

The Lord Weird Slough Feg "20th Century Wretch"

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Sinking in silence the soft womb
Breaking apart from the blows
Heavy and lame on this twentieth century
Planet of granite I've chose
Nothing can save me
I've lost all my energy
Withered and broken I lie on the bed
Breathing disgust as I stare in the mirror
Cursing the veins that bulge out of my head

Worthless to live anymore
One thousand deaths finally taking it's toll
Thought you'd survive in the fire
Of mind vs. body -- to hell with your soul

Just a host for the beast to perform
Old nemesis of the race he will mourn
Visions of him creeping under my skin
He's vivisection of life from within

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