

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