

You took a time bomb
and a case of crackers
and you made a maelstrom of organic debris
then you took a work bench
and a rusty anvil
and you polished them for everyone to see
you have created an unhealthy monster
but you're nowhere but nowhere to be found
so I guess I'll just cope with my provisions
from now until the day thou lay me down
you took a baboon
and made him perfect
you took a lion
and stripped him of his pride
then you took a million more varieties
a scalpel and a sartory
and you stitched up a horrible surprise
you have created an unsocial monster
and you're searched for all over the globe
and most believe that things would sure be better
if you'd come down here and tell us what you know
who is to blame for this?
someone tell me please
His handiwork is flawed
and it's there for all to see
mutataions, abberations and blatant anomalies
they multiply and give rise to this...monstrosrity
you took the most abundant smallest bits of matter
and you instilled them with affinity
and then you stratified accumulations
weeded out bad variations
and blended up your unique recipe
you have created a powerful monster
with direction and purpose all its own
and if you were here
would things be any different?
or are you just a mosaic of thoughts alone?