

Corridor of Chameleons

Meshuggah

We're the carriers of a new anomaly; Fold, unfold. Bend, shift color.

Always turning our backs to the wind. Deaf to the inner voices screaming.

Purpose, profit, act only to gain. Blistered tongues from licking greedward.

Taste the enemy. Throw up their means. Swallow the bits that fit your needs.

Keep your eyes searching in all directions, scanning for opportunities

Off you go. Begin your climb. Aim for the topmost twig of lies.

Put on a shape to pass undisturbed. Pick a color to blend with surroundings.

Choose a voice suiting, appropriate for the never benignant purpose.

Spin your eyes to read the court. Smoothen your path before the start

Even out, fill the holes with the toxic clay of your rotting heart.

A contagious neuro-ego-disease. A virus sticking to liars.

We're the self-centered fuel to boost the new strain of fire.

Adapting, shifting, lacking opinion. Our numbers exceeding the billions.

Everly walking among ourselves down the corridor of chameleons.

Continue through the skein of boughs, navigate to keep you straight on track.

Make the right ramification-

turns. Conceit will be your allied guide.

Climb the hierarchy ladders invisibly, veiled by the canvas of putrid dreams.

Every obstacle surmountable to the clouded vision you've conceived.

Scan the wall of truth for cracks. Your prey: the secrets hiding therein.

Feed upon its nourishing intestines to bring you forth in the "game"

With every single step taken on the road of games called success,

There's a fee for every lie. The currency: Your dissolving integrity.

Will you make it to the top of the tree? Is the fortune there to be found?

Chameleons are a short-

lived breed. Maybe fate will find you dead on the ground.

(Fate will tell.....)