

## Production

### I Mother Earth

This man  
May have a shitload  
To prove  
He's got to settle a score  
Against the groove  
Infinite orgasm  
Like endless joy and pain  
Thunder to my ears  
Like a holy rain

An aural wall of waking  
Awash in purple paint  
And a digging  
Of the flowers in your yard  
Electric rays of healing  
Intensify the feeling of hatred  
Towards the things you say  
I ain't

Fear a man-child  
His soul and seman  
Pathetic thoughts he thinks  
Forever  
Heard you caused a landslide  
Walking home  
Soon slide the man-child  
Under your coat

Product of your generation  
Your masturbation  
A master plan  
A holy man  
Infanticide  
Decaying minds  
Mass corruption

The product  
And its production