

Meshuggah

"Exquisite Machinery of Torture"

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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

Fueled 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

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

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, nothingless

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

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

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