Amebix, Battery Humans

Welcome to Cell Block 427 it's 10 o'clock at night Can you see the rows of bodies twitching in their sleep And if you're hungry, if you fancy a bite The guards will be obliged to pick the fattest from the heap

They drag the body through the filth by a cruelly mutated arm Up into the kitchen of the human factory farm It tries to scream but can't without a tongue One more slaughtered in the kitchen of the human factory farm

[Recipe:]

Take your body, grease it well and rip the kidneys out The sweat must be left on the skin, the throat allowed to bleed Prepare a stuffing, smash the jaw and jam it down the throat Then braise your beast for two hours for a healthy, filling treat

Back in Cell Block 427 the rest don't care if he's missing Two beasts fuck frantically, fearful of their slaughter One bloated specimen rolls off its mate and proceeds with pissing The shit drips between his legs as he pisses on his rotting daughter