

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