

## Clone

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Every Step you take is to the end  
Chaos, duplicate the human slaves  
Mother Nature so far away : Why?  
Perfect is the race you dream

Right now, I make my choice  
Perfection you fake is not  
The soul, not a genetic code  
You fools, you ignoramuses

Hatchery, the newborn to celebrate  
Ashes to ashes, I see respect in the dust  
Life is so perfect

Now for the weak an abortion  
Celebrate perfection that grows  
The flesh, a gift of science  
The soul a fault of a god

Life on its way to the state of fire  
From the cold taste of steel  
Light embraces the dark, lava flowing free  
and the cradle is...  
Forgot the reasons why - We all lie so pale  
On the playground of cold  
Mother Nature is at saturation point  
and the cradle is falling down...