

## **Messiah**

### **"Deformed Creatures"**

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Humans born healthy  
We converse all the time  
Humans born deformed  
We avoid all of them

Your body's crippled, your face deformed  
Your hand's mutilated, your skin's burnt  
My body's well-shaped, my face is striking  
My hand's delicate, my skin's very neat

I can't see in your eyes  
Why don't you look at me?  
You don't belong in our society  
You belong in a closed sanatorium  
I'm shocked by your body  
You're angry at our refusal  
I'm horrified by your face  
You're infurious at our inequity

All dreadful beings are creations of god  
God has decided you'll live as a clod

God has decided, ill or healthy  
He forgot justice  
Was this the life you wished for  
Spending your life in a closed sanatorium

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