

Silence 4, Breeders

I'm a growing seed in a haystack
I give it a splash of green
It's not the sun
It's not the water
There's something more to make me live

And I breed and I can't feel
But I drop sap tears when I'm cut off
When I'm cut off

I'm a living gnat
Mating and flying
We're two but seem one
Like a siamese kind of thing
Or if I was propped into a mirror

And I may not even feel
But I drop blood tears
I stole from beings

Cause' I'm only here for reproduction
So that my coded information is passed on and on and on
And I can have a glimpse at immortality

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