

The Professional

Halou

I keep my knives sharp
Dance around muscle groups like paper
Separate so neatly at the joint
Falls away easily if you follow my map
Embedded in each creature like dotted lines
And I trace these with my trusty knife
I fabricate
Destroy to create this
Is it wrong to be so callous?
Have I lost my human heart?
I can look one in the eyes and I see parts
Knives extend my reach in metal
I'm an artist in my right
Is it wrong or am I evil?
I just want to feed you.
I keep my knives sharp
Let the weight trace on these darting fingers
Manufactured to be torn apart
And I'm skillful in this occupation.
I can stand and argue virtue
With my elbows dripping red
Differentiate the living from the dead
Is it wrong to call them product
When we're breathing the same air?
Is it vicious? Am I evil?
I just want to please you.
We all end up the same way
It all ends the same