

# 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  
Convolutated theories awash in agony  
Voluminous skies house retribution

Ashes await you flesh machine  
Ashes await you frail flesh machine