

# 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