

# New Millennium Cyanide Christ

Meshuggah

I'm a carnal, organic anagram. Human flesh instead of written letters

I rearrange my pathetic tissue. I incise. I replace. I'm reformed

I eradicate the fake pre-

present me. Elevate me to a higher human form

The characters I am, made into a word complete, then I'll be the new norm

Self inflicted fractures. I replace my bones with bars;

Aluminum bleeding oxide; The drug of gods into my pounding veins

My receiving eyes exchanged with fuses; Blindness induced to prevent destruction

Ceramic blades implanted past my ribs to save me from the dues of inhalation

I tear my worldly useless skin. Staples to pin it over my ears

Non-receptive of ungodly sounds - I disable the audio-generators of fear

Hexagonal bolts to fill my mouth, sharpened to deplete the creator of all violence;

Without speech there will be no deceit

Baptized in vitriolic acid. A final touch. A smoothing of features

Completion of the greatest art; To cast the godly creatures

Humans, once astray; Made divine. Stripped of congenital flaws

We're incandescent revelations in a world of darkened forms

Disciples, come join with me to save a failed humanity

Follow the god of cyanide into the new eternity

Behold; A sacrificial rase a cleansing worshipping of pain

The new millennium christ here to redeem all from lies