

## **Homo Iratus**

### **"Dead Upon Conception"**

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As slugs of cold flesh  
They'll come to our world  
Embryos doomed at conception  
No mother is going to hold  
Birth to them will be  
An unknown experience  
Bastard's room and abortion  
Make the difference  
So warm inside  
No place to hide  
Mistaken conception  
Maternal rejection

Parents now become  
Partners into guilt  
As their unborn children  
Are thrown away like filth  
Doctor represents  
The cold hand of death  
Who kills unborn children  
Upon the face of earth

A spark of life  
That never ignites  
A seed picked by vultures  
That are dressed in white

A murderer by law  
Who kills to make a living  
The stupid bastard's job  
Is taking instead of giving  
Before they see the light  
Their life meets rejection  
Abortive children  
The dead upon conception.

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