

MK Ultra

"Goodbye, Max"

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The scraping is complete
and we're out on the street.
Killers on the loose
and we're holding hands.
It's still protected by the law.
Thank our lucky stars
there weren't any kooks
with placards in hand.
In hand.

Girlfriend, come near,
we're having a bad year.
The saddest thing.
I thought this would bring
us closer.

Do we deny it to the end,
to ourselves and to our friends?
Do we file it away:
dead babies, mortal sins?
Or could it get us off
'cause we act like little gods?
Little Gods

Killers on the loose
and we're holding hands,
protected by the law.
You can thank your lucky stars
there weren't any kooks
with placards in hand
of fetuses in tubes
our babies red and blue,
black and blue.

Girlfriend, come near,
We're having a bad year.
The saddest thing:
I thought this would bring
us closer.
Closer

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