

Gojira, Clone

Every Step you take is to the end
Chaos, duplicate the human slaves
Mother Nature so far away : Why?
Perfect is the race you dream

Right now, I make my choice
Perfection you fake is not
The soul, not a genetic code
You fools, you ignoramuses

Hatchery, the newborn to celebrate
Ashes to ashes, I see respect in the dust
Life is so perfect

Now for the weak an abortion
Celebrate perfection that grows
The flesh, a gift of science
The soul a fault of a god

Life on its way to the state of fire
From the cold taste of steel
Light embraces the dark, lava flowing free
and the cradle is...
Forgot the reasons why - We all lie so pale
On the playground of cold
Mother Nature is at saturation point
and the cradle is falling down...