

This Spiteful Snake

Meshuggah

Reality - this spiteful snake,
Rearing its ugly head
Venom dripping from its grin
As it tosses yet another obstacle in our way

If given a thousand years to collect,
To process, to portray
- We could never encompass the voracity
Of one single day

Trapping us in its winding,
It's closing malignant cycles
A tightening coil to bind us,
Hold us tight in unforgiving embrace

Its all-engulfing jaws - infinite, boundless
Biting down on the dying flesh of hope
Its fiery breath levelling, dismantling,
Flattening, tearing down the structure of our dreams

Overcome, defeated
Terrified, shivering, mute
Reality is terror - this truth is absolute

Reality - this spiteful snake
- Shedding its smothering veil
- A shroud to asphyxiate,
Exterminate, eradicate