

Ligature Marks

Meshuggah

So here we are
Tearing at flesh to scar
Carving the mark in servitude of the dark
Realign the weaponry of your mind
A surgical strike
Nothing left to find

The ghost of sacrifices made
Lingering in the shadows
Perversion is the trade
So this will hurt in every way
But you will crave me
Beg me to stay

And it flows through every fiber, runs through every vein
Twisted energy. Tracing insanity through ligature marks
Bruises formed in the dark

Facing the music, you've never heard this song before
A solemn requiem, a shroud for your machinations and strife
Intent to euthanize

Empty sheet nothing left to deplete
The loop becomes complete
The void will swallow the melting stars
Suspended in emptiness
Torment turns to bliss
A stillborn genesis