

# Qualms of Reality

Meshuggah

Redundant cruelty  
Children are shoveled into enclosed solitude  
in lack of value cause by minor defects  
Each one an unsuitability  
Outside the publics field of vision

Left to die on a bed of concrete  
While the rich swallows ostentation  
Distorted minds screaming for consolation  
The vanity of convenience rules the world

LOCKED UP  
Who cares about rights  
SO WHAT  
If the world's a bit rude  
The PROSPEROUS  
Pay to keep it concealed  
Leaving problems untouched because of fear

ABANDONED LIVES  
Hundreds in a room, staring with empty swollen eyes  
Mutilated possibilities  
Enslaved by INSANITY

The belligerent ARROGANCE of the leaders  
strangles the subjected RIGHT  
to a childhood of safety  
NIGHTMARES But for real for ever engraved  
in the minds of lost infancies

SHUT OUT  
From this dying world of calumny  
INFANTICIDE  
A thousand souls a day flows away with the breeze

Living corpses, breathing lungs filled with disease  
Underdeveloped twisted thoughts, trying to understand  
Unfairly secluded by the prevailing injustices  
that pushes this mentally ill world  
over the edge of acceptance

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DEATH INSIDE, WITHOUT REACH-THEIR FREEDOM. BOUND TO FEEL, WITHIN-  
ILLNESS FLOATING. SOULS IN PENURY, SOON TO FADE OUT-AGGRAVATION IN  
CHARGE...BEMOAN OPPRESSION, EXTENSIVE CARNAGE BEHIND WALLS OF  
UNCERTAINTY, WE'LL REALISE AS THE FLOODS OF INSIGHT COME DOWN