

The Lord Weird Slough Feg "Agony Slalom"

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No need for ritual slaughter
Bow to the crest of martyrs
I was born to pine away

Sacrificed at the alter
Cast down by your exalter
Haven't you got any shame?

Agony's the way that heroes rise
Covering your craft in morbid lies

Prostrate your mind and body
Hopelessly worn and bloody
Following the hand of fate

Goodbye to bold romances
Castrated song and dances
Purgatory just can't wait

Any other way we're sure to fail
Bleed for me today, you'll soon prevail

Your fate is on your hands, so measure up your might
And cut me to the chase, 'cause now it's fight or flight

Agony's the way that heroes rise
Coveting your corpses I surmise

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