

The American Culture EXperiments, Human Bein

See genetics singing out
The face of this race
The work of creation shouting out
Do you see the same or do you see
What's unique

With the Flesh, the Blood, the Bones,
Here come the clones
With all their garbage, with all their splendor
The breath of the spirit
We can never render

No blade identical, no heart impermeable
How can you manufacture the holy spirit
Father bring life to Blood, to Bones,
Here come the clones

With all their garbage, with all their splendor
The breath of the spirit we can never render

The Bodies are inhabited with life,
The son of man
The power in no hierarchy forthcoming
Even the bereft of life will stand

As the trumpet drones raise the bones
Prophecy to light, no man can elevate alone

We're not so different, we're not the same
Hating brother's quality and beauty
Who are we?

Human being's the name
With flesh, with moans
We throw the stones
At all the garbage, and all the splendor
At the spirit and hope that it can render

We fall.