

Luxt, Megaplex

As I open my eyes, as I open my walls,
As I open my self I feel you pouring in.
As I swallow your lives, as I swallow your hearts,
As I swallow your filth, I feel you coming in.

I lay awake eternal. infanticidal, cold.
I'm growing, changing, dying this body hours old.
These slabs that make my substance, these windows guide my view,
For every rotting stone I lose, there are a hundred new.

As you come in to me, as you bring to my need,
As you fill up my whole, I feel your violence throb,

My mass is thick and sprawling, I lick the higher clouds,
I root to penetrate the earth infinite dark and loud.
I store the seeds of killing, I echo vaults of pain,
A witness to a million souls, all action, deed and blame.

As you drive to my wounds, as you dampen my womb,
As you sleep in my tombs, I feel your darkness dripping out

if these walls could talk they'd bite right through the ears that listen in
If the streets could bleed the buckets spilled across the century.
If these iron ribs could grind their concrete shell into the words,
of sin and love and hate and fear,
I've heard their tiny souls would freeze.

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As I open my self I feel you pouring in.

I kill the land and suck it dry, I am an entity of man.
Built to serve, observe and cry for all I am, and never die.
Hollow faults and hardened limbs, tongues of iron sucking in.
Home to every tear and fortress and reflection of all will,

I house the death and fucking, I cradle rape and care.
I'm part religion, brothel, factory of disrepair.
I'm everything to some and dream crusher to others still.
An object of desire to risking souls with holes to fill.

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