The Cradle Will Fall

Skyclad

A species in its infancy--a living idiosyncrasy,
This 'naked ape' believes itself divine.
Assured of its supremacy--it dreams of immortality,
The first words that it speaks--"This world is mine."
But the time has come for us to realise,
That the animal instincts we deeply despise--
Are far more civilised than humanity.
Mankind has lived to curse the day it climbed down from the trees,
But still we keep our heads held high whilst crawling on our knees.
I hope I never live to see the 'perfect' world you crave,
Where ambition is the burden we shall carry to our graves.
We think that we are so superior--for in God's image we were made,
All other life we deem inferior--there to exploit, kill or enslave
No amount of remonstration could ever show a mind so small
that it is not 'the be and end all.'
Into the future we race driven on by our greed,
Like rats in a maze we will never be free.
Science is the 'new-religion'--scaples slash dissecting truth and reason,
Behind locked doors where no-one sees.
Down evolution's one way street mankind pursues his dream,
Of a race conceived in test tubes with the same designer genes,
But like a child who tries to run before it learns to crawl--
he'll go crying to his 'Mother' when he sees the cradle fall.
I am human--I was made to be the ultimate machine,
With the power at my fingertips to realise my dream.
Homo-sapiens--the 'master-race,' Nature's pride and joy,
Taking all the world will give me--what it won't I shall destroy.
In our hearts we yearn to be immortal--conquer all sickness and disease,
Create a world where even death's not fatal--then we can shape our destinies
.
A populace of plastic people live genetically pre-programmed lives--and no-
one
laughs and no-one cries.
Blinded by science the masses are duped and deceived,
By the faces that smile from their colour T.V.s.
They'll steal your dreams--remove them surgically (but leave you scars so de
ep
and lasting),
God is dead man has surpassed him.
Like children in our playground--we contrive such foolish games,
But fail to see the consequence of suicidal aims.
No matter how we bend the rules there's no way we can win,
Not even pleading Ignorance will vindicate our sins.
I am human--I was made to be the ultimate machine,
With the power at my fingertips to realise my dream.
Homo-sapiens--the 'master-race,' Nature's pride and joy,
Taking all the world will give me--what it won't I shall destroy.
Mankind a babe-in-arms,
Believes he's come of age--
And reaches for the stars,
With one foot in the grave.
I am human--I was made to be the ultimate machine,
I am human--I have the power to realise my dream.
I am human--an automaton--a mindless 'technoslave,'
I am human--I am servant to the monsters I have made.

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