

Pessimist

"Synthetic Grotesque"

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Creating like a god
With intentions not so pure
Misfigured and left to rot
Only leaving the strong to endure

The Suffering in this experiment of life
Consciousness pushed in on a genetic level
Intelligence, the disease, cuts like a knife
Inhuman greed releases a world of sin

[Bridge:]
Collapsing of the cells
Disintegrated, human failure
Disposal, fragmentated, multiple hells

[Chorus:]
It's Grotesque
Synthetic Grotesque

Mutant beings now aborted
Still listed as being unborn
Fetus cursed now to be exmortem
Useless clone of life ripped and torn

No limbs, no head and no heart
Detaches anybody to feel any sorrow
Experiments and real are worlds apart
Death and life happens tomorrow

[Bridge]

[Chorus]

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