

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?