

Meshuggah, Broken Cog

Inside. Watching the core
of whatever we had left of our lives
The multiplications divide
We drink to quench the thirst to come
With the bones that we left the trap was sprung

Blind ancient and malevolent. Cosmos divides
The truth is we never ever had truth in sight
We spat on this purpose
We ate of whatever was left
The chasm beneath us will open and swallow the rest

Me the broken cog
You seem to not have understood
Knives out. Strings set in motion
You act like you're surprised
Pre-emptive strike. Ruin. Chaos. Focus

Whispers Murmurs Voices Voices
Whispers Purpose Voices Murmurs
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