

Chelsea Grin, The Isnis

I am everything, I am the Isnis
Electricity, a minefield of emotion
One of many in this massive commotion
Here in the now, it's done because its spoken

Constant push and pull
Unrivalled devotion
If you're acting hard
At least you should own it
This whole thing is hard enough
When most of you have been molded
Putting trash bags on pedestals
And you don't even know it

Do you know who the blame
It's we who carry shame

No gods, no master, I serve only what's right
I work within the dark to bring forth the light

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Feel me when I say it's not hate
But merely observation from a relaxed state
Irate so over it, the complacency is so sobering
Do you know who to blame
It's we who carry shame

These are not empty words
This is a war on the mind
You forfeit your thought
When your emotion's broken code

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I am everything