

Exist To Feed

Centinex

It is like Russian roulette, you see
No one knows for sure who the father is
It is better that way, rules carved in stone
Once you are in you are never out

A very handsome group of men
They know the talk and how to behave
Intoxicated and blunted by abundance
A strong group that never sees, hears or talks

Exist to feed; exist to breed
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Once a month they meet to fine dine
The feast consists of endangered species
Delicacies that would put your away for a long time
Consuming the last piece of a dying breed
On the solemn annual meeting
Served the most exclusive possible
The meat of an eight-week old human
It is not about this meal; it's always about more

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Every part carefully prepared
Muscles, intestines, brain and genitals
Arranged to its original appearance
The main course, their own flesh and blood
They possess a breeding queen in a warehouse
In custody with only one simple function
The holy period of fertilization
They all gather in the dark to seed
Everybody taking turns, exploding inside

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