Experimental Stage

Benediction

Clawed fingers forcing iron bars, visions of tortured misery.
Semi-human tears of frustrated rage, hunched up in this fuckin' = cage.
My emotions are artificially induced. Though no further need to = feel.
Now I've fabricated steel limbs, electro-pulses throb within.
Man made monster, morbid science.
Deaf to my feeble protests, I've served my purpose.
In my veins life fluid used to flow. Now drained and replaced. = With sedative substances, to restrain instinctive rage.
Man made monster, morbid science.
Deaf to my feeble protests, I've served my purpose.

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