

Tandjent, Human Antidote

I am the opiate
Oft dismissed illusionary chain
Cold confidence injected
Seeping through a bloodless vein
Twisted infection whispering lies
Faceless connection walk through walls
Force-feeding apathy quietly cuts the string

I am the antidote
Conformed cure encapsulated
Unseen truth forbidden
A point of light in death's cloak
Flickering synapse memory
Singular healing's born in the will
Seeking life within life, without

I am the new machine
Within swirling black
A drifting beggars dream
Reclaim a stream of caustic thought
Bound in flesh and sinew
Mortal pull against the soul

Here is the consequence
Peeling blackened skin
Capillaries torn asunder
Convoluted theories awash in agony
Voluminous skies house retribution

Ashes await you flesh machine
Ashes await you frail flesh machine