

Organic Shadows

Meshuggah

The glued-on sheet of self control. The pity of
sense, of sanity
-Cracking at the seams. Torn from my reality
The motion of thoughts subdued. Overcome, suppressed
by terror
The mouth of fear overfed by dread beyond measure Pounding waves of overload running
through my every
nerve
Will reduced to nothingness. My system overturned
My mind resigns to defeat. Internal razors activated
-Slashing through unprocessed thought. The severance
of self complete
Heartbeats hammering at the sight
A revelation to wrap my soul in fear
Blinded by the neverlight
as I stare into my organic shadow The bin of repressed emotions crammed
Limits of pain by far exceeded
I stare into the blank
the mantra of dead silence repeated Hear me. Find me
Save me. The dead me (Shallow breathing. Eyes not shut, not open
By fear silenced. Incantations never spoken)
This hell of vacuum abound
with the chanting whispers of the mute
Exposed to the wrath of neversound
-The words of my organic shadow

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