

Qualms of Reality

Meshuggah

Redundant cruelty
Children are shoveled into enclosed solitude
in lack of value cause by minor defects
Each one an unsuitability
Outside the publics field of vision

Left to die on a bed of concrete
While the rich swallows ostentation
Distorted minds screaming for consolation
The vanity of convenience rules the world

LOCKED UP
Who cares about rights
SO WHAT
If the world's a bit rude
The PROSPEROUS
Pay to keep it concealed
Leaving problems untouched because of fear

ABANDONED LIVES
Hundreds in a room, staring with empty swollen eyes
Mutilated possibilities
Enslaved by INSANITY

The belligerent ARROGANCE of the leaders
strangles the subjected RIGHT
to a childhood of safety
NIGHTMARES But for real for ever engraved
in the minds of lost infancies

SHUT OUT
From this dying world of calumny
INFANTICIDE
A thousand souls a day flows away with the breeze

Living corpses, breathing lungs filled with disease
Underdeveloped twisted thoughts, trying to understand
Unfairly secluded by the prevailing injustices
that pushes this mentally ill world
over the edge of acceptance

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DEATH INSIDE, WITHOUT REACH-THEIR FREEDOM. BOUND TO FEEL, WITHIN-
ILLNESS FLOATING. SOULS IN PENURY, SOON TO FADE OUT-AGGRAVATION IN
CHARGE...BEMOAN OPPRESSION, EXTENSIVE CARNAGE BEHIND WALLS OF
UNCERTAINTY, WE'LL REALISE AS THE FLOODS OF INSIGHT COME DOWN