Production

Heldon

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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