

# Meat Means Murder

## Conflict

The factory is churning out all processed packed and neat  
An obscure butchered substance and the label reads Meat  
Hidden behind false names Such as Pork, Ham, Veal, and Beef  
An eyes an eye, a life's a life, the now forgotten belief  
And everyday production lines are feeding out this farce  
To end up on a table then shot out of an arse. Yet still they're queuing and still they're viewing  
Sawing out limbs just right for stewing  
Carcasses piled up in a heap  
Sort juicy chunks from freezers deep  
Well can't you see that juice is blood  
From new born throats red rivers flood  
Blood from young hearts, blood from the veins  
Your blood there blood serves the same  
Now you're at the table, sitting, grinning  
Sitting there eating you never realise the filling  
It's served upon a sterile plate you don't think of killing  
The furthest your brain takes you, is it for frying or for grilling?  
You moan about the seal cull, about the whale slaughter  
But does it really matter whether it lives on land or water?  
You've never had a fur coat, you think is cruel to the mink  
Well how about the cow, pig or sheep don't they make you think?  
Since the day that you were born you've never been told the missing link  
Yet still they're queuing and still they're viewing  
Sawing out limbs just right for stewing  
Carcass piled up in a heap  
Sort juicy chunks from freezers deep  
Well cant you see the juice is blood  
From new throats red rivers flood  
Your Blood, Their Bloody, serves the same.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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