

Amebix

"Battery Humans"

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Welcome to Cell Block 427 it's 10 o'clock at night
Can you see the rows of bodies twitching in their sleep
And if you're hungry, if you fancy a bite
The guards will be obliged to pick the fattest from the
heap

They drag the body through the filth by a cruelly
mutated arm
Up into the kitchen of the human factory farm
It tries to scream but can't without a tongue
One more slaughtered in the kitchen of the human
factory farm

Recipe:
Take your body, grease it well and rip the kidneys out

The sweat must be left on the skin, the throat allowed
to bleed
Prepare a stuffing, smash the jaw and jam it down the
throat
Then braise your beast for two hours for a healthy,
filling treat

Back in Cell Block 427 the rest don't care if he's
missing
Two beasts fuck frantically, fearful of their slaughter
One bloated specimen rolls off its mate and proceeds
with pissing
The shit drips between his legs as he pisses on his
rotting daughter

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