

# KMFDM, Torture

My motivations unresolved  
Things are just never what they seem  
Apathy's currencies deceit  
Pitch bending radiated dreams

The jackal's wishing well forgotten  
Dark cloud sunrise  
The view of someone somewhere else is  
Burnt in my eyes

How long dug up remains  
How low the rotting fame  
How low to see right through  
Low long the hole i knew  
How low the clear eyed staid  
How long to set aflame  
How low to be set up  
How long and taken out

The ant-like karma from the crack in a hand  
Full painting on a mural in a foreign landfill  
Mind controlled by the pulley of the strings  
So remote the view from the puppetry swingset

My reservations have evolved  
Scenes once negated ushered in  
Mercy killings one to one defend  
Visionary criminals descend  
On knees all burning

A term of useless lifeless thought  
What a paid ride  
Alchemic jail cell vivisection  
Text subject day job

How long to pacify  
How low you still deny  
How low from up above

How long the creeping crown  
How low the tripping sound  
How long to kick back down  
How low the holy cheat  
How long the leap of faith

These revelations undermined  
Controlled belief in leads mankind  
Each penny sold and mesmerized  
We're stoned  
Two fold reversal beckoning

The binding crayon words inverted  
Justice in travestia

We worship acid moans and curbside holidays  
Recycle shit we throw away in glossy packaged craze  
Maybe in a day or so i'll stumble on that grassy knoll  
To set the record straight  
Announcing to myself: wake up

We kill everything that's not tied down  
We euthanize but keep alive the lowest form of prison life  
So useful and experimental  
Treatment of the sick and dying

What about the torture?