

Skinny Puppy, Ode To Groovy

Dog has sight feels pain sorry
Not quite as dumb as they seem
With or without god's poor judgment
Screams just the same to me
Leave it up to government
Medicine speeds your life away
Who shot the cat in the hat
To experiment is insane
Fetching bones from the government food bowl
Never was a dog's best friend
License to kill

Look behind the sentient line
What's alive feels the heat of the flame
The fascist mask media blinds
What's perceived through the tunnel of pain
Through slight of hand no one reprimands
The research gone astray
Forgotten flesh we're bottle-fed
On a need-to-know basis
Teaching lies the little dog cries
The tears of the quiet one's
License to kill

Wisdom's race false delight
To kill time and time again
Tube down the neck
Flesh pulled back
To crawl underneath the skin
The corporate death no sentiment
The pain sustained at will
They preach on high morals lie
In this farce called vivisection
What research finds as the animal dies
Never did a goddamn thing
License to kill