

Whichever Way You Want It

Kafka

There's a place that's neatly tucked away, beyond the other side
A place of which you'd never dream, there'd be a need to hide
For the building is surrounded by pastures pure and green

But the image hides reality and the distance kills the scream
That comes from inside is never exposed to the air
For the place is packed with scientists who show how much they care
While the guard stands bravely at the gate with guard dog by his side

The same breed of animal is butchered inside
Well, what a fucking waste of money, what a fucking waste of time
A fucking waste of money, what a fucking waste of time
A fucking waste of money, it's a fucking waste of time

What a waste of human knowledge, what a fucking way to die
There ain't no fucking truth in the inspector's files
As he walks down the death corridors, he covers his sighs with smiles
He sees the pain and agony but remembering his position

He's got his place, just another face but he's just not paid to question
He thinks it's rather funny because he's earning lots of money
When his eyes are forced aside as out slides another trolley

Another tray of corpses, unlabeled and unmentioned

But it's no good asking why, why because they never fucking listen
So, liberate Animal testing to detect thalidomide
Torturing and killing while there's loads more things to try

The suffering and the pain, the excruciating pain

It all goes over and over again
This fucking witchcraft won't solve anything
For it's the same experiment over and over again
Over and over again, again

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