

# 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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