

Tom Milsom, Genetics

I knew our plan was doomed
Right from the start
The human bodt's made of
more than just a heart,

And though it seemed we'd be
Together for eternity,
That's a long long away
From how it seems to be to me

It isn't right
That we should fight
About the way we fit together
Just another complication
That is standing in our way
And you know
I love you so
And even though we'll make a monster
It's a beautiful disaster
That's too terrible to simply throw away

Our arteries are red
And our veins remain blue
But even so our damaged
Blood trickles through
It's true
That all our relatives dies
From the blood
That trickled 'round them inside
And so far we've lived our lives
Thinking everything was fine,
Not thinking of the trouble
Borne inside us at the time,

And now we've come
To find the sum
Is greater than the parts that make it
This hereditary sorrow
That's kept quiet through the years
All the grief
And the relief
Our parents felt when we were healthy
Newborn babies we don't get
Because genetics is a science
Made of tears