

Pitch Black

Meshuggah

The soul burned in heaven clouds
before the greyed events of ones reality per se through marches
of hate
onward, payed to bullion from spoken stabs taken by controls
to unified fanned by reality - distant souls.

The second wave will break from this say to the humanity
by the numb axis numbing forever to sell their horror,
the grounds are ready to plunge, then we start to empty
forgotten by illumination, darkness is all there is.

Weapon come, defy your fears. Again try to stand your ground.
Gone unwritten a living son, Step into my oblivion.
Come and watch! you're stabbing down,
you're pleased now, there's nothingness.
Unreached a living son, step into oblivion.

Cunning, come into the vortex then comprehend,
extending their twisted eyes. My own replant taunting us,
fears, my instinct continues to scan,
Now to the choir disgust, as seen by all these American dates
and missing something disgraced forever, bound to bleed.

Why it's confused and ridiculed and chained and scrapped
from birth, downed, repelled in their mind and ways -
to stay on the berth of human ground, humiliation flaunts the s
eed
of apprehension played, weighing events, black states to call a
shade
of my every day.

Weapon come, face your fears. You're damned, you tried, it's bu
rning ground.
Bask in the light of a mocking sun, step into my oblivion.
Come and watch the stabbing ground,
you're pleased now there's nothingness
unreached, a living son, step into oblivion.