

Meshuggah, I Am That Thirst

Look at him yearning
Desirous
His craving, his hunger
Constant needs, constant wants
Nothing will quell
Nothing will slake
Insatiable vacuous man

Hollow and see-through
His emptiness has made him frail
That dying thing still believes
Others drive the nails
Incendiary god complex
Such gift to flammable man
This is what it made of him
This is what remains
Behold, how he devours
Unappeasable and cursed
That arid soul, famished and desiccated
I am that thirst

His gluttony can not be stilled
This state can never be reversed
Hollow and empty
Endlessly