

Black Dahlia Murder, The "A Selection Unnatural"

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Born into a life of suffering scientific prodding now
beings
Vestigial extremities a twisted mass of skin

It looks a monster but they swear it's human too
Truth is that it could've been me or you
One simple helix misconstrued
The world of science finds it beautiful
The child is deemed a male
And beneath the glowing lights it's grown

Can it feel human love?
No one would waste a drop on such a thing
Eyeless abomination hideously disheartening

Machines inflate its weakened lungs
Sustained by liquid foods
Pinkish throbbing aberration
Anomalous abortion living on

Monitored observed and when it finally passes
Internal organs will be 'splayed to find what therein lies
Unlock the secrets of the spine
Its mysteries will baffle modern medicine for centuries
to come

What god will it plead unto
A life spent on display in microscopic detail
X-ray shows with an intestinal maze
The operating theatre awaits

Can it feel human love?
No one would waste a drop on such a thing
Eyeless abomination hideously disheartening

It looks a monster but they swear it's human too
Truth is that it could've been me or you
One simple helix misconstrued

He would look better floating in a jar
Cataloged and carried our this life of hell comes to an

end

Monitored observed and when it finally passes
Internal organs will be 'splayed to find what therein lies
Unlock the secrets of the spine
Its mysteries will baffle modern medicine for centuries
to come

His sad existence in the gleam of the waiting scalpel
A sick example a selection most unnatural
Illuminating fortune and fragility
We may never know the meaning of its short and
torturous life

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