

Skeletal Earth, You're The Subject

Stop the pain, stop the slaughter
Open your eyes to this senseless thing
Of the primate in the leather straps
With his guts on the table in the name of science
This can't go on any longer
Stop the pain, stop the slaughter
They inject the needle - it's a new food additive
They know it will cause internal haemorrhaging
But can the vomiting dog survive?
You call this progress
If this is progress - I wanna regress!
Don't get me wrong - I see the point in testing
We must make alternatives to this sadistic crusade
What would you think if we reverse the situation and you we're the subject on whom the tests we're
The panic which you can't control overwhelms your rational thought
The white coats staring at you with the electrodes on your brain
The white coats stand above you smiling
Pinning back your eyelids, smiling
Shredding your existence