

Voivod, Pre-Ignition

Hey you
Tell me, what's your call name
Closed negative display
Engaged on section three
The acrid factories
You

Putrid perfect product
Proper platinum parts
Proficient prototypes
Steadily spew from these pipes
Are you

Generated by waste
Arid quarry displaced
Environmental squeeze
Aluminum disease
You

Conscious of origin
Intent is in the wind
Atmosphere infected
Descendants defected
Are you

Novel stroke of design
Or relics from this mine
Casually choke
Noxious nourishment
Embodied illicit cure
Ground and rock and sand
Come crumble tumble down
Grinding round
The hydraulic wheel
Extraction
The ultimate greed
Now... hidden from view
Surveying stable shifts
A feeble groove
Unintentional split
Then they return to work
As if they're not disturbed
Cybernetic beings
Omniscient regiment
Thriving with vigor
Incessant loom

An assumed order
Auspicious tool
Franticly flow
Spumous sediment
Remedied, neurotic fuse
Ground and rock and sand
Come crumble tumble down
Yonder sound an echoing gong
Disjunction
Of their disowned gods
Now... some are set free
Emotions flood their gaze
Synthetic breed
The pre-ignition phase

Pre-ignition
Flares up in you

Pre-ignition
Provokes me too