

Pineal Gland Optics

Meshuggah

How come I shiver, hurt and bleed,
If in dreams I cannot truly feel
Who would dare say, who would claim
This hallucination isn't real

Synaptical glitch looking glass
So enticing, real and free of lies
Prodigious, omnifarious
It nourishes, it feeds my starving eyes

Artificial the catalyst, organic its progeny
Voracious spectral offspring - so sweet in its hunger
Unbound this new vision, optical regeneration
Threatening, so complete in beautiful deformity

These authoritative visions order my collective senses,
My questioning, doubtful, rigid self to kneel
A Judas syndrome in effect - former self the deceiver
Its denial the wretched kiss that kept this in disguise

Cast off - the concealing veil, the rational cloak of doubt
torn off - the restraints, the blinded's shackles
Burned away - the agony, the fear, the grief
A new set of eyes cleansed by a new belief