

A Selection Unnatural

The Black Dahlia Murder

Born into a life of suffering
Scientific prodding now beings
Vestigial extremities a twisted mass of skin
It looks a monster but they swear it's human too
Truth is that it could've been me or you
One simple helix misconstrued
The world of science finds it beautiful
The child is deemed a male
And beneath the glowing lights it's grown
Can it feel human love?
No one would waste a drop on such a thing
Eyeless abomination hideously disheartening
Machines inflate its weakened lungs
Sustained by liquid foods
Pinkish throbbing aberration
Anomalous abortion living on
Monitored observed and when it finally passes
Internal organs will be 'splayed to find what therein lies
Unlock the secrets of the spine
Its mysteries will baffle modern medicine for centuries to come
What god will it plead unto?
A life spent on display in microscopic detail
X-ray shows with an intestinal maze
The operating theater awaits
Can it feel human love?
No one would waste a drop on such a thing
Eyeless abomination hideously disheartening
It looks a monster but they swear it's human too
Truth is that it could've been me or you
One simple helix misconstrued
He would look better floating in a jar
Cataloged and carried out this life
Of hell comes to an end
Monitored observed and when it finally passes
Internal organs will be 'splayed to find what therein lies
Unlock the secrets of the spine
Its mysteries will baffle modern medicine for centuries to come
His sad existence in the gleam of the waiting
scalpel
A sick example, a selection most unnatural
Illuminating fortune and fragility
We may never know the meaning of its short and torturous life

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