

# 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