

Clockworks

Meshuggah

Dismantling the clockwork that makes me the cynic
Pallet, wheel and click
The properties of my indifference
Reverse-engineering what makes it tick
Dissecting the finetuned mechanism
Rack and barrel, spring and pin
Its synchronous characteristics
To kill what makes it spin

Disassemble this machinery
Re-program these eyes, undo this design

Labelled and filed, each part indexed
Broken to pieces then thoroughly burned
Deconstruction of what I am
Buried to make sure he never returns
Taken apart, defused, blueprints turned to ashes
Eradicate the last remains, remnants of the insane

Disintegration, the destruction of me now imperative
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a
necessity

Break this deceitful machine

A lie, what once I was, obsolete instrument
An outmoded contraption, a malfunctioning device

That callous self now extinguished, that malignant self now dis
used
That conceited invention to nothing now reduced

Complete disintegration, the destruction of me now imperative
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a
necessity

Break this deceitful machine