

## Stengah

## Meshuggah

Lacerating pains of degeneration speed through your  
trembling mind  
Still, in machine-like strife you gain another mile  
The temporary elusive goal: To reach the solace, to  
feed once more  
upon the synthetic reaper of loss. No matter the  
outcome. No matter the cost

Cold and stinging needs tearing through the halls  
Of your defiled, flesh made temple with its closing  
walls  
Still you claim the worshippers pose and you bow. You  
kneel

Control: once superior, now a docile pet at chaos'  
feet  
Pulling the leash as it trails the scent to where all  
hurt recedes  
Your past a blurry patch in mind, your future once;  
now thin dreams filed  
Toward the lights of need you strive - to drink into  
your vein the shine

Beaten to the unforgiving ground. Lashed into  
submission  
- By the inner starving demon. By its unrelenting  
hand  
Still you claim the worshippers pose and you bow. You  
kneel to the syringe

Answering only to authorities of sedation. Their  
calls the only ones heeded  
A worn out soldier touched by their contagion. A  
battered drone at their feet  
You're the one betrayed. An outcast set afire by your  
inner war  
Your burning self so far astray. A combustion fanned  
from within your core