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