

He rose up from a toilet,
Bearing gifts and bleeding from his ass,
And from his disinfected mausoleum,
He scrubbed his hands and prepared for surgery,
Inside the operating room he screamed,
I believe this patient is already dead,
The nurse's laughter echoed through the halls,
As the doctor lit a smoke and shook his head,

I've discovered another flaw in god's sick invention,
We have built a time machine to travel through other dimensions
,

The mercitron engaged the patient in,
A defenseless war against brutality,
Angered by the latest turn of events,
The doctor felt he should part company,
Upon arrival on the planet mars,
While waiting for the mothership to come,
Dr. Piranha and his faithful disciples,
In orbit searched for a baboons heart,

We are what we are,
Christ clones are imprisoned,
In slave camps on a planet of trolls,
As coal mines and tar pits,
Are filled with dead astronauts,

Malpractice in the cosmos,
The garden of stars is filled with vengeful enemies,
Assassins and hitmen eagerly await orders for research subjects
to be
purchased by the highest bidder,
I will be hunted for infinity,
Detected with a DNA radar they'll watch my every move,
The voices in my head will never cease,
Mocking me over and over and over again,

We are what we are,
Christ clones are imprisoned,
In slave camps on a planet of trolls,
As coal mines and tar pits,
Are filled with dead astronauts.