

Shifting Through the Lens

Front Line Assembly

Mindless human faith
lays naked there to waste.
Neurotic choking eyeballs
fuel paranoid crazed cells.

Slide into darkness,
slither down the shaft,
Slide into darkness,
slighter down the shaft of hell.

Sterilized all contact points,
inhale if you want to breath,
dirty poison oxygen,
delivers Shiva need.

Movements mirror his subjects,
shifting through the lens.
Dirty shadow's dissipate,
dissolve into myself
slide into darkness
slighter down the shaft of hell.

Body parts bleached,
amputated feelings,
fluid core,
dismembered, dissolved into abyss.