

## Battery Humans

Amebix

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

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