

Killing Rapture

SubRosa

Revealing love to be a test tube of untidy sludge
Is the greatest triumph of the modern era
Evolution belies this unfortunate defect
We're smoothing out the gross chaos of biology

Antithesis to precision
A threat to order and reason
Inverse of numbers

The fruits of the heart are a useless and troublesome thing
A waste of time, thief of quota and peace of mind
Rapture is such an inefficient emotion
With the surgical arts, we'll free them from their foolish hearts

To feel is the enemy
To be a dead tomb is a mercy

Hanno combattuto la battaglia della loro vita per questo
Per essere fatti a pezzi, per venire ridotti al nulla

The time has come to take someone, anyone
Courtship is no more than a menu of flesh and blood
We're interchangeable as dung at the city dump -
A city laid waste, where everything's been decided for us

So get a ticket
Erase all difference
Undo the burden of identity (your body is not your own)