

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. No matter the cost

Cold and stinging needs tearing through the halls
Of your defiled, flesh made temple with its closing
walls
Still you claim the worshippers 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 worshippers 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