

Skinny Puppy, Hexonxonx

Miles cable, claws, driller killer ripping holes, all tattered the cloth stained, regaining.
All the weather, acid rains, so sweet sweat streaks downpoured on humility.
Colder time, talking hints, watching tests of heat, mangled meat, retaliate! No blaming.
In future dreams could you have stopped it from happening?
Best left a spectator? Spectacle? Traitor!
All the time's, placed, first place!
Farther down, pull the trigger, gauging, gauging.
Cars kills at will, melted profits, book burning.
How undone, written slurs, the meaning...
Oh the pasts they will repeat, hard to hit, so are beat.
Melted profits, the past, melting, under honor.
Cars kill at will, cars kill at will.
Mr. Fables' rolls, altogether mutating. The chains rattle, happy to perform!
In the war of famine, no where arid food growing now.
Warming trends the place, passive cows to feed the weak.
Product waste! Give back. Oil coming in.
Make a million living things suffer, hidden, black garbage body bags.
What of that change that could save everything?
That paper shredder, patent tender, puts us back in time again.
Exxon, your black hearts make me sick.
Budgets that burst with oil, crude gas in purse. No compassion, common criminals seek asylum.
Concrete pillow, Exxon dreams, hidden hierarchy. No one in power taking blame.