldly useless skin
Staples to pin it over my ears
Non-receptive of ungodly sounds
I disable the audio generators of fearHexagonal bolts to fill my mouth
Sharpened to deplete
The creator of all violence
Without speech there will be no deceitBaptized in vitriolic acid
A final touch, a smoothing of features
Completion of the greatest art
To cast the godly creaturesHumans, once astray, made divine
Stripped of congenital flaws
We're incandescent
Revelations in a world of darkened formsDisciples, come join with me
To save a failed humanity
Follow the God of cyanide
Into the new eternityBehold a sacrificial erase
A cleansing worshiping of pain
The new millennium Christ
Here to redeem all from lies, lies

Songwriters

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