

Elastic

Meshuggah

Assembled from dead incompatible pieces; Livid fragments regenerated.

Decomposing bits of organic matter, brought to life, revived.

A fluid, limbless, sickening shape, a faltering semi-floating cluster.

Its sole purpose of creation; To burst the imagination blood surge.

Defying the mould of human flesh. Smashing the wall of beliefs. A sight to bring insanity to all dimensional reality.

Carved from thoughts unthought into a graphic, visible delusion of life.

A twisted display of dehumanized features, by cells reflected, refracted.

A frantic dancing of particles, in pathetic attempt at rendering flesh;

Swirling to project the illusion of shape, form, dimension and mass.

(Eyes not made for watching. Thousand watt obsidian bulbs; Reflective, obversed. The only view is the barren self)

A walking translucent entity. Void, suspended. Inviolable by rules, all standards of existence.

An electrified vapor-cloud. A skein of bone and tissue.

An atrocity, a liquid form unshaped to the organic norm.

A mind not filled with thoughts, but a random flickering static .

A soulless creature un-alive; I'm the un-human elastic.