

4 Silence

"Breeders"

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I'm growing seed in a haystack
I give it a splash of green
It's not the sun
It's not the water
There's something more to make me live

And I breed and I can't feel but sap tears when I'm cut
off

I'm a living gnat
mating and flying
we're two but seem one
like a siamese kind of thing
Or if I was propped in to a mirror

And I may not even feel but I drop blood tears,
I stole from beings

Cos' I'm only here for reproduction so
that my coded information is passed on and on
and on an I can have a glimpse at immortality

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