

Inner Terrestrials

"X"

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You're making me ill, you're making me I'll
And now I hear you're coming in for the kill
The world will have to swallow a bitter pill
If frankensteins science imposed it's will

Dead rivers flow where no wild plants grow
Just herbice resistant GMO
A saturated land, a devious plan
A prototype emerges half cabbage half man

World seed stock tainted by some small percent
Test sites next to organic farms
No way back now, we gave no consent
Our choice was no matter the money was spent

This is insane, you think of wealth gained
Until only a desert of mono-culture remains
Science plays god, us under the knife
You dare talk to me about patents on life
OUR LIVES!

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