

# Meshuggah, I Am That Thirst

Look at him yearning  
Desirous  
His craving, his hunger  
Constant needs, constant wants  
Nothing will quell  
Nothing will slake  
Insatiable vacuous man

Hollow and see-through  
His emptiness has made him frail  
That dying thing still believes  
Others drive the nails  
Incendiary god complex  
Such gift to flammable man  
This is what it made of him  
This is what remains  
Behold, how he devours  
Unappeasable and cursed  
That arid soul, famished and desiccated  
I am that thirst

His gluttony can not be stilled  
This state can never be reversed  
Hollow and empty  
Endlessly