

Production

Shath

This man may have a shit load to prove
He's got to settle a score against the groove
 Infinite orgasm, endless joy and pain
 Like thunder to my ears, like a holy rain
An aural wall of waking, a wash in purple paint
 And a digging of the flowers in your yard
 Electric rays of healing intensify the feeling
 Of hatred towards the things you say I ain't
 Fear a man-child, his soul and semen
 Pathetic thoughts he thinks forever
Heard you caused a landslide, walking home
Saw you slide the man-child under your coat
 Product of your generation
 Product of your masturbation
 Product of a master plan
 Product of a holy man
 Product of infanticide
 Product of decaying minds
 Product of your mass corruption
 Product of, production, production

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