

## GENERATED • Not Safe For Life



### Track list

1. Do Not Listen	0:42
2. Fetal Soup	0:06
3. Mankind Extermination Front	0:18
4. Parking in Disabled Spot	0:38
5. Facepalm Death	0:53
6. Watch People Die	1:06
7. Last Christmas	0:28
8. Two Girls, One Fridge	0:15
9. Can't Take Your Eyes Out of You	0:53
10. Femur (Seems to Be the Hardest Bone)	0:54
11. Hang For the Moment	0:35
12. Grave Awakening	0:27
13. Flesh Fiction	2:53

Total running time 9:57

# Lyrics

## 1. Do Not Listen

The record you are about to hear was made as an experiment on sneaking into the darkest corners of the human psyche and is not meant for listening.

It is not safe for children. It is not safe for adults. It is not safe for life.

You've been warned. Press stop. You still have time to turn around.

## 2. Fetal Soup

How can the man exist when there is such thing as fetal soup?

## 3. Mankind Extermination Front

Mankind extermination front!  
Mankind extermination front!  
Mankind extermination front!  
Mankind extermination!

## 4. Parking in Disabled Spot

Parking here, not impaired?  
Legs get smashed, now they're scared  
Fake a limp, they really won't,  
Played disabled? Now they don't

Parking in disabled spot?  
Parking in disabled spot?  
Parking in disabled spot?  
You were able, now you're not

Parking in disabled spot?  
Parking in disabled spot?  
Parking in disabled spot?  
You were able, now you're not

## 5. Facepalm Death

Chase the fame, frame by frame  
Edge of a cliff, just for the name  
Stream your fall right as you drop  
Hearts tick up as your heart stops

Carpe diem, ignore the stakes

Life in a snap—that's all it takes  
Play stupid games, win a stupid prize  
Unlike you, death never dies

Facepalm Death—  
Death by a Thousand Likes  
Facepalm Death—  
Death by a Thousand Likes

## **6. Watch People Die**

Screens light up with final breaths  
Flinging to the dance of death  
Glimpse into an end so nigh  
Drawn to witness, don't know why

Is it thrill? Is it fear?  
Watching their selves disappear  
Or just a mirror, clear and stark  
Of our lives' most brutal mark

I'm watching people die-o  
Does this make me a psycho?  
I'm watching people perish  
Lest I forget to cherish life

Watch people die!

## **7. Last Christmas**

Haha, this sounded almost festive? Let's kick it up a notch.

Last Christmas, I ripped out your heart  
Chilled it and stashed it away in the dark  
This year, to savor the fear  
I'll serve it to someone special

This Christmas, I'll do it again  
In a vicious cycle of capture and pain  
Next year, to keep up the thrill  
I'll serve it to someone special

## **8. Two Girls, One Fridge**

One for the fridge, packed tight and cold  
One left out, for nights so bold  
One to eat and one to fuck

Two girls, one fridge, ain't that luck?

### **9. Can't Take Your Eyes Out of You**

You're just too good to be true  
Can't take your eyes out of you  
You'll be like heaven to eat  
A sapid holiday treat

But why do these second thoughts  
Keep screwing my twisted plots  
You're just so beautiful, you  
Can't take your eyes out of you

Let me eat you, oh, baby!  
Oh, let me eat you!  
Let me eat you, oh baby!  
Oh, let me eat you!

Let me eat you, oh, baby!  
Oh, let me eat you!  
Let me eat you, oh baby!  
Oh, let me eat you.

### **10. Femur (Seems to Be the Hardest Bone)**

What I gotta do to saw off a hand?  
What I gotta do to yank out a gland?  
What I gotta do to tear off an ear?  
What I gotta do to evoke pure fear?

What I gotta do to sever a spine?  
What I gotta do to rip out a spline?  
What I gotta do to slice off a nose?  
What I gotta do to strip off those toes?

It's gross, so gross!  
It's gross, so gross!  
It's gross, so gross!  
And it seems to me  
Femur seems to be the hardest bone

### **11. Hang for the Moment**

These ideas are a dilemma to serial killers  
How long to let you hang before we let you feel us?  
An hour, a day, just the right moment?

Calculating decay, oh, the thrill of postponement

Hang with me, hang for the year  
On the second thought, the stench's so severe  
Hang with me, just for today  
Maybe tomorrow, we'll finally play

## **12. Grave Awakening**

There's still your mercy over your ass, you pervert creatures, for your music.

Grave Awakening — corpses rise  
Grave Awakening — pay for your vice  
Grave Awakening — vengeance to claim  
Grave Awakening — we'll maim but not slay

## **13. Flesh Fiction**

Прилетели гуленьки, стали гули ворковать и сыночка качать  
Баю-баюшки-баю, колотушек надаю  
Колотушек двадцать пять — будет детка крепко спать  
Поскорее умри, будет завтра мороз, мы тебя снесём на погост  
Тятыка сделает гробок из осиновых досок  
Понесём-понесём, закопаем в чернозём

Snapshots of horror, pixel-perfect pain  
Scrolling through nightmares, again and again  
Voyeurs to violence, glued to the screen  
Feeding on flesh, with no spirit seen

Flash-flash-flesh fiction  
Fuel your macabre addiction  
Cheap thrills with no restriction  
As you consume the flesh fiction

Death's a show caught on cam  
Play, rewind, it's all a sham  
As we watch, pretend to care  
We're glad it's not our own despair

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