

Meat

Poppy

Parasitic intergalactic savages
Will land here in 2033
Heaven destroyed your planets before
The star force came to feed
I saw my brother devoured
A river of blood when it tore off his head
Of healthy organites, a system for harvesting human flesh

Plug me into the feeding machine
Ten in a pen pressed against me
Cut out my tongue so that I can't scream
There's meat, there's meat on me
Antibiotics keep me alive
Now that everyone I love has died
Hang me up and strip me clean
There's meat, there's meat on me

You've heard stories about the free ones
The few who escape the alien's grip
Living underground in star cities
In the deep and dark they resist
But I don't know if I believe it
When they caught me there weren't many left
They only force us to breed in here
I just hope they kill me quick

Plug me into the feeding machine
Ten in a pen pressed against me
Cut out my tongue so that I can't scream
There's meat, there's meat on me
Antibiotics keep me alive
Now that everyone I love has died
Hang me up and strip me clean
There's meat, there's meat on me

In light of the sick to maximize efficiency
Approach the back into our feed for optimal delivery
Right here in the slaughterhouse screams
Around the killing floor
And I hope to chase my adrenaline
Soak up my pus-filled sores

Plug me into the feeding machine
Ten in a pen pressed against me
Cut out my tongue so that I can't scream
There's meat, there's meat on me
Wrap me up in cellophane
Labeled "organic", label me grade A
My tendon is cut between your teeth
There's meat, there's meat on me

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