

# The American Culture EXperiments, Human Bein

See genetics singing out  
The face of this race  
The work of creation shouting out  
Do you see the same or do you see  
What's unique

With the Flesh, the Blood, the Bones,  
Here come the clones  
With all their garbage, with all their splendor  
The breath of the spirit  
We can never render

No blade identical, no heart impermeable  
How can you manufacture the holy spirit  
Father bring life to Blood, to Bones,  
Here come the clones

With all their garbage, with all their splendor  
The breath of the spirit we can never render

The Bodies are inhabited with life,  
The son of man  
The power in no hierarchy forthcoming  
Even the bereft of life will stand

As the trumpet drones raise the bones  
Prophecy to light, no man can elevate alone

We're not so different, we're not the same  
Hating brother's quality and beauty  
Who are we?

Human being's the name  
With flesh, with moans  
We throw the stones  
At all the garbage, and all the splendor  
At the spirit and hope that it can render

We fall.