

The Exquisite Machinery of Torture

Meshuggah

A Sustained Static Gaze,
Oblivious To Surroundings.
Empty, Strained, Unmoving Eyes;
Introverted, Paralyzed
A Burning Mass Of Emotions Denied,
Enraged By Years Of Silencing.
An Accumulation Of Feelings Suppressed,
Returning To Devour.
Bright Rays Of Chaos,
Generated By Subconsciousness.
A Retribution By Own Thoughts;
Twisting The Mind Into Fits
Fuelled With Pains Unveiled.
Burning With Contamination.
Set Afire By Disowned Self-Lies;
They Penetrate The Eyes.

I... Am I The Next?
Self Inflicted Overload.
Thoughts Returning To Think Me Away.
I... Will I Be Reprieved,
Or Am I Just Awaiting The Sentence Of My Exquisite,
Internal Machinery Of Torture

The Turmoil Arises,
From The Innermost Core Of Denial.
Shining Streams Of Putrefaction,
Refluent With Disease -
In Outward Motion To Redress The Balance By Retaliation.
A Terminal Journey To Relieve Cognition Of Ability
Minds Lit Like Candles,
By Rejected Senses And Emotions.
Tearing Flames,
Born In Mind;
Creations Of Self Deception.
Strained,
Not To Lose The Grip -
Humans Locked In The New Disease.
A Light By Eyes Unseen Has Come To Burn Us Clean.

Ref: I... Am I The Next?.....

I Sense;
The Facilities Of The Bodily;
Discorporated By The Light
All My Pleas;
Denied
By My Psychological Enemy
The Inner Light Unseen

I... I'm Deceived By My
Receiving Eyes; - Susceptible
To The Endless Killing-Sights

Consciousness Fails The Grip.
Substance Now Decreasing
Amorphous.

Without Shape - I'm Vanishing;
Dematerialized
My Own Corrosive Thoughts -
Probes Armed With Acid Tools
Disintegrated,
I'm Bleached Out Of Reality
Scattered Bits Internally;
My Last Transparent Remains;
Floating Objects Inanimate;
Spinning Into My Soul
Defeated By My Contents.
Tables Turned,
I'm A Thought Repressed
I'm Swallowed Into Myself.
Destination; Nothingness

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Thoughts Returning To Think Me Away
I... Will I Be Reprieved
Or Am I Just Awaiting The Sentence Of My Exquisite,
Internal Machinery Of Torture
I... I've Been The Next.
My Self Inflicted Overload,
My Neglected Thoughts Have Thought Me Undone.
I... I Was Never Reprieved
Now I Know The Sentence Of Me Exquisite,
Internal Machinery Of Torture