

# Clockworks

## Meshuggah

Dismantling the clockwork that makes me the cynic  
Pallet, wheel and click  
The properties of my indifference  
Reverse-engineering what makes it tick  
Dissecting the finetuned mechanism  
Rack and barrel, spring and pin  
Its synchronous characteristics  
To kill what makes it spin Disassemble this machinery  
Re-program these eyes, undo this design  
Labelled and filed, each part indexed  
Broken to pieces then thoroughly burned  
Deconstruction of what I am  
Buried to make sure he never returns  
Taken apart, defused, blueprints turned to ashes  
Eradicate the last remains, remnants of the insane Disintegration, the destruction of me now  
imperative  
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a necessity Break this deceitful  
machine A lie, what once I was, obsolete instrument  
An outmoded contraption, a malfunctioning device  
That callous self now extinguished, that malignant self now disused  
That conceited invention to nothing now reduced Complete disintegration, the destruction of me  
now imperative  
To purge myself of this condition, complete this dissolution a necessity Break this deceitful  
machine

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